The Commons' complacency, still less the complacency of the academic air. Englishmen particularly are as a man of a holiday to a man still engaged in business. Nothing could have been more offensive to the galley-slaves on the official benches.

The debate in the Commons, which concluded on Monday with a substantial majority for the Government's resolutions, proved one thing beyond question; that is the fact which no oratory, passionate or otherwise, can really conceal. The recent history of the Lords does not lend itself to purple passages of invective. With the single exception of their action on the Budget, the Lords have on the whole interpreted the feeling of the country pretty well; and even on the Budget their chance of being right was at least a good sporting chance. It is clear, in fact, that the sins for which the Lords are to be, and must be, punished by disablement were not sins of the past but sins of the future. The rejection of the Budget was like the Budget itself, the thin edge of the wedge. It could only mean that the Lords were preparing an anti-democratic campaign which by easy stages should restore oligarchic government in feudal fulness. Against, therefore, the future it was necessary to take action now; even as the Lords themselves thought it wise to take action against Socialist finance while still in the green leaf.

It is the prospective and threatened character of the Lords' sins that gave to the recent debate something of the academic air. Englishmen particularly are as a rule disinclined to trouble trouble until trouble troubles them. The mere fact that the Lords were obviously all last year laying down Dreadnoughts did not disturb the Commons' complacency, still less the complacency of the electorate. It was supposed, firstly, that the Lords would never dare to begin the fight, and, secondly, that if they did they could be easily defeated. What was not anticipated was the subtle character of the declaration of war, made, as we have every evidence now, in terms of a declaration of peace. It is in the name of democracy that oligarchy proposes to fight the present battle. This has undoubtedly confused the mind of the country so that, in our opinion, a clear decision is not to be expected. An educational campaign on behalf of real democracy will be necessary to bring people to their senses.

The position roughly is this. The Lords, it is admitted, have been in the past fairly faithful watchdogs of the national interest. (True, they have allowed twelve million people out of forty million to sink to the pauper margin, but we pass that by for the moment.) Last November, however, they ceased to be faithful watchdogs; they actually attacked the master of the house. This could only be interpreted to mean that they were on the point of going mad. Consequently there was no remedy but to prepare to destroy them. Of course their friends and neighbours, and ours as well, who had known the dog all these years and had a fondness for it, found destroying it a cruel sentence. The bite that had been given, moreover, was not as yet fatal; the man was actually recovering. Ought not the dog to be given its freedom in consideration of its beneficent past? So sentiment argued. But the plain fact is that a dog that has once bitten its master may do so again. Besides, we happen to know that the dog is preparing to bite its master every time he comes dressed in a particular costume. A piece of red in his tie is enough to drive the dog mad.

Mr. Arnold Ward in his maiden speech was, oddly enough, the only member to perceive this, and he was frankly on the dog's side. The finance of the future, he warned them that their only tie is enough to drive the dog mad. The bite that had been given, moreover, was not as yet well, of course their friends and neighbours, and ours as well, who were on the point of going mad. Consequently this could only be interpreted to mean that they were on the point of going mad. This has undoubtedly confused the mind of the country so that, in our opinion, a clear decision is not to be expected. An educational campaign on behalf of real democracy will be necessary to bring people to their senses.
columns of adulation accumulating on his daily breakfast table. For it must be remembered that a political leader needs to be made as well as born; and what we are witnessing now is the making of the Unionist leader of the future. In actual fact Lord Hugh is no cleverer than a dozen men already on the front Opposition bench. We could produce at least a score of Fabians his superior in debating power, in knowledge of life, in conversation with public affairs and in oratory. But neither of them can get any mileage out of their accomplishment, and the spirit of the hive will not select them for the purpose of making a “queen bee.” (The analogy between the processes of making a political leader and making a queen bee is very close.)

"With his eyes afame with fervour, Lord Hugh told of the advantages of heredity. . . . No one could doubt that the born orator was speaking,"—or the spirit of the hive writing. The passage occurred in the report of the "Daily Mail," and is a sample of the journalistic Eloquence of the day. No one could doubt that the born orator was speaking, except a politician who had the spirit of the hive writing. The report of the "Daily Mail," and is a sample of the journalistic Eloquence of the day. No one could doubt that the born orator was speaking, except a politician who had the spirit of the hive writing.

The chief result of the debate has been to clear up to some extent the mind of the Government as to its policy. There is no doubt that the drift would express what its policy has so far been. Nor is this to be wondered at. Save a few cranks, nobody has had a clearer notion than Lord Hugh himself, of what the Resolution means to be done. A blacker night of politics has never descended since parties were The Government at the outset had a clear intention, but this was completely frustrated by the results of the election. They had counted on at least a 250 majority, which the King might have utilized, under the most favourable circumstances. The Government at the outset had a clear intention, but this was completely frustrated by the results of the election. They had counted on at least a 250 majority, which the King might have utilized, under the most favourable circumstances.

By sheer exhaustion of other plans, the present plans of the Government have reached a certain degree of lucidity. Its resolutions in regard to the Lords’ Veto are, as we said last week, satisfactory on the whole; and the course to be adopted for passing them is likewise not without the appearance of vigour. We should protest strongly against the use of the guillotine in a discussion of so momentous a character if we were not convinced that no power now exists to persuade the Opposition to the course to be adopted for passing them is likewise not without the appearance of vigour. We should protest strongly against the use of the guillotine in a discussion of so momentous a character if we were not convinced that no power now exists to persuade the Opposition.

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"The Nation," Mr. Belloc and clique persuaded him to reverse the order and to put Veto first and Budget second, or nowhere. What has been the result? The Government has in the end to return to its original plan, and to bring in a new Budget with the Veto attached as a whole by the King. After all, and to put the case at its worst, what has the King to lose by declining to make a revolution? We ask our Radical friends to be honest with themselves and say what penalties will attach to the course. The Crown would not hide a diminished head for all our enmity. And what, we ask, could Radicals do more than idly tell the winds their grievance? Would the “Nation” declare itself Republican if the King should refuse the Royal prerogative? Would the “Daily News?” Would even Mr. Belloc, who as an M.P., has given his life to the exercise of the Royal prerogative, who would object, and what would the objection be worth? Certainly we ourselves object, but our power is no more than a trifle.

But if the King is not likely to listen to threats he may nevertheless listen to reason, especially if it comes from the quality of the Government. For this, remember, is their second visit to the country would satisfy them. To-day the situation is reversed. We would have an election, they would not. They would appeal to the King, we would not. We were right then, on their subsequent confession; they are wrong now. In vain they talked of a Referendum as an alternative to the Royal prerogative. Useless, do what we may. The Lords would never pass a Bill to validate a Referendum; and, if they did, the result would be against us.

"The plain fact is that without a new General Election nothing will be done nothing can be done. At present everything is in the state of indecision. Parties, Houses, and Constitution are each balancing themselves on the fence. Before the country lies the decision of a momentous issue involving the survival of democracy. Shall we, as a class government to be finally abandoned or is it not? Are we formally and constitutionally to declare that the elected representatives shall have sovereign power for evil as well as for good? Are the last swaddling clothes of democracy to be removed, and the child committed to
Publicists and legislators of Europe are anxiously watching the echo of our warning of last week that the issue must not be stirred in this grave question, though the enlightened legislative assembly. This is clearly the first step towards the progress of events. The treatment to the English and Dutch languages in the Orange River Colony's schools. He insisted upon the guarantees. Moreover, Russia's ambitions were engaged in the wider sphere of the Far East, Central Asia, Turkey, and her general relations with the Powers of Europe. Russia, finding herself checked in the Far East, hampered by the Turkish revulsion, and fearful of English opposition in the Persian Gulf, is now pressing against the frontiers of Sweden and Norway. Russian diplomacy and foreign policy are ceaseless in their activities. The Austro-Russian arrangement for the resumption of diplomatic relations has relieved the strain of an absurd diplomatic situation. But the icy courtesy of the Austro-Russian communiqué, affirming a so-called identity of interest in the Balkans, tells its own tale. M. Isvolsky and Count Achenathen are once more on speaking terms; yet their frigid urbanity towards each other cannot conceal the smouldering irritation in each breast. It was a curious quarrel, but is not their reconciliation a sinister omen of a new and common interest? Can it be the Finnish Question?

Foreign Affairs.

The fate of Finland is hanging upon the balance of European opinion and Russian goodwill. A famous German diplomat cynically valued Russian "goodwill," at a moment where her interests are concerned. The manifesto of the European jurists against the Russian aggression on Finland's autonomy will hardly prevail against a hungry bureaucracy unless the material force of Europe is placed behind it. There is not much prospect of that. Sir Edward Grey has a black record; but the Samson force which made Britain a power in the annihilation of Finland. Will even Sir Edward Grey's co-sense of action accept this intrigue? His friend Sir Edward Fy of has delivered this considered judgment upon Finland's status: "My conclusion, therefore, is that from the judicial point of view the people of Finland are entitled to maintain their right to a constitution of which they could only be deprived by their own consent." The Russian proposals, now being debated in the Duma, will transform the Finnish Diet from a legislative into a mere consultative assembly. This is clearly the first step towards absolute Russification. European diplomacy has not stirred in this grave question, though the enlightened publicists and legislators of Europe are anxiously watching the progress of events.

This determination to crush the liberties of Finland has a deeper meaning than a mere solidification of the Russian Empire. Since the Treaty of Frederickshaven the Northern Question has slumbered. The Russian advance on Sweden was checked by various European governments. Moreover, Russia's ambitions were engaged in the wider sphere of the Far East, Central Asia, Turkey, and her general relations with the Powers of Europe. Russia, finding herself checked in the Far East, hampered by the Turkish revulsion, and fearful of English opposition in the Persian Gulf, is now pressing against the frontiers of Sweden and Norway. Russian diplomacy and foreign policy are ceaseless in their activities. The Austro-Russian arrangement for the resumption of diplomatic relations has relieved the strain of an absurd diplomatic situation. But the icy courtesy of the Austro-Russian communiqué, affirming a so-called identity of interest in the Balkans, tells its own tale. M. Isvolsky and Count Achenathen are once more on speaking terms; yet their frigid urbanity towards each other cannot conceal the smouldering irritation in each breast. It was a curious quarrel, but is not their reconciliation a sinister omen of a new and common interest? Can it be the Finnish Question?

The resignation of Mr. Gunn, the Director of Education in the Orange River Colony, will not hinder embittered feelings between the English and Dutch colonists. It is a painful duty to criticise the acts of politicians in South Africa at this juncture; but the policy of General Hertzog deserves the epithet of being criminal in its folly. General Hertzog refused to give an equal footing to treatment to the English and Dutch languages in the Orange River Colony's schools. He insisted upon the Dutch "taal" ranking as a compulsory subject, while English was simply a special, non-compulsory subject.

This is the narrowest form of racialism. Hitherto, English observers have refrained from commenting upon this crisis in education as it was hoped General Hertzog might see reason. Mr. Gunn's departure has dissipated those hopes. The one remedy to ease a menacing situation is the resignation of General Hertzog. The good faith of the Dutch population must not be impugned by its persistence in this dangerous spirit of Dutch selfishness. The moderate men in South Africa should intervene ere General Hertzog and his friends do irreparable harm to the good feeling between the Dutch and British populations of South Africa.

The internal politics of Spain are quite chaotic. Senor Lerroux, the Republican leader, has been gaining a powerful following. In a speech at a Republican banquet at Barcelona he used language which has not been heard in Spain for many a long month. Senor Lerroux pointed out that England was the political axle of the world and that a war in Spain might lead to a European war, into which even Spain might be dragged. He added: "It has been proved that Spain is not governed by the Spanish Government, but by foreign Powers who have their headquarters in Washington and London. The fate of these things we shall continue, and there will be no freedom in politics, no peace in the spirit of the people, or tranquillity in the home, until someone has the courage to conduct the Queen Mother to the frontier."

