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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Nobody will grudge either politicians or themselves a little rest from the exhausting work of constitutional revolution—and counter revolution. As was hinted by Lord Crewe, the members of the Cabinet in particular have been agitated to a rag by the strain of the last six months. A game as politics may be, it is nevertheless a game of endurance in which health tells almost as much as ability. This is too often forgotten by the public which treats its pet politicians far worse than it treats its popular athletes. Not only are the Cabinet worn out, but their supporters are likewise glad of a rest. The Opposition, too, from the sympathetic standpoint, have deserved a month's holiday.

Perhaps it is now time that the general public itself should begin to take a hand in the game. We have frequently observed that a revolution cannot be made at Westminster. If we are, as we hope we are, to have a genuine revolution, Piggott-on-the-Green is almost as important as Westminster itself. What Cromwell prayed for a sign of was the real mind of England. So do we. And in the real mind's articulation the hamlets and the villages must have their share. We urge that advantage should be taken of the holidaying of the leaders to educate the country by means of lectures, meetings, public discussions, and the dissemination of literature. Where is that reputed band of the Radical rank-and-file that guarantees the will of England to be set towards revolution? They were out, we know, and fighting during the late election, but in such feeble fashion as scarcely to have left an argument dead on the field or captured a vote for the ballot box. That will have to be changed if the coming election is to be decisively won. We print at the end of these notes the text of the "Parliament Bill," on which the issue will depend. If things go well, the Bill in six months time may be an Act. The chance of it is worth fighting for.

We take it that there is no longer any doubt that a General Election will be held in June or in July. Strong influences are at work on both sides of the issue to postpone an appeal to the nation in the hope that in the meanwhile the urgency of the crisis may evaporate. There are only three ways in which the Bill can be made an Act: by the exercise of the Royal prerogative, by a Referendum, and by a successful General Election. The exercise of the Royal prerogative in the dim light shed by public opinion in January would in our opinion be dangerous to the democratic cause. What hidden reefs there are for democracy in the passage of the Crown we can only guess. Certain it is that no wise pilot would venture to steer his course in these waters without the most emphatic instructions from the country at large. As for the Referendum, arguments against this device accumulate as the discussion continues. We have followed its will o' the wisp career from the brains of Mr. J. A. Hobson and Professor Dicey to the columns of the "Nation," thence to the Cabinet where it hovered only an hour or two, thence to Mr. Barnes of the Labour Party, and finally, as