The Queen Mother is known to be completely under the influence of the Dominicans and the Vatican. The boldness of this speech is significant of the weakness of the Government. The present Premier, in fact, has broadened the King of the Kingdom that the one chance of preserving his throne is to send his royal mother on a prolonged tour with as much religious baggage as she can conveniently take. Whether this sound advice will be acted upon remains to be seen. The lull in Spain is a foreshadowing of a coming tempest of passion in which the throne and the church may be swept aside.

The German Government, after all, have prosecuted the Social-Democrats who demonstrated against the Franchise Bill. Only one important man has been prosecuted so far; that is Herr Barth, the editor of "Vorwärts." He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The Government has adopted a courageous if impolitic line in initiating these prosecutions. The German Social-Democrats are a little weak-kneed in some respects, and these prosecutions may incite them to stronger measures. Count Posadowsky, a Conservative ex-Minister, has written a revolutionary pamphlet on "The Housing Question as a Culture Problem." The English Tariff Reformers may learn with surprise that the Count is horrified at the extreme poverty of the German masses. The Count states that only four per cent. of Prussia's population have incomes of over £25, and that only 453,000 out of 38,000,000 have incomes of over £150. He then advocates more sweeping reforms in all dealings with land and houses, and recommends that the State should buy up the land. He also urges the Government to fix a definite limit beyond which land values must not rise. This is very much like "the economic law of rent"; but it is quite possible to limit land values. The pamphlet has created a great stir, coming from the pen of an eminent Conservative statesman. This is a graphic demonstration of the universality of the social problem, which can only be cured, not by Tariff Reform, Free Trade, or Land Taxation, but by the socialisation of the means of production.

The Chinese Government has issued an Edict explaining its recent action in Tibet. The alleged crimes of
could only have been legitimate for them to employ had all, persons who they know will "hush up" for political of they never paraded domestic feminism, was the danger remediable by law and influential enough to embody not, in the circumstances, disown or boycott Lady as and demand reforms immediately, the militant leaders excuse themselves. may still be given by law need no vote to get them, women are shadows, and that the few privileges which "rivals" will disappear and their pocket-money increase on the day we get the vote; against those to whom the vote is a symbol of moral equality, there can be no charge of desertion of Lady McLaren. They might be thought to belong to a species incapable of progress, and therefore best off in servitude. But every age and every race has produced women of a very different type from these, who, if we go among them, we shall find themselves perpetuating and adoring the rule which subjects them, and teaching their young daughters another kind of conduct which is not imposed by men but invented to preserve the condition of protected womanhood. And what is this "charter" but a further scheme for protection? A vain scheme! Do these women believe that they will not have to pay for privileges? Do they wish to preserve marriage, and do they imagine that by making it more expensive and burdensome to a man that will increase his desire to take a wife? Is it possible that one woman exists who thinks a man will risk marrying her if an act of infidelity on his part will expose him to divorce and to maintenance of his "outraged" wife? Wives have suffered infidelity up to now pretty cheerfully. Evidently it is not a moral or a mortal offence against them. They were not imperilling their souls by continuing to live with unfaithful husbands. By forgiving they could nullify the offence, and incidentally keep their house together. But now, suddenly men must pay off the offence. Divorce: maintenance! Wives may easily become too expensive.

In these days, when it has become a newspaper problem how to endure marriage at all, it is strange to behold the class of willing wives madly seeking to make marriage more intolerable to men. Surely some such madness must have seized the wives of Greece before marriage became abhorred by the men. Euripides wrote: "No wise man will give a woman her head; if he does he will probably get murdered." Another Athenian poet said: "A girl whom one is going to marry has all the disadvantages of a wife but one. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we marry; let us have no Alexandrian skeleton at the feast to remind us of the fatal hour." And again: "When one is disenfranchised the law does not allow us to rule others; but when one is married one is not even master of oneself." And Aristophanes' immortal quip: "What do you say—married? Really married? He whom I lately left alive and walking about!"

What a revenge the Greeks took upon their wives! In the April "Contemporary" there is a classical article by Emily James Putnam entitled "The Greek Lady." It should be read by every woman who values evidence of intellectual power and natural culture in women. The style is strong and yet rhythmical, and no one achieves that by craft or mere education. Miss (or Mrs.) Putnam seems yet subject to one illusion. While she depicts with a woman's understanding the unmerciful monotony of the Greek wife's existence, yet she accepts the characters of Andromache and Aspasia as handed down to us by men. Of Andromache it is difficult to write seriously in these pages, since the recent letters of Mrs. Grundy almost incapacitate us for criticism. One cannot hope to rival the vivacity of those epistles. But to consider Andromache with all her poetical trappings and with the beautiful rant which Homer puts into her mouth (with a bow to Bolingbroke, who said that about the Regulus of Horace), to consider her as she is done in the epic is to consider her superficially. Miss (or Mrs.) Putnam seems yet to have been, doubtless men were thankful for so admirable a nonentity as second lady in Troy; but she cannot ever have known the soul of woman. She must, then, have been a lady in the worst sense of this word.
If modern wives persist in demanding payment as wives, they may get not that, but a determined and masonic form of retaliation from men. Payment of wives by individual men is a revolting idea. State endowment of motherhood is on quite a different footing. It should be the first of reforms.

It is tediously often pleaded that the world is hard upon women, that a woman has small chance of maintaining her independence, and that at present hundreds of thousands of women have no training whatever to help them towards an independent existence. This is the very cry of pusillanimity! A woman only needs the will to find the way. There are a hundred ways open to women ready and the will to do might get the hundred more. Women patronise men's shops. Let them support women's shops. They employ men doctors. Let them employ women. The fact that men are milliners, hairdressers and midwives is due to women's folly, not to men's dominance. The world is not hard upon women; women are. Women make the conventions which are more cruel and rigid than any man-made laws. Women, not men, prohibit free speech and the truth about sex-matters. In "Votes for Women" Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. John Masefield have written things that Mrs. Pethick Lawrence would have perished sooner than utter. And what woman among the militants, the most hopelessly convinced and call-sufferers of all of us, would have set her pen to the matter Mr. G. B. Shaw so serenely attacked in the very dead-and-alive pages of "The Englishwoman"? No one even commented upon the article.

Women with the spirit to be free will be free in any era. They will not wait for the vote to certify them free, and they will not make a great deal of noise whether they get the vote now or next century. The vote is only a symbol for such women, and it is working quietly together to obtain the vote is only a part of the understanding between them. Things have been very wrong for a long time, and new noise will not mend old grievances. And it can be reasoned with. If they could not, votes or no votes, women would always be subjected. Many of these old grievances, especially the moral grievance, the contempt in which women are held, are directly due to women's own conduct. Until domestic women themselves perceive their folly, their degradation, and the ill effects of their conventions which are more cruel and rigid than the conventions which are more cruel and rigid than all suffragists, and since it is not possible, even for those fortunate few, to attain their ends, except by the aid of fortuitous good luck, or by the exercise of certain rather unamiable energies, which may not be particularly enviable, their lot is not popularly reckoned to be such an enviable one after all. Many of us would prefer to enjoy a more moderate share of prosperity. But all of us, without exception, are anxious to secure to ourselves the common means of existence at least.

So, trusting in the adage, and accepting it in a serious spirit, we strive to help ourselves to as large a portion of this world's goods as possible; or, if we are by nature easily satisfied, to maintain ourselves in that station of life to which we are destined.

But we all feel that the world owes us a livelihood, so long as we are willing to work. And if, despite all our struggles and labours, we go under in the fight, then we feel that we are being bitterly wronged somehow. Some of us—most of us—keep our bitterness to ourselves, and plod on doggedly and make no sign. Others cry out, become turbulent, unruly members of society, requiring to be summarily dealt with if the established order of things go on smoothly.

To this latter class belong our tramps and loafers and vagrants, our criminals, and our minor misdeemants, who deliberately break the law—by hurling a stone through a window, or by some other act of what is, taken sort of, in a social point of view, nothing more than dealing with the firms who advertise in the paper, mentions that "several special distinguished writers" will shortly contribute articles. That is very good news indeed. Good writers seem to have fought shy of this. "Votes," Art and letters have not hitherto gained much by its circulation. One might have believed the readers utterly ignorant people since the editors have constantly adjured them to buy no other paper, and yet have provided nothing more worthy than an occasional jewel from Mrs. Lawrence's mind. But there is a paragraph which rather disturbs one's belief that good writers may select this journal as a medium. Mrs. Lawrence has begun threatening again. "At the appropriate time they (the militants) will send out their corps of revolt to call upon all the women of the country who put human above self-interest to rally to the standard of freedom, and wage a righteous war against some unaccustomed tyrannies of intellect. Now, no writer who was "special distinguished" would really care to see his work side by side with that sort of matter.

If these fighters are actually going to begin slapping and pushing again for the same reason that they were all doing their twelve months in the first division, which is what they would get, we might find the atmosphere more favourable for reason, let alone manners and such-like trifles.

Poverty and Self-Help.

By Edwin Pugh.

"God helps those who help themselves" is a proverb, almost universally current among civilised nations, which has been turned to many and diverse uses, both serious and flippan. That it contains some element of truth is plain enough, or it would not have survived the ages. For human conduct is more largely guided and governed by these loose, obscure sayings than most of us imagine; and if this one were wholly false it would long ago have been impatiently discarded. And then it has this additional advantage, that it is a favourite axiom among those who believe in the doctrine of self-help, since it crystallises a complete philosophy of life in half-a-dozen words.

The art of success is one which we would all master if we could. We all desire to be successful in one way or another; and there is little doubt that the kind of success which the vast majority hanker after is worldly success. We realise, however, that only the fortunate few can hope to achieve worldly success on an ample scale; and since it is not possible, even for those fortunate few, to attain their ends, except by the aid of fortuitous good luck, or by the exercise of certain rather unamiable energies, which may not be particularly enviable, their lot is not popularly reckoned to be such an enviable one after all. Many of us would prefer to enjoy a more moderate share of prosperity. But all of us, without exception, are anxious to secure to ourselves the common means of existence at least.

Now and then these hapless stalwarts provide material for a paragraph, or even a detailed report, in the newspapers. They figure at coroners' inquests, as the corpse or some connection of the corpse; or they fall into the hands of school attendance officers; or they are taken into custody by the police for inadvertently transgressing some legal enactment of which they are ignorant; or, in their desperation, they try to snatch a living by some unaccustomed means without first taking care to pay for the right to do so.

From my note-book I cull a few typical cases. There is notably the case of the indomitable woman whose husband had been out of work for six weeks. She was the mother of three small children, one of them a suckling. They were, all of them, always hungry, and, as they had not the wherewithal to buy fuel, and were quite inadequately clad, they were also, all of them, always cold, the period of their destitution
happening to occur in the bitter weather. The woman knew how that stigma of pauperism clings and stings working, without intermission, twelve solid hours out enterprise let any of them help themselves to their neighbour's meat; let them commit some crime, steal, forge, cheat, goods to the extent of a loaf of bread or a joint of meat; he could earn eighteenpence a day by his rings to suit the impressions, whims, and moods of some which he is to ride out or undertake some piece of business. They were unable to distinguish inter bonum et malum, inter verum et falsum. "Throughout all Christendom, in the mansions of the great prelates and lords, there is no concern, save for poetry and the critical art; go thither and thou shalt find them of the most absurd and fantastic cast, the occult virtues contained in amulets composed of the teeth and claws of animals. He changed the jewels in his rings to suit the impressions, whims, and moods of the hour. Cristoforo Landino went so far as to "draw the horoscope of the Christian religion"; Francesco Guicciardini encountered aerial spirits. Nothing that Savonarola ever saw or dreamed that he sat equalled in the visions, the dreams, the obsessions, of the great, the delirium. When everything the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de- lirium, when every thing the world ever knew was revived, except the religion of St. Augustine, his de-
gave to his features something massive and menacing; he preached with the trenchant phraseology of a prophet. What a difference there is between the eloquent speaker and the inspired preacher! The prophetic preacher inspires not only admiration and respect, but apprehension and awe, with something merging into the indefinable and the mystical; at certain moments he is nothing less than a medium of divine inspiration. Savonarola, as Savonarola declared when writing of himself. His age was a time in which political, religious and social conditions became so confused that it required an intellectual giant to rise head and shoulders above all the rest, to state truly and persistently once profound and universal. Men like Savonarola often put an end to tragedy by the consummation of the supreme tragic crisis. September 21st, 1494, was a memorable one. The history of Florence at the beginning of the end for this wonderful man. Early on that day people began to arrive at the Duomo. They came from every direction, rich and poor, philosophers and courtiers, and at last the great edifice was filled with a multitude palpitating with suppressed emotion hardly able to endure the suspense created by so much hope, apprehension, doubt, and presentiments of coming calamity. When Savonarola mounted the pulpit he stood for a moment surveying the vast edifice. Like a king little aware of the event from the tombs; then, catching something of the nervous tension that prevailed everywhere around him, he shouted in a voice that rang through the vast edifice: *Ecce ego adducam aquas salubres ad infundit Pontificem;* and the lords of the parliament, Pico della Mirandola tells us he felt "a cold shiver run through him," his hair stood on end, people left the Duomo "bewildered, speechless, and, as it were, half dead," and for days the terrible sermon was the talk of Florence. May 19th to the 23rd witnessed the last act in the great tragedy. Frenzy was now added to the prevailing insanity. The people, with but few exceptions, turned against their idol. When the Papal Commissioners entered Florence they were surrounded by the dregs of the people shouting "Death to the vilest criminals were released from prison in order to do in Florence. But for this institution Father Minocchi might still be where he was, his brilliant talents hidden under the cover of some college a hundred years behind the times. It needed an event like this to make us realise the distance that separates the Florence of 1910 from the Florence of 1498. Here we have a priest quietly doffing his robes and taking his seat as a professor in one of the greatest universities in Italy. Professor Minocchi would pass as an Irishman anywhere in England or Ireland. He is in the prime of life, and is full of wit and humour. His wide culture permits him to discuss almost any question of international interest, and he may be regarded as one of the best proofs that a new Italy is emerging out of the old.

**I.**

More than four centuries separate Father Salvatore Minocchi from Savonarola, prophet and martyr. While he was a priest Father Minocchi was one of the shining lights of the "Modernist" Party. His great work was done in Biblical criticism. He did for Genesis and other parts of the Old Testament what Loisy did for the Gospels. The former regarded his work with a jealous and suspicious eye, and patiently awaited an opportunity of striking a blow. Yet the foundations on which he based his interpretations were so sound that the Church dared not condemn him; but when Father Minocchi began to express his opinions, not a journal read in very limited and scholarly circles, but in more public prints, Rome decided to reduce him to silence. The crisis came on January 19th, 1908. On that day Father Minocchi delivered a lecture at the Philosophical Library of Florence (then what he still believed to be) on "Eden," in which, following the ideas of Father Lagrange, he denied the historical value of the first three chapters of Genesis. These chapters he declared to be a symbolical expression of things that are and not of things that were. The lecture created a great sensation, not only in Florence, but throughout all Italy. Soon after this event the Church demanded of Father Minocchi a retraction; the Roman authorities asked him to state publicly and by the dregs of the people shouting "Death to the presentiments of coming calamity. When Savonarola mounted the pulpit he stood for a moment surveying the vast edifice. Like a king little aware of the event from the tombs; then, catching something of the nervous tension that prevailed everywhere around him, he shouted in a voice that rang through the vast edifice: *Ecce ego adducam aquas salubres ad infundit Pontificem;* and the lords of the parliament, Pico della Mirandola tells us he felt "a cold shiver run through him," his hair stood on end, people left the Duomo "bewildered, speechless, and, as it were, half dead," and for days the terrible sermon was the talk of Florence. May 19th to the 23rd witnessed the last act in the great tragedy. Frenzy was now added to the prevailing insanity. The people, with but few exceptions, turned against their idol. When the Papal Commissioners entered Florence they were surrounded by the dregs of the people shouting "Death to the vilest criminals were released from prison in order to do in Florence. But for this institution Father Minocchi might still be where he was, his brilliant talents hidden under the cover of some college a hundred years behind the times. It needed an event like this to make us realise the distance that separates the Florence of 1910 from the Florence of 1498. Here we have a priest quietly doffing his robes and taking his seat as a professor in one of the greatest universities in Italy. Professor Minocchi would pass as an Irishman anywhere in England or Ireland. He is in the prime of life, and is full of wit and humour. His wide culture permits him to discuss almost any question of international interest, and he may be regarded as one of the best proofs that a new Italy is emerging out of the old.

**II.**

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through the mind of some artist that lived before. They reveal nothing of the inconceivable magnitude of the mystery of Life.

What are these words Time and Eternity and Past and Future? What do they mean? Who knows aught about them? They are but arbitrary words signifying the limit of man’s knowledge. We live in a world of dreams, of vagueness, of secrets that are withheld from us. We live in a world where we, in a sense, see what we wish to see. We live, as it were, on a tiny island that we have made for ourselves. We live on a speck around which surges and heaves an illimitable, immeasurable ocean of mystery. We dream strangely through days.

This whirling space-atom!

It is nothing in the immeasurableness of Being. Even the Sun around which it journeys through the heavens is nothing. Beyond this atom that we call Earth, out and around through inconceivable distances are worlds whirling and shining. Out and beyond the measureless reach of the farthest star are other measureless reaches. Worlds that are beyond even the reach of the stars come, and have their being and pass from world to world as they swing through days.

Our world is nothing, and still our world is all. The atom as the atom is one with the shining transcendental whole. It is at one with the stars that are off from it through inconceivable distances. And it contains the glory and splendour of the whole of Being. And we who are atoms within an atom hold within us all. We are of the air, of the fire, of the earth, of the rocks, of the light, of the darkness. We are of the whole elements. And we are of the powers that be in the earth and the seas and the air and the far heavens. Man is a magical being that contains all, as the earth contains all.

A being who lives through these wonderful days. These days of alternate darkness and shining. These aeons wherein flash and pass events. These day-aeons wherein come wars and rumours of wars and mighty stupendous eruptions. Wherein man comes and passes as grains of sand in a whirling storm.

Man comes and passes. He is here with his projects and ambitions, and he is gone. It is as if he counts for nothing. And still he counts for all. For he is all. Man is God. From whence does he come, and whither does he go? It is said that he is gone for all time when he changes to the life that is called Death. But surely this is not so. Surely is it that he must pass and pass and pass from world to world as they swing through the immeasurable reaches of Being. Surely is it that his life here on earth is but an instant in the profound, measureless infinity. Surely is it that his life here is but one note in an-all-harmony. A note that sounds out, and is gone, and that sounds out again and again.

Where is yesterday? I wondered myself. Where had it gone? What had happened to it? By the arbitrary gauge that we call Time it was relegated to the lumber-room of the past.

Yesterday would never again appear in the world. Yesterday was a ghost. It had gone. But where had it gone?

And I thought of the Beginning—when the reflective power of the being who was destined to dominate and hold the world awoke. How did man begin to separate day from day, and night from night, and the life that is called dream life from the life of the day? Thousands upon thousands of years must have passed ere man was able to determine that dream life was not as the life called actual. Aye, I wondered about these arbitrary concepts of life and time.

And the thought came to me that perhaps we were wrong in thinking that the mind of man, as it was now, had gradually awoke from a dimness in the Beginning. It came to me that perhaps these arbitrary concepts of Life and Time were but a degenerative sign. Might we not be all wrong in thinking that the mind of man, as it was now, had attained to its full flower from a Nothing in the afar, dim and profound? Who was to know but that these days, passing into each other, and this life and death and changing, were not contained but within ourselves? That they were in harmony with the inconceivably stupendous life that surrounded our world? I wondered.

And I wondered if there had been a time when the mind of man had been full-powered! I wondered if there had been a time when life was all one long, bright, glorious day! When pain, strife, and strugglings, and the changes we name life and death, were not.

Surely there must have been this time.

I thought of the religions of the world. I thought of their splendid promises to man of the life beyond, where there would be neither beginning nor end, and where man would exist for ever in the midst of a changeless shining.

Surely it must be that these splendid promises would be fulfilled. Surely for man there was a Heaven in the afar.

There would come for man an endless day of wondrous shining.

The Philosophy of a Don.

III.—Aquiescence.

Among all the distressing aberrations which conspire to make modern life and literature so turbulent, so unpleasant, and so unwholesome, none, in my opinion, is more reprehensible than that insidious distemper of the soul which manifests itself under the form of divine discontent. It is a sort of malady that afflicts the young in mind as measles afflict the young in body. I myself, in my intellectual infancy—before I was rendered immune by the lymph of Oxbridge logic—did not wholly escape the infection. I well remember the time when I also suffered from secret doubts concerning Divine Providence and a life after death. It was mild and its effects transient, yet the memory remains vivid. Let me describe the cause of the disease, its symptoms, and its cure, so that others may benefit by my experience.

I looked around me, and I saw the sun shining upon the foul and the fair alike; moonlight and starlight lavishing their beauty upon one and the other with undiscriminating impartiality. I heard the tempest, the thunder, and hail rushing recklessly on their way, and as they swept along I noted with dismay that they struck the crops and cottages of all the farmers alike, making no invidious distinction between the comparatively righteous Mr. Smith and the incomparable blackguard Brown. I read of plagues and famines, of fires and earthquakes which, while laying waste the homes of the sinners, did not spare the abodes of the saints. I became acquainted with noble men withering in misery and with miscreants wallowing in ill-gotten influence. It was all told Fortune in all her ways. There seemed to be no measure or method in her moods.

With such experience before me it is not inexcusable if I ventured now and then to question the existence of Justice. But all my doubts were dispelled by mature reflection and study. At an early age I was fortunate enough to come across Dr. J. Arbuthnot’s ingenious and valuable “Argument for Divine Providence, drawn from the Equal Number of Births of both Sexes.”
The results of the learned author's arithmetical task appeared to me satisfactory, for they showed conclusively that such wind as there is brings every man and woman some good, however little they may be aware of it. Another argument that I have found equally helpful towards serenity was supplied to me by the late Professor John Ruskin, who said, "Had granite been white and marble speckled (and why should this not have been, but for the definite Divine appointment for the good of man) . . ."

Yet I am bound by my reputation a grievous wrong if I left the impression that I am a blind follower. Temperate even in my piety, I am far from being persuaded that whatever is is perfect. On the contrary, in spite of the above-mentioned authorities, and all the numerous objections on which they are based, I am inclined to suspect, with Shaw, that certain things might be better.

"Take for example," he said to me the other day, "two of our most common habits—birth and death. Everyone who has paid any attention to these subjects must acknowledge that, under the present usages of society, human beings are dragged arbitrarily into the world whether they like it or not. They are born in spite of themselves, and by circumstances over which they have no control whatever. Don't you consider this monstrous?"

"Yes," I agreed, "it does seem a little unfair. But . . ."

"And this is not all," he went on, heedless of my "but." "Once dragged into life, they are told that it is their sacred duty to stay there, regardless of cost. They are not allowed to leave off living when they think they have had 'enough. No, they are turned out of the world with as little voice in the matter as they were turned into it. If a man here and there takes the liberty to arrange the time, place, and manner of his exit, according to his tastes—that is, rationally—he is at once pronounced insane!"

So far Shaw may perhaps be right. But, when all is said, these are mere matters of detail, trivial oversights on the Creator's part—ink-blotches in a school-boy's copy-book—which, I hope, will be set right as mankind grows in wisdom and grace.

Meanwhile I cannot quite agree with those who hold that this earth is a vast Asuran stable in urgent need of cleaning. But, even if I did, I feel that I am not the man for the job. Stable-cleaning, somehow, seems incongruous with the character of a don. Handicapped as I am with the ordinary human sentiment of fairplay, and biased by the ordinary human prejudice in favour of a single cause of professional iniquity, and feel disappointed at the general inadequacy, of things. As a man of peace, too, I may be inclined to suspect, with Shav, that certain things should not be better.

Protests against Providence may be inevitable; they certainly are unprofitable. We all know the man who, too sensitive not to enjoy a grievance, yet not generous enough to finish a grudge against his fellow-creature, who grumbles at his Creator. What a waste of time and temper! For my part, I think the actual Ruler of the Universe compares very favourably with some of his predecessors. The ancient Phrygians' Deity slept during the winter, and was awake only in the summer. Yet this gross delerection of duty did not impel the Phrygians to rebellion. Instead of indulging in fatal fury they tacitly acquiesced in the habit of the god, and celebrated both his lying down and his getting up with prolonged and solemn inebriation. Bacchic orgies are, of course, incompatible with British sense of decency. Nevertheless, the principle of pious acquiescence under tyranny can readily be applied. I think, as a lesson to us who boast a Deity that, according to all the best authorities, never goes to bed from year's end to year's end.

Even more imbecile seem to me the antics of the man whose theoretical discontent with things as they are assumes the practical shape of a crusade for social or political reform. Personally, even if I saw the necessity for change, I do not see how it could be brought about. I see the difficulties of the intellectual problems; I am growing daily more sceptical in educational systems; politics are a noisy free-fight; the removal of ancient abuses only serves to make room wherein new abuses may spring up and flower—and so forth through the whole gamut of human affairs. But, with all this, I am placidly, and perhaps disgracefully, conscious of personal bien-être. That being so, why should I jeopardise the positive pleasure of my little span of life in a highly speculative attempt to secure improved conditions for the Race in an uncertain future? My attitude may be selfish; but, at all events, it is frankly so. The Socialist regards, himself as the exponent of the loftiest altruism. As a matter of fact, Socialism is nothing more than the last stage of an expanding egoism. I am old-fashioned enough to prefer a more candid and more familiar stage of egoism: it is more gentlemanly.

In the name of common-sense, which thou abhorrest, my dear Shav, I am among the Hedonists. But if thou dost, I shall find myself in excellent company. It was the same well-balanced and well-bred reluctance to face the unpleasant facts of life that made the late Mr. Matthew Arnold write Brontë's work; "hunger, rebellion, and rage" were in his eyes, as they are in mine, things not fit for a gentleman to dwell upon. It was a similar delicacy of taste that dictated Macaulay's condemnation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as "a powerful and disagreeable book."

I know, of course, that there are men who do not shrink from these things: men who, with singular perversity, choose to accomplish life's journey on foot, instead of in a first-class railway carriage, and to clear their own path as they go on—to clear it both for themselves and for other perverse wayfarers who may, perchance, follow after them. Their self-imposed labour, though absurdly unnecessary in these railway days, is one which calls forth all the sturdy virtues of the pioneer; but it is not favourable to the cultivation of the gentler graces of civilised life. Their dress is strange, their language strong, their manners uncouth, their tempers uncertain. They are altogether unpre- sentable.

I daresay their peculiar occupation must have habituated, though I am quite unable to conceive what they can be. I recognise that the sturdy virtues it develops many are always in the habit of saying is my dear Shav, class me not among the Hedonist. What a waste of time and temper! For my part, I have not made the universe favourably with some of his predecessors. The ancient gods be thanked, we no longer live in the jungle. The only lions we are likely to meet nowadays are drawing-room lions, and these, as a class, are not formidable—only a trifle objectionable. There has been no real lion in Europe for at least two thousand years. Then are moments when I feel disposed to regret this absence of lions from our midst. There are times when, having nothing more profitable to do, I while away an idle half-hour by trying to picture myself in a different environment. Sometimes I see myself in Athens as one of the group who listened to Socrates' inspired gar- rulous in the market-place. At first the old man interests me; then he begins to bore me. I remember that I have heard a great deal in the history of the world and elsewhere. So I shrug my shoulders, pull my cloak up and go away to offer my regular sacrifice to the officially appointed gods of the State; and then to dinner with Protagoras and some accomplished disciples of my acquaintance. There we discuss many things in a purely academic spirit; for dissent is no bad thing as a dessert. Had Socrates been content to take his dissent discreetly with his wine, or as we do, he would never have been in that perplexing dilemma which he would talk. He would tell people what he thought of them and their gods. For my part, I can hardly blame the jury. No one is honest with impunity. Socrates was a good man—a good man in the worst sense of the term—but he was a scoundrel.
essayist who writes under the nom de guerre "Coheleth." He is somewhat of a pessimist, it is true; but, then, his is the right sort of pessimism. It has none of Jeremiah's tincture: It is a cheerful, healthy, urbane, nice kind of pessimism; and it does not prevent my friend from enjoying all the vanities which he denounces. Rank and the respect paid to it, wealth and the elegant luxuries which it commands, have filled him the fascination which they have for every sane and thorough-bred man of this world. I do not know whether he could, if necessity arose, endure the pains of life with the same good grace with which he enjoys its pleasures. His cheek is certainly cut raw, a poor sort of thing in adversity. I hope that Coheleth would behave better in similar circumstances. Meanwhile he behaves like a perfect gentleman.

There is neither eccentricity nor over-earnestness in Coheleth's life; nor is there no note of provinciality in his philosophy. Although a free-thinker in theory, he has not, in practice, abandoned his worship of the established God. He would never have defied either the people or the tyrants of Athens as poor, brave, impetuous Solon did; he would never have made himself obnoxious to the powers that be. His cleverness is under perfect control, and he never tells his neighbours what he thinks of them. He burns with no desire to change the world, and, over all balance, there is breadth, there is breeding in everything. My Jewish friend says. In his conversation Solomon lives again; but it is a travelled and refined Solomon.

And his life is like his conversation—it is his creed translated into conduct. It is equally remote from asceticism and from the opposite. He is an excellent judge of wine; but I have never seen him drunk. He is fond of women; but he has not a wife. No power on earth or in heaven would induce my friend to barter the actual for a wild chase after an uncertain ideal. Why should he? He is rich in worldly goods and in the sense which the world accounts wisdom. He is as prosperous and discontented as a gentleman need be. Indeed, Coheleth might pass for a Coheleth.

It is a far cry from Palestine and Coheleth's patrician geniality to London and the suburban banalities of my colleague Chesterham. His optimism, after Coheleth's pessimism, is like small beer after champagne. His philosophy is the philosophy of a small mind in perpetual ferment. His outlook is the outlook of a highly-educated grocer. He can say smart things; but life as a whole is too vast for his vision. He can throw light on any subject you choose to mention; but it is only a surface light, a sort of light which accentuates, instead of relieving, the darkness of the depths. In this respect my boisterously orthodox colleague Chesterham presents a curious likeness to my boisterously heretical friend Shav. The criticism of the common mind, and the enthusiasm for the ground, transforming themselves into roots. I do not think that the critic exaggerates. Both seem to consider truth desirable as an ornament, but brilliance indispensable. Where Socrates hesitated, and endeavours audaciously to rise above them, for I must not be surprised if Han Ryner, the latest follower of Epictetus, is also a gifted poet. Stoicism, which for the reporters of daily papers is a synonym of pathological insensitivity, may be a source of great poetry. To believe this it suffices to have read the inspired by him, in which Cleantus celebrates the harmony order of the Universe, under the name of Zeus.

What, on the contrary, must astonish and delight us is the quality of Han Ryner's poetry, quite unusual nowadays? He has not written many poems, and he is the first (however wrong, according to some critics) to judge them mediocre. But he is surely a poet, in the original and noblest meaning of the word, when he writes prose, for then he possesses the essential quality of the poet: to be a creator of myths.

Endowed with a singularly rich, ingenious, and picturesque fancy, and with a mind which can understand, without deforming them by narrow prejudices or by impulsive antipathies, the most different philosophical conceptions, as a clear lake reflects faithfully the innumerable shapes of the world, Han Ryner has practically expressed in admirable allegories and parables most of the inward life of men. And his art is as plastic and multiform as that life.

Let us give a rapid review of the "Voyages de Psychodoro," which are perhaps until now Han Ryner's masterpiece. Psychodoro, a cynic philosopher, having lost his beloved, goes roaming in pantastical countries, where he has the strangest experiences. Firstly, he meets, in a plain surrounded by mountains, the Rooted (les enracenés), giants endowed with eternal life, but for ever immovable, because their legs go deep into the ground, transforming themselves into roots. I am sorry I cannot transcribe all the speeches made by the Rooted in their meditations on the nature of things; I will content myself with giving a few samples of the "J'ai l'angoisse de la durée; ils ont l'angoisse de l'espace. Les sottesies et les folies qu'ils disent sur le monde étendu correspondent sans doute à nos erreurs sur le monde qui persiste. Et le sourire avec lequel il licouait des géants immobiles blâmait suivi des pensées d'hommes qui marchent."

This first adventure is followed by many others, in which Han Ryner shows in the most efficacious way, by the oddest inventions, the manifold limitations of human mind, and endeavours audaciously to rise above them, if only for a few moments, casting glimpses on the Unknown, by means of comparisons, correspondences, and analogies.

Of this kind are Psychodoro's adventures that Han Ryner relates under the following titles, which, if they necessarily say little about the contents, are nevertheless very promising:—"Les Saisons-Yeux," "Les Rétrogrades," "Les Éphémères," "O, ma mère tu est mon père," "L'Intervalle," "Les Nuages," "Les grandes vivants."

But Han Ryner does not only laugh at the intellectual barriers of men; he who, as we shall see, has a very high ethical ideal, lashes with a whip the mean-
human shapes only from midnight to noon; during the remaining twelve hours they are dogs, wolves, tigers, and any kind of wild or filthy animals. Everybody knows the common infamy, but we to him who does not feign to ignore it. At eight, as soon as they have become men again, impetuous and aggressive songs are heard. "Ils affirment hymnes brutalement patriotes, "I n'y a que des heures humaines. Les passions sont les pas. Vivent toutes les heures! Vivent les Pitaniates identiques, dont l'identité est aimée des dieux et de la gloire!" Psychodore succeeds with much difficulty in escaping from the Pitaniates and in going where "les hommes et le démon plus l'homme plus il ne se perd jamais leur masque."

Another time Psychodore arrives amongst the "Laborious," unhappy beings whose entrails are visible, and whose thousand arms are toiling without rest in contracting the heart, dilating and compressing the lungs, and in satisfying all the other innumerable needs of physical life—beings who are for Psychodore the image of so many human souls, "faits de mille troubles, torturées de mille besognes, dispersées en mille parties de mille sorte de dévouement."

Even these short hints are sufficient to show that the myths created by Han Ryner are not idle games of fancy, iridescent and fragile soap-bubbles, but august symbols of profound moral truths. What is, then Han Ryner's philosophical position? It may be hinted by saying that his ideas have all the amplitude and mobility of those of a modern Epicurus. He likes to call himself an "individualist," but he gives to that word a very different significance from what generally is given to it. In his "Fêté manuel individualiste"—a short synthesis of his conception of life, under the form of an inward dialogue—he clearly indicates his own position: "Je m'entend par individualiste, mais je suis d'une conscience indépendante que tout homme qui m'écoute ne saura pas douter sur aucun dogme, sur aucune tradition, sur aucune volonté extérieure, ne fait appel qu'à la conscience individuelle." This defence of inward experience coincides with what many mystics have written. With these Han Ryner continues to agree entirely when he fights against the pretended individualists that are now in vogue. He says, in fact, that often the name of individualism has been given to "appearances of doctrines" intended to cover with a philosophical mask a "Sphinx rouge," a work full of delightful irony, in which are related the adventures of a good clerk transformed into an ant; "La fée marquée," a most daring and subtle study of an omeosexual; and lastly, "L'homme foroumi," a short hint of which the conflict between the rigid stoic individualism and the ordinary social moral creates tragical situations.

Very little will I say about the man. Han Ryner is a strong and disdaining recluse who does not stoop to flatter any social idol. And naturally society fights against him with all its refined ferocity. So the Parisian literary men and critics, to whom he has told such truths as cannot be forgiven, have created around him the conspiracy of silence and have succeeded in keeping him almost unknown, helped by his strong repugnance against any personal réclame. I will relat a little scene which clearly shows this most rare peculiarity of his character. Some time ago, in a vulgar café of the Boulevard St. Germain. He had talked to me a long while, exposing with ardent and picturesque words his original interpretations of the Greek philosophers. When, a little tired, he stopped, I asked him abruptly, "L'escargot?"—in which the conflict between the stoic individualism and the ordinary social moral creates tragical situations.

So I could not tell him that he was not in the right to make him smile. And I added with a little smile, "Il est possible que l'on s'agace de voir que l'on ne sait même pas se soucier de soi-même. Et si nous croyons aussi actifs que les escargots, on nous accuse de mysticisme."
cils, varied by arid excursions among the more or less modern metaphysicians. And what is left after my sixpence pays? Nothing—nothing.

At this point, if I were not afraid of shocking the products of the Higher Education of women, I should like to introduce a parenthesis. The Higher Education brackets desultory conversation to the key of the present market, but books for all that are not so broad-minded and tolerant as they think they are. Because they protest against putting the Medici Venus into bathing tights they imagine they are liberal, although before any harsh situation in a reading room--where you expect to find them--they show themselves as liable to shock as their grandmothers, who had not the Higher Education, or even any education. And they give authors like myself a terrible life of it. Not that there is anything in what I want in the way of literature--I ought to return aware acquainted with the binomial theorem.

Other men have probably thought of it already. Other men, if you listen to them, have generally thought of everything already. All the same, I think it better to deny myself the parenthesis. I wait, bring me another glass, and I will elaborate my meditation upon the futility of studies.

Tell me, have you ever read “Leviathan”? I don’t mean have you glanced at a few pages, like the company of many of his lover literature; I want you word for word, from cover to cover? Well, I have done that. Ah me! the hours I have lost endeavouring to fathom the metaphysics of Hobbes and his views of government. And to what profit? I may or may not understand his Hobbes at the end of the day, but do I do what good is to me? It needs a great degree of naïveté to fancy that a knowledge of books gains you the respect of your fellow-creatures. It needs the innocence of Eve before the Fall to believe you will be listened to better than another because you happen to know what you are talking about. All I think of now are the evenings I wasted over the classical authors which I might have got through with more profit and content in a music-hall or elsewhere. There was Sir John Hawkins and all the rest of them. I might have got through with more profit and content in a music-hall or elsewhere. There was Sir John Hawkins and all the rest of them. I might have got through with more profit and content in a music-hall or elsewhere. There was Sir John Hawkins and all the rest of them. I might have got through with more profit and content in a music-hall or elsewhere. There was Sir John Hawkins and all the rest of them. I might have got through with more profit and content in a music-hall or elsewhere. There was Sir John Hawkins and all the rest of them.

And yet, to put the subject fairly, the man of study, the scholar, is infinitely more agreeable than running after questionable adventures out of doors: they will tell you that they read the classics because they prefer com-

But the cheaper and more ephemeral publications on the academic, must be allowed some trifling merits. They are often taxed with is due less to cold blood or braggadocio, than to the futility of studies. Aspasia herself becomes prudish when she becomes rich. Madame de Maintenon living from hand to mouth with Scarron was charming: as ruler of France she was dull. It is always a tragedy which ought to be paid at the end of your day’s journey as at a workhouse, though the tragedy is often apparent only to a few of the spectators. Some people hold that success and the practice of the domestic virtues in comfort arrest the poet’s vein. Experience, however, seems to show that the successful poet becomes more fluent and less rare. Certainly his appeal in some directions is deadened. How, for instance, can the successful poet—I speak of material success—expect us to grow wildly enthusiastic with the same fervency he felt when Schopenhauer were to have been addressed to the wife to whom he has been comfortably married for several years? Only headlong passion makes love-poetry.

A man’s opinion of life is valuable from his experience of life, but opinion varied the experience the more valuable the opinion. This has probably been said before, but in any case it has the profound truth which lies in all platitudes. Reading books can be in no sense an effectual substitute for experience, when experience has been a certain amount of living, and when you are in no wise so inspired as we should be were we one to announce his adventures in a grocer’s shop. Books are but sign-posts on the road. To sit a-squat on the sign-post and report on the country—what insanity! In five days I suppose a fresh blow to the head, and then I daresay the trace of him will soon be obliterated too. My present way of life falls not in with grey abstractions.

Of course there are those who will assure you that reading the classics in a comfortable room before a red fire is infinitely more agreeable than running after questionable adventures out of doors: they will tell you that they read the classics because they prefer comm-

Please continue reading as it is already a paragraph.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

There is an exceptionally sagacious and outspoken article on "Magazine Editors" (by an Editor) in the current number of "The Author," and those people who seek an explanation of the dulness, sameness, and futility of those magazines will do well to spend their pens on "The Author," and satisfy their curiosity. The article ends thus: "It is my hope that before long there will be a general improvement in the copy accepted by magazines. At present there is little variety in the stories coming into literature. A dead routine rules almost everywhere." I don't think there will be any improvement until the notoriously unsatisfactory financial condition of certain notorious magazines grows much worse even than it is. Only an earthquake caused by the wrath of startled shareholders will shatter the grotesque theories of the present occupants of editorial chairs. The root of the evil is that editors, while afraid of the public for which they cater, ignorantly despise their public. Instead of the fear of being too poor for it, they are actuated by the fear of being too good for it, which is not only ridiculous, but offensively ridiculous. I should not expect a popular magazine to be alive, to show intelligence in a crude way, to appeal to wide and diverse interests, and to act generally on the assumption that the public is not a narrow-minded, prudish, canting, hypocritical, stupid, ignorant spinster advanced in years. The public has faults, and enough of them; but it is not the impossible footing ass which our present editors have miraculously conceived it to be. That a magazine can appeal to a very large public, and yet not be offensive in the sight of average intelligence has been demonstrated again and again in the United States. But in the United States editors do at any rate pay the public the compliment of respecting it, and in the United States all the editors are not bent on imitating each other, as they assuredly are in England.

It is the question of general policy which is important. After the desired earthquake any existing editors not already buried ought to go forth and bury themselves, and the new editors ought to take solemn oath (a) not to imitate their kind; (b) not to despise their public; and (c) to print only what really pleases themselves. Unless an editor, broadly speaking, can edit to suit his own taste he is unfitted for his position. Most of the mischief in English writing from editors trying to suit a taste which is purely hypothetical. One is constantly hearing, "Personally I think this is admirable. I adore it. But the public—"

"Personally I think this is a subject which ought to be dealt with frankly, but you know the susceptibilities of the public—" The natural result is paralysis. Contributors don't know what to produce, because editors don't know what they want, and both contributors and editors tremble with fear in their paralysis. Why? In "McClure's Magazine" the other day I read a story about the influence of a baby on its parents during the pre-natal months, and it was not a sentimental but a humorous story. My first thought was: "Any contributor offering to an English editor such a wanton outrage on the modesty of maiden aunts would be set down as absolutely mad!" In English magazines the whole subject of babies is excessively delicate, and in no case has an English editor alleged a count as to induce the public that even a married lady was enceinte. In English magazines babies are indecent during the first nine months of their lives.

The remarks of the writer in the "Author" about the insolence, indolence, and stupidity which characterise editorial behaviour to the average contributor are excellent and well within the truth. As a matter of fact, there exists now almost a complete estrangement between magazine editors and authors who really have something original to say. This estrangement has been brought about by the singular methods of editors and their tedious indecision. A serious author who is not quite starving now refuses to do any business with the editors of popular magazines except on the basis of a definite commission in advance. He has been driven to this rule of life.

I am glad to see that the new magazine, "The Tramp," is at any rate original, and that its standard of stories is much higher than that of other magazines, and different from the average. In the matter of subjects for articles it should cast its net wider. It hasn't said a word about hotels, for instance. Tramps of the class that buy sixpenny magazines usually sleep in hotels.

Recently I have come across a branch of the Censorship, entirely unconnected with the libraries—a censorship exercised over foreign books by his Majesty's Board of Customs and Excise. It is concerned chiefly with French books, French being the only language with which the members of his Majesty's Board of Customs and Excise have a reading-by-the-aid-of-dictionary acquaintance. A Bulgarian master, for instance, might write the most magnificent book, and it would come through safely. But French authors must look out. "Le Roi Pausole," by M. Pierre Louys, has been banned by the censors of his Majesty's Board of Customs and Excise. It is untranslateable, it is, in fact, comic; but it is also odious. "Le Roi Pausole" cannot lawfully be obtained in England or brought into England, though emasculated translations of books of a similar kind by the same author are sold freely in this country. I fully admit that a faithful and complete translation of "Le Roi Pausole" would be exquisitely "unfit" for English taste, and its appearance would raise a scandal. But one might say the same thing of very many foreign masterpieces, for English taste is unique on this earth. The rule about foreign works brought into England has always been that they should conform to the standard of taste of their respective countries; that is, that they should have the reputation of respectability at home. Any other rule is ridiculous. Now M. Pierre Louys is a very distinguished artist, highly esteemed by all men of letters in France, and by a large literary public, and there can be no doubt that, whatever a magazine editor might think of the book, "Le Roi Pausole" is a fine, first-class piece of work, beautifully written, and full of invention and wit. M. Louys is one of three famous sons-in-law of the late José Maria de Hérédia; the other two are M. Henri de Régnier and M. Maurice Maindron. That an amateur of French literature cannot buy any book by M. Louys in England is scandalous. There are many other instances of the idiotic censoring activities of his Majesty's Board of Customs and Excise.

Anticipatory Reviews.

By Eric Dexter.

11.—Modern Love.

The books of H. G. Wells have a character all their own, and this, a work in the manner of most of his books written from 1908 to 1919, and resumed in 1919, cannot fail to ensure the usual semi-violent partisanship of those who would rather ridicule him. Its theme—somewhat overdone as it is—never fails to lend a variety of interests to the characters who move up and down its pages to the accomplishment of a liberal allowance of . . . You may possibly suspect that I am determined to praise Wells. The fact is, I am—not. (These sentences, with a slight alteration, are cribbed from Arnold Bennett. Bennett is a remarkable critic. But he should take heed of the other methods recommended by Mr. Peter MacGrawler, of the "Asience." He should try his hand at slashing and ticking. At this moment I am occupied in reading "Anatolica: or New Wives for Old." By H. G. Wells. (London: Constable. 1919. With Variorum Readings. Pp. viii. and 453. Is.)
plastering he is an adept. Witness his Magnificent Appreciation of C. E. Montague’s latest book in the “Manchester Guardian.” Wait, wait, Arnold the Appreciative till this fitful pen comes to deal with you! You shall have justice and no mercy.)

Wells’s device of supplying variorum readings in this novel should help him with the libraries. For those who like their Wells unabbreviated (I am one) the book becomes a strange alternative passages at the end of the volume are provided. They are, as you shall testify, marvellously innocent.

Varval Rivers, son of an English father and an Anatolian mother (Anatolia is in Asia Minor, I may explain), early left an orphan, invents a fine leaded glaze for pottery; and sinking his small paternal bequest in a pottery works, promptly finds himself on the road to ruin. Because it is a little more expensive than crockery-painting, the people will not buy Rivers’s ware. Besides, it is not quite so glossy as lead-glazed china.

Reduced to his last hundred pounds, Rivers invents a new ware, deadly to make but very beautiful. With a remembrance of Majolica ware, he calls it Anatolia ware. It is an instant success. The death-rate amongst his workmen and work-women is enormous; but the demand for Anatolia also is enormous, and to the demand for Anatolia, learning that the man, her companion, is a quadrigamist, falls in love with him. A well-aimed bedstead disposes of Avoirdupois, who sinks and is drowned. Anatolica and her new friend journey to Anatolia, where they land and keep house together.

The whole of this episode is thus described in the alternative reading:

Journeying to Anatolia, Anatolica there met a gentleman sample man to whom-she-married—after—a—a—brief-courtship.

Enough has now been said to indicate the scope and power of this novel. H. G. Wells will surpass himself in this piece of work.

At the very end of the volume, after the variorum readings, appear two pages of full-stops. The author recommends their insertion where desired—preferably in groups of three. Verily, a story to dream of, not to tell.

Saviour or Scapegoat?* By Alfred E. Randall.

The "Saturday Review," with that profound lack of insight that marks the academically educated mind, described this book as "very young and very old." The antimony of the epigram proves the confusion of the reviewer, but I am by no means sure that it is not characteristic of the author of this novel. Mr. Upward had a chance of writing a great book on an eternal, but not old, subject; of restating the everlasting problem of good and evil, and comparing the differences between its friends and enemies; of contributing a solution of the world-riddle, and enriching our literature with a masterpiece. This, attempted impartially, has resulted in a good novel, and a thesis that does not apply to the Christ of the Gospel biographies, by the modern definition of decadence. Perhaps Nietzsche’s splendidly ignorant description of Christ as "an interesting decadent" set Mr. Upward on this track, but as my reverence for science—that brotherhood of bourgeoisie—does not extend to the faithful swallowing of its judgment of particular cases, I refuse to bow to Sir Bernard Vanbrugh. All that Mr. Upward makes Vanbrugh say is possibly true of decadence; but it is not true of Christ, nor of Lord Alistair Stuart. Christ and Pilate are the only two sane, healthy men among a crowd of monos-maniacs in this novel. The idea that a saviour is the most sick man of the community, bodily and spiritually, is not true, and is not proved by the Gospels or Lord Alistair’s Rebellion.

Let us come to grips over this question of decadence. We are asked to take James, Duke of Trent, as a sample of an almost "normal" man; we are told that the future seems to be assigned to the engineer type of man, sane, strong, and self-reliant, a water-drinker. A man to whom life is only mechanism, a man of household goods in the furniture van, which she drives herself. Crossing London Bridge, the horses take fright, and precipitate van and Anatolica into the Thames. Very calmly she drives down the mighty river.

Great warehouses on either side disgorged multitudes of men and boys, who cheered her progress, and shot at her with air-guns. She smiled, and the现货 passed out to her, and, climbing on board, suggested a game of cards. The lower muddy banks gave token that they approached the mouth of the Thames. Very calmly she drives down the mighty river.

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*This, as you will recognize, is a digression.
orderly life and wholesome instincts, an ideal father, a man in whose eyes poetry-books and prayer-books will be alike contemptible. This person was the nightingale of Mary Shelley; he is Frankenstein, not fact, but an imagination.

James, Duke of Trent, is more intelligible, and it is worth while to see what a "normal" man is in contradistinction to the "decadent." He is a man of feeble intellect and of little interest. He is a "sin-bearer," but a promise of life and a source of health to others, for, as Christ himself said, "He is not "a sin-bearer," but a promise of life and a source of health to others." His powers are accompanied by the disintegration of his most vital qualities.

[Havelock Ellis] in his interesting "Study of British Genius" has shown that the exact same conditions that produce genius produce congenital idiocy. The mere statement of this conclusion refutes Mr. Upward's contention, if he allies genius with decadence, as I think he must, to produce inferiority and produce superiority, and instead of the genius carrying off the worst strain he carries the best. He is not a "sin-bearer," but a promise of life and a source of power; he is consciousness made human, and naturally his powers are accompanied by the disintegration of nervous tissue, as all states of consciousness are. It is true that he sometimes suffers from mental and physical inco-ordination; he is not "whole and sole himself," but the destiny is, as he finely said in his "Diseases of Personality," the mineral is the ideal state of existence. A sick man cannot bestow health on others, for, as Christ himself said, "Beezlebub cannot cast out Beezlebub." There is no trace of the character of Christ; it is true that he fled from Herod Antipas to Tyre and Sidon, but a philosopher is seldom a fighting man. Even Nietzsche only served on the medical staff during the Franco-German war. Christ walked the earth without pride, and certainly without humility; he was unassuming, no, with a coolness that was proof of a great courage, and the strength that people have derived from his memory shows the intrinsic power of his personality. He was a thoroughly decadent, a life and a salvation was, I believe, tacked on by the pre-historic Wagnerians who first misunderstood him.

Mr. Upward has not rescued Christ from the Christians; he has delivered him bound and helpless to the hands of Sir Bernard Vanbrugh, whose judgment prescribes the lethal chamber. What is the matter with Lord Alistair Stuart that he should be called a "decadent?" He had a father who was a drunkard, and a mother who suffered from that form of abnormal development called insanity. He had a brother who was a fool, and was himself nothing more than a "sin-bearer," but a promise of life and a source of health to others. He has delivered him bound and helpless to the hands of Lord Alistair Stuart that he should be called a "decadent." He has introduced into Parliament a rather brilliant speech denouncing a "decadent," but that Mr. Upward should appear to agree with him is a puzzle. I am afraid that this article may mislead my readers as to the character of the book. Mr. Upward has written a remarkable novel. He has packed it with fine writing, and his satire is so disinterested that it would have been impossible to know his own view as to the character of the book. We have lately read Mrs. Voynich's new novel, and also a review of this novel in "The Englishwoman." This journal, we may note, applauds the Liberal Censorship. "The Englishwoman" believes "An Interrupted Friendship" to be the most important novel of the year, the patient product of reason, a life of sacrifice, a real and not an apparent sacrifice of our language. Mrs. Voynich, we are further instructed, has wonderful insight into character, quick, clear grasp of motives, recognition of the true direction of forces, the sense of the drama of life, the inevitable necessity of life, whose "Saviour," one who bears within him the accumulated weakness of a vicious ancestry. He has not seen that only a strong man can bear great burdens, that the one who saves us from death must himself have life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," said Christ in an obviously genuine passage. He has driven to shock as well as spoil the Philistines for want of something better to do.

It is obvious that Mr. Upward has fallen into the same error as the Gospel writers did, of confusing an abundantly healthy man, a man who has too much life in him for his own purpose and is able to inspire others by his superficiality, and has regarded him as a "Saviour," one who bears within him the accumulated weakness of a vicious ancestry. He has not seen that only a strong man can bear great burdens, that the one who saves us from death must himself have life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," said Christ in an obviously genuine passage. He has driven to shock as well as spoil the Philistines for want of something better to do.

The vices that Mr. Upward attributes to Lord Alistair are four: he drinks, he keeps a concubine, he is extravagant, and he writes poetry. Such a character might shock a maiden Methodist, but no one will accept one or all four vices as proof of mental, moral, and physical degradation. He writes poetry reluctantly, and does not read it to us; Egerton Vane, who does read a most awful sonnet, is a far more convincing decadent. His extravagance proves nothing in connection with this. We are not living in the times when, as Mr. Upward's ancestor wrote in "Hamlet," "a tavern would last you nine years," nowadays it would not keep an actor in "Woodbines" for a week. If a man is put into a position that demands £5,000 a year for its upkeep, and his brother only allows him £1,000 out of an income of £25,000, the result proves niggardliness in the "normal" brother, but not decadence in the hero. He keeps a concubine, but that is no proof of incoherence. He drinks, but he shows no sign of being a drunkard; on one occasion he makes a rather brilliant speech denouncing a "decadent." Bill proposing flagging for holigraphs that his "normal" brother has introduced into Parliament. On the other occasion he goes home quietly in a cab, and, as he wakes with a headache, we are obliged to suppose that he is useless to intoxication. The man is a healthy man of genius, who lacks the suitable occupation. He is driven to shock as well as spoil the Philistines for want of something better to do.

REVIEWs.

NOVELS.

An Interrupted Friendship. By E. L. Voynich.

(Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

We have lately read Mrs. Voynich's new novel, and also a review of this novel in "The Englishwoman." This journal, we may note, applauds the Liberal Censorship. "The Englishwoman" believes "An Interrupted Friendship" to be the most important novel of the year, the patient product of reason, a life of sacrifice, a real and not an apparent sacrifice of our language. Mrs. Voynich, we are further instructed, has wonderful insight into character, quick, clear grasp of motives, recognition of the true direction of forces, the sense of the drama of life, the inevitable necessity of life, whose "Saviour," one who bears within him the accumulated weakness of a vicious ancestry. He has not seen that only a strong man can bear great burdens, that the one who saves us from death must himself have life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," said Christ in an obviously genuine passage. He has driven to shock as well as spoil the Philistines for want of something better to do.
Now we, having read "An Interrupted Friendship," have our own idea why the airy critic gave no account of the plot. We think there isn't one to give. Not what is understood by a plot—a chain of incidents of independent value in themselves, and yet inevitably attached to a main story. The friendship is not the only interrupted thing; the drama is discontinuous, the psychologue incomplete, the observation is off-hand and pettous. As a revel in spasmodics it is carried to the length of endowing the characters with fits, moral and physical. The Gadfly himself is subject to fits of strange illness, during which he discloses his moral aberrations of delirium. Former mothers may have spells of drunkenness; the poor cripple, Marguerite, is first made well and then made a cripple again, and she gives way to paroxysms of ill-temper. René, her brother, passionately dislikes and loves her, passionately hates and loves the Gadfly, is hot and cold to his father, the Marquis, who in his rôles is sometimes a grand seigneur and most often a nonentity, taken or thrust aside in much the same way by the author herself as by her erratic son. René is sent to school in England, and comes back an old Englishman, having changed his French name, "De Marteruelles," to Martel, and acquired a slang vocabulary, which we must suppose he imports bodily into the French tongue, since he talks to his French relatives in the style of "Chums." But these alleged French relatives! Why French? They are no more French than they might be English; except the Marquis, on the great occasions, he is at the stake to snub an aloof "alld" village priest by exhibiting the real aloofness of the best Balzacian nobility. René finally marries a girl of whom the reader knows but her name, Jeanne, to oblige his most utterly despised aunt, Angélique. "If only you could have liked Jeanne," wailed the tearful old maid. "He turned with a little laugh. 'Don't cry, aunt. Oh, you can arrange it if you want to; one must marry somebody, I suppose.'

And this is the set of haphazard marionettes whose anecdote is "The love-match of the year." We find it like reviewing a nightmare which happened to somebody else. But let us take the first chapter, and do our best with it.

The wife of the Marquis is dead, and he and his two boys and the village are at the funeral. It had not been a love-match, but the sudden close of a calm life with a good domesticated bourgeoise had left the Marquis disconsolate. Françoise had taken all household worries, home to the chateau. Huge, damp, and ruinous, its baby girl, survive their mother. The Marquis returns from the white face with a horrible vindictiveness. 'I hate them all! They come here and kiss me and bring their loathsome goody books. I wish I could kill them all!' If a character so incomparably deceitful were to be accepted as that of a child ever known in real life, we might still demur to the taste which could select the poor, bad little creature for portrayal. Since we do not, let us say of the writer why any writer could publish such questionable imaginations. But, really, Mrs. Voinich often does not quite mean what she has written. A little later, when her husband is to walk on crutches, she has received an order to snub the "ald" village priest in this house was king. Even Marguerite, petted and tyrannical invalid as she was, shrank before his dominant unhumanism.

Marguerite and René conspire to get the invalid home to the chateau. René displays vast finesse, and the Marquis praises him: "I see you have the wisdom of the serpent." Over page, the Marquis remarks to Henri: "Poor René has no diplomacy." Really! read and see. Marguerite is got home; and Father Joseph and Sister Louise, after all we have been warned about them, merely disappear for a while. Luckily happy, Marguerite must now be jerked into misery. René, who had always a taste for geography, decides to earn the money to cure his sister by joining an expedition to Ecuador. Firmly rejecting her appeals not to leave her, he marches forth with a crowd of explorers. These explorers! One wonders whether they could have travelled from Paris to London without coming to grief. The doctor is a drunkard whose wife's story we hear in detail. A wretched adulteress was she. "The death of her child did not wring from her a sign of emotion." It is sad that of the half-dozen women mentioned in this novel only Françoise, and she, alas! dead, is good, or even nice. Marguerite passes into a selfishness, and her "alld" wife is "a prying woman" and "underbred." Louise and Angélique we know. Even Jeanne, who marries René, is left to our mercy. All we are told of her is that she "made a good wife according to her lights." But to return to the expedition. Along with the inebrate doctor went René, always a slick hero; two "silly" subalterns; a "fat" botanist; Fortiguere, a rash sportsman; Gillaumet, who is "flabby," and commander Duprez. "whose carriage of body would have been really fine if he had not tried to make it so." We must leave the reader to find out if he wills from the book how Mrs. Voinich's collection of creatures conduct their precious expedition. We will only warn him that they will scandalize the tribe of savages with their way of thinking, how often they do? They meet the Gadfly, who has been a slave and a clown at a circus, and has escaped. He saves them from savages by clowning for the tribe. He and René conceive a morbid hatred for one another; this is at least not irrational, but the hate develops into a passion. The passion! The expedition trots home again, and Marguerite is cured so far as to walk on crutches. The Gadfly disappears, and goes filibustering, or something of the sort. We were left in Italy, and Marguerite stayed with René in Paris. "And how is your sister?" asks the Gadfly. "René took a long time to answer." The inevitable has happened again! René unfolds: "One day we were driving, and she wanted to call at a shop. As I was helping her down, a drayman dashed into our carriage. The wheel passed
of Inhumanity. She never will stand again." A sense of drama, Indeed! Fancy leaving a development like that—ridiculous unless superbly well demonstrated—to be told. But the only things demonstrated in this book are the limits of sex-talk and a few more hints on character would have served Dolly better in the absence of the scientific negative.

We distrust the sincerity of the "Woman's Crown" chapter. It will please the nice man, no doubt, but what woman, in telling the story to women, would have put in all that and left out the most vitally interesting part—the part where man is superfluous—the part when a fascinating young man told her the same sort of thing. The woman who misused the "Woman's Crown," and aged twenty-five, and it had been assumed that she was unaware of the scientific negative, how Mrs. Braby herself might have smelt it! The reason why women disliked "Ann Veronica" was that somehow, even though all the people he met was an actress, and whose friend Miss Vavasour was an actress of unimpeachable character—imagine Dolly drawing her conclusions as to stage life from a dissipated musical comedy girl! Mrs. Braby's cover is in "Downward." Dolly goes to see a theatrical friend. The woman is represented as dissolute, dirty, and a drunkard. The sight of her deters Dolly from obeying the moral law. The interruption of the friendship between René and the Gadfly comes when poor crippled Marguerite is exhibited making a proposal of love to the Gadfly. She who "hates women," and cannot believe her zero to have become mysteriously gloomy and tragic through anything so paltry as a woman, conceives him to have been reduced to the furies. There seems a horrible interest for all of them in knowing a person suffers and bearing him admit it with a smile.

The interruption of the friendship between René and the Gadfly is the moment when poor crippled Marguerite is exhibited making a proposal of love to the Gadfly. She who "hates women," and cannot believe her zero to have become mysteriously gloomy and tragic through anything so paltry as a woman, conceives him to have been reduced to the furies. There seems a horrible interest for all of them in knowing a person suffers and bearing him admit it with a smile. Everybody is then hammered out. "By the time the Marquis died his daughter was competent to edit his manuscripts, which kept her occupied for the rest of her rather short life. At forty it was ended by the after effects of a chill." That's two gone in one breath. René, who has often heard him babbling in delirium, must have betrayed him. All and everybody, that is. René, who is René dead, and so the affair is never patched up. The Gadfly writes verses, beginning, significantly, "Behold, my God, I am a little thing," and asks God if He thinks he, the Gadfly, would have behaved so badly to God if their respective positions had been reversed?

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"René lived to be old and successful . . . respected as a professor, and in private life an admirable husband and a model father."
the more true to life. We find just the opposite. Dolly at school and Dolly in the gossiping nursing home are probably drawn from life. Dolly voicing every single "advanced" theory about her problem and marrying that rich lawyer belongs to the realms of pamphlets and melodrama.

OTHER BOOKS. Socialism and Superior Brains. By Bernard Shaw. (Fifield, 6d. net.) If Mr. Mallock would stick to his own theory, "that exceptional personal ability is the main factor in the production of wealth," and settle how much of the national product should be given to the employers, discoverers, and inventors, Mr. Shaw might have time to deal with the Government and municipal officers. When Mr. Mallock would stick to his own theory, "that the State is an organised conspiracy to rob them of it," it does not seem to us that the prophecy is disproved by the statement that "the Attorney-General does not retire from the Bar because he has to hand over part of his fees to the lord of the plot of English soil on which his house is built." The Attorney-General does not produce wealth any more than the landlord does, and Mr. Mallock's contention, if only he would stick to it, is untouched. Mr. Mallock is perpetually talking about industrial ability, either of the inventing or managing type, and Mr. Shaw replies by showing how much easier it is to get under a cabbage leaf when the sun was too hot or to bury himself in a sand-heap when cyclones were about. Like a modern Diogenes, as it were, he has preferred to carry his tub on his back. This living in the open as much as possible, on simple foods, has enabled him to build up a robust constitution that even Sandow himself might envy. Mr. Mallock's book is a personal document, the record of personal experience, and it should be in the hands of sane persons who wish to understand the secret of "doctoring the open" and the use of drugs or doses. To those persons who are, however, in the hands of the family doctor, who never go beyond the city walls, whose walking tours are merely from Cheapside to St. Paul's— those the book may read like an unrealisable dream.

Mr. Dane's book is an essay on sexual hygiene, the sort of essay that is pretty plentiful in America, but not in this country owing to our tendency to boycott all information pertaining to the sexual life. The book has a great deal to say on "sexual intercourse and bad habits" which will no doubt serve its purpose in drawing the attention of the average ordinary persons to certain vital matters. It is, however, crudely written, and the medical man would find much to scoff at in its strange use of scientific terms. Occasionally the author gives us a tit-bit of information that provokes a smile. For instance, where he projects Mr. Churchill as an example of the application of will-power, and says, "What an amount of determination, self-assurance, 'go,' he must have; what an amount of temptation he must have overcome; what desires he must have conquered, controlled, ere he attained the position he has now reached." This panegyric to Churchill in a work on sexual hygiene is a master-stroke. Still the book, though crude, is simply written, and its common-sense advice should be of use to many persons.

The Life of an Enclosed Nun. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.) After taking the wise precaution to prevent identification, the authoress of this book proceeds to deal frankly with the startling facts of life behind the veil, so to speak. One thing is pretty clear, that things as she paints them are not what we generally look for in convent life. For one thing, it's rather a shock to hear there are so many who will appreciate this quiet account of one of the Queen Bee. Then the lay sister is a constant source of amusement to them. She is never happy unless indulging in roast beef and Yorkshire, which she does once a week on Sundays. This fashion among the lay sisters for a mild debauch in the typical stodgy English "Sunday dinner" is not to be encouraged from what we know of the pudding they give you at convents. When all is said, a mother superior's picture of convent life is not particularly exciting. Apparently her lines lay in pleasant places, but she have heard of others that are not quite so pleasant. These are the many who will appreciate this quiet account of a devout Catholic's life, there are others who may ask for stronger fare.
The Alleged Break up of Dramatic Tradition.

Considering the importance of the Repertory Theatre as an intellectual event, its establishment has made very little impression. Even Stopford Brooke, who has attracted more notice. While the world has been listening to the crowings of M. Rostand's cock and his "Hymn to the Sun," Mr. Shaw's John Tarleton has been left to flap his wings in comparative obscurity. Hypatia has muttered in vain, and only a mild rust has been aroused in Mr. Barker's "farmyard world of sex." This is undeniably a great pity, for while the production of "Chantecler" was, as far as this country is concerned, purely a newspaper affair, the Repertory Theatre, with its real wealth of ideas and its superb acting and stage management, lies at our doors, and only awaits support in order to become a national institution. The more advertisement it has the better, and I make no apology for returning to the subject here, with some criticism, not of the substance of "Misalliance" and "The Madras House," but of their particular dramatic form.

There has been some interesting newspaper discussion of these two plays, with a certain amount of criticism of the critics, and in this criticism one idea has continually recurred. The defenders of Shaw and Mr. Barker talk of "an outworn tradition," or of "antiquated stage conventions." They assert or imply that all traditions of dramatic form are out of date, and that the new conversational dialogue of ideas is replacing them. They seem to imagine that such traditions are an obstacle to progress akin to the veto of the House of Lords; that they are "useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." Now the existing form of drama is pretty firmly established, and it cannot conceivably be upset by anything short of a masterpiece. If there is anyone who claims that either "Misalliance" or "The Madras House" is a masterpiece, that is, a great work of art, I imagine it will be futile to argue with him. The most that can reasonably be claimed for these plays is that they are extraordinarily suggestive and stimulating to thought. They do not stir enthusiasm, and it is not of such material that an artistic renaissance is made. Mr. Galsworthy's "Sire!" and "Justice," and Mr. Barker's own "Waste," three modern dramas that follow the usual conventions of form, have far more power.

What are these conventions? They may be taken to include unity of time, continuity of action, and cumulative interest. Of these the first (demanding that the whole action of the drama pass within a single period), though a convenient canon of form, is the least important of traditions from the standpoint of the audience. In "Waste" and "The Voysey Inheritance," for example, many months pass between some of the acts without any loss of dramatic coherence, while "Misalliance," a dialogue devoid of any pretence of form, occupies only a single day. The tradition of cumulative interest, again, in its usual form of "working up to a climax," may be absurdly overdone. Strindberg, who was at one time engaged as a manager's reader in Paris, remarks that nine out of every ten of the plays submitted to him appeared to have been written solely for one effective "scene," and had no justification as a whole. If Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker were leading a revolt against mere staginess of this kind their position could be understood. But disregard of continuity of action is a very different matter. This is a dramatic tradition that cannot be despised, for it is really vital to the proper understanding of the play by the audience. It asks no more than that any idea or issue raised shall be followed out to its conclusion, that there shall be no superfluous characters, no "loose ends" or "blind allies." This is a perfectly fair demand, for the time allotted to the acts of the theatre, although quite adequate for the treatment of a single theme, is hopelessly insufficient for all the...
side issues that may legitimately be dealt with in an average novel, let us say, of a hundred thousand words. The chief difficulty of play-writing is not what to say, but what to leave unsaid.

"Misalliance," which reaches the extreme of discursiveness and incoherence, may be left without further comment. But consider for a moment The Madras House, Ibsen's masterpiece. Ibsen 's approach to the play is conventional. The first act introduces Miss and Mrs. Huxtable and their family of daughters at Denmark Hill. Altogether, twelve persons appear upon the stage, including the six daughters. The characters are neatly sketched in a definite atmosphere. The Miss Huxtable and all the daughters disappear completely. The second act begins afresh with a new set of people and a new atmosphere. It appears that the play is not to be about Mr. Huxtable and his daughters, but about Miss Yates and her unborn child. Not at all. Miss Yates is carefully indicated as a problem, and unceremoniously dropped. The third act brings Constantine Madras and an entirely admirable discussion of polygamy, skilfully introduced by the presence of a new set of women—the maenads of the dress-making department. Here are action, conflict, drama, a new one act play. The fourth act comes, and Constantine is soon eliminated. The daily Press notices of the first performance indicated that he turned out to be the play. In fact, Miss Yates' child, you see, is in the performance this piquant piece of information had disappeared as the result of inevitable "cuts." The omission showed that Mr. Barker, at any rate, did not regard the matter as of any great importance. No doubt the point is to be said of a piece that can be cut out in such fashion after production? The inference is that "The Madras House" originally contained, and still contains, much that is of no importance to its action. Surely it would have been better either to write the whole story in the form of a novel or to select only those incidents that could be conveniently treated upon the stage in the course of three hours.

That is the real choice. For of course there is no vital difference between the novel and the play as works of imaginative art save convenience of treatment. Nearly all the modern European dramatists are also writers of novels, or verse, or belles lettres. D'Annunzio, for example, shows the utmost impartiality. If his dramatic work is to be of any great importance, if it is to be said of a play that can be readily be compressed within four acts or so, he makes a play of it; if not, a novel. Sudermann does the same. Some of his best work is in fiction, but he is none the less a consummate stage craftsman, which is all that can well defend itself against all comers.

The craftsman, which is all that I am concerned with at present, it is infinitely harder to follow out an idea continuously and to raise a new one to raise them one by one when they become tiresome or inconvenient. There is of course no real antithesis between dialogue and action. The question is solely one of relevance of dialogue to action, of clearness of presentation of side issues that may legitimately be dealt with in an average novel, let us say, of a hundred thousand words. The chief difficulty of play-writing is not what to say, but what to leave unsaid.

The Wesleyan and General, one of our oldest offices, has issued its report and accounts for 1909, which show splendid results for the year. There was an increase of £53,500 in the premium income, the total income for the year being £905,939. The accumulated funds at the end of the year amounted to £1,506,149. In moving the adoption of the consulting actuary's report, the chairman intimated the transfer out of the profits of a further sum of £5,000 to the pension fund, an announcement which will give satisfaction to the outside staff. Resolutions were adopted disposing of the surplus of £40,272 by providing a bonus of 32s. per cent. on the sums assured by all with-profit policies of more than two years in force, and by granting an addition of 5 per cent. to the sums assured by all industrial policies of five years' duration and upwards which become claims other than due to death, during the year. The bonus is simply the sharing of the surplus profits by which the policy-holder is entitled under the company's rules and provisions.

Mr. Lonsdale, the member for Mid-Armagh, enquired the other day whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer's attention had been directed to the depreciation in the home industrial assurance companies, and whether, having regard to the fact that the policy-holders in these companies mainly belonged to the working classes of the community, he, the Chancellor, intended to modify the Budget proposals of last year before again submitting them to the House of Commons? The Chancellor replied that his information would not warrant him in connecting the bonus member, as he understood that land values, to which he thought Mr. Lonsdale referred, had considerably appreciated since the introduction of the Budget last year. Mr. Lonsdale further asked whether the Chancellor was aware that up towards of £1,500,000 of Prudential Assurance Company's reserves had been applied to writing down home investments in the purchase of existing lives on which the bonus will be allowed. In reply, Mr. Lloyd George said he thought the fear might be attributed to Tariff Reform.

From information received we would advise our Portsmouth correspondent, "M. S. C.," to warn his poor friend against the Peterson Trust referred to. It not only believe heartily in the justice of the position of the street railway men in this strike, but, like the huge majority of Philadelphians, have nothing but respect for the dignity of the railway workers' behaviour. For the moment, the strike is a means of settling any such disagreement as at present exists between the transit officials—as the phrase goes—and their men; a question of the moment, to the point. But whether "Stanhope of Chester" performs

INSURANCE NOTES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PHILADELPHIA STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

When I read "Stanhope of Chester's" comments upon the Philadelphia strike in your issue of March 10, I felt disposed to say something in reply, but changed my mind. The letter of "L. X.", however, protesting, in your issue of March 17, against the "gross misstatements" made by your correspondent to the effect that the Republic has led me to think that it is only fair that I go back to my original intention. I not only believe heartily in the justice of the position of the street railway men in this strike, but, like the huge majority of Philadelphians, have nothing but respect for the dignity of the railway workers' behaviour. For the moment, the strike is a means of settling any such disagreement as at present exists between the transit officials—as the phrase goes—and their men; a question of the moment, to the point. But whether "Stanhope of Chester" performs

THE NEW AGE. April 7, 1910
...contradicted by the following assertion that no two Socialists are agreed in their policy. (May I suggest, in passing, to fulfil vices in the interim, and, curiously enough, the common Socialists twenty years ago Mr. Upward contracted some-thing like it.) Mr. Upward has entirely misunderstood the spirit of my letter. I cannot, I fear, offer an apology to Mr. Upward for precursor of protest. I should be happy, as hon. secretary of the Research Defence Society, to see my notice of Mr. Granville Barker's brilliant play I forebore a protest, in the hope that some one of note would step in and put things right. Moreover, it was holier than the holiest, the non-suffragist's appalling outlook on life, and the conse-quential contempt for women fostered in the minds of thinking men. For these mannequins, these petty dependent spin-sters: these well-dressed, lazy married women, are all types. I am now excessively busy, I feel impelled to do so myself. Still, I may be, I should have thought it worth the trouble, and I am not excessively busy. I feel impelled to do so myself. When I first read your notice of Mr. Granville Barker's playing of your critic's strange misconception of the play. I am now excessively busy, I feel impelled to do so myself. When I first read your notice of Mr. Granville Barker's playing of your critic's strange misconception of the play. I am now excessively busy, I feel impelled to do so myself.
diated the idea that his plays are original (e.g., in the pre-
faces to "Major Barbara" and "Plays for Puritans"). It is indeed remarkable how far critics will go to discourage
those who are making every effort to develop (or, rather, fear
for their most famous one at the moment, the "Parthenon
G. F. Rubinstein.

IMPERIAL COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

I observed in your last impression of a recent letter to the Royal Society of Arts on "Imperial Colonial Development." I beg to enclose you a copy of the lecture, as I think it gives a vivid picture of public interest in the subject. I would like to see it given a full review. The lecture has aroused much interest and discussion in the principle I have advanced, and has led to the conclusion that by our people at home, under the name of "a New Imperial Doctrine." I should like to ask the Socialist-minded of your readers to consider the following fact: The country is over-populated, which fact accounts plainly and geographically for most of our evils of insufficiency and poverty. Further, its lands are held privately, whilst its public works are practically all built—railways, roads, docks, buildings—by the principal occupations of the people are simply dependent upon trade, which, in the future, must be a failing sector of the economy. Some solutions are suggested that want, and will cease to buy from us. What are the forty-five million people of these islands to do? Now, in the future, they cannot go to the source of capital—there is not enough land. They cannot all live on what is available. There is not enough land. They cannot all live on what is available. The older he grew the greater artist he became, in proportion to the disappearance of the naturalistic elements in his pictures. He approached the Oriental, in his power of abstraction, in his latest work. Personally, I rank the art of Japan and China as "pure art," I meant Egyptian painting and sculpture as "pure art," I meant the art of Egypt, as of Oriental art generally, was pure abstraction; in contradistinction to naturalistic painting and sculpture. I agree with Mr. Carter that there is only one art, so far as art is an act of creation. We speak, perhaps, too loosely than those of any individual. They have no feeling of personality; who can be good daughters, good wives, good mothers up to a certain point, but have never learnt to realise themselves as part of a social whole, with aims higher than those of any individuality. They have no feeling of society as one; no sense of corporate responsibility. When Galsworthy comes with his terrible indictment of our judicial and penal systems, the first thing that occurs to these gently nurtured women is that they had much better not listen, or they may hear something dreadful that will do them harm. Their ethics and religion have taught them to refuse cognizance of the troublesome side of life for fear of the injury it may do themselves. The woman who is nice cannot guard against the evil she knows does not exist, but on Monday the error to which your critic draws attention has been thinking of the Albert Memorial. There are angels and archangels in the seven heavens (without professing much accuracy as to theology). There are degrees of excellence in art. The pavemant, artist does his "piece of salmon" very cleverly. Mr. Carter will allow the work to be done. The question is, whether Titian or Wil- liam Van der Geest? Surely, the one positive; the other superlative. Whether in London or Fiji, the creation of a beautiful object, an engraving, a picture, is the work of an artist; the excellence of that creation is local, and varies with the intellectual and manual capacity of the producer. Mr. Carter states that "Art lives on a diet of form alone." I have failed to understand what Mr. Carter means by his proposition. He owes it to his reputation and to his readers to establish it. At present, I think Mr. Carter was suffering, when he wrote his disagreeable interview with the "superannuated soldier;" or else—more probably—had been thinking of the Albert Memorial.

John Witcomb.

"JUSTICE."

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

"It is not a nice play," she remarked, thoughtfully; adding, with an evident desire to be as nice as possible herself: "but it's very well acted." These words, uttered by a speaker unseen, were overheard as we issued forth from the tremendous conflict of Galworthy's "Justice." In that in- exorable, unforgettable drama, our society had been tried, condemned, and executed, and this unknown voice found it "not nice." The character of the speaker, a patient, pitiful individual, was not merely individual, but typical. It was the judgment that would inevitably have been given by a whole large class of Englishmen, and it was the inevitable outcome of the bias given by the training and education. The pity of it is that the class of women in- dicated are themselves quite nice—often very nice—and that not in an individual, but in a genuine society sense. no doubt, are Huxstables (e.g., the "Madrus House") but my unseen lady at the theatre was scarcely a Huxtable—her view were closer to herself than theirs. She was, as before, more conscious, more complete. She belonged to the large army of women in this country who possess character and personality; who can be good daughters, good wives, good mothers up to a certain point, but have never learnt to realise themselves as part of a social whole, with aims higher than those of any individuality. They have no feeling of society as one; no sense of corporate responsibility. When Galsworthy comes with his terrible indictment of our judicial and penal systems, the first thing that occurs to these gently nurtured women is that they had much better not listen, or they may hear something dreadful that will do them harm. Their ethics and religion have taught them to refuse cognizance of the troublesome side of life for fear of the injury it may do themselves. The woman who is nice cannot guard against the evil she knows does not exist, but on Monday the error to which your critic draws attention has been thinking of the Albert Memorial. There are angels and archangels in the seven heavens (without professing much accuracy as to theology). There are degrees of excellence in art. The pavemant, artist does his "piece of salmon" very cleverly. Mr. Carter will allow the work to be done. The question is, whether Titian or Wil- liam Van der Geest? Surely, the one positive; the other superlative. Whether in London or Fiji, the creation of a beautiful object, an engraving, a picture, is the work of an artist; the excellence of that creation is local, and varies with the intellectual and manual capacity of the producer. Mr. Carter states that "Art lives on a diet of form alone." I have failed to understand what Mr. Carter means by his proposition. He owes it to his reputation and to his readers to establish it. At present, I think Mr. Carter was suffering, when he wrote his disagreeable interview with the "superannuated soldier;" or else—more probably—had been thinking of the Albert Memorial.
Articles of the Week.


BONNER, Mrs. BRADLAUGH, "Effective Protection: Trade and Tariffs in Australia," Morning Leader, Mar. 29.


DESCOURS, PAUL, "Recent Social Legislation in France," Positivist Review, April.

DOUGLAS, JAS., "The Victory of Genius: Grasso the Great," Morning Leader, Mar. 28.


FYFE, H. HAMILTON, "The Egyptian of To-day: Ibrahim on his Small Holding," D. Mail, Mar. 30.


HOUGHTON, BERNARD, "From Chattel to Subject," Westminster Review, April.


LEITH, Mrs. DISNEY, "The Boyhood of Algernon Charles Swinburne," Contemporary, April.


MAETERLINCK, M., "The Tragedy of Macbeth," Fortnightly, April.


O'DONOYAN, JAS., "Famous Irishmen who have Saved the Irish News," D. News, Mar. 29.


PEARSON, Prof. KARL, "Primogeniture and Heredity," Times, Mar. 31.


SUTRO, ALFRED, "Maeterlinck," Bookman, April.

TOWNSEND, Mrs., "Care Committees," Englishwoman, April.

WELCH, EDWD., "Vandervelde on Art under Socialism," Socialist Review, April.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

20.—ALLEN UPWARD.

1884 THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND. Pamphlet. (Out of print.)

1888 SONGS IN ZIKLAG. Poems. (Out of print.)

1891 TRIAL BY JURY AND THE LABOUR MOVEMENT. Pamphlet. (Heywood, Manchester. 1d.)

1896 A CROWN OF STRAW. Novel. (Chatto. 6/-)

1896 ONE OF GOD'S DILEMMAS. Novel. (Out of print.)

1897 A DAY'S TRAGEDY. Poem. (Out of print.)

1900 GOLDENHAIR AND CURLYHEAD. Poem. (Blackett. 2/6.)

1904 SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS. (Wisdom of the East series). (Withrawn.)

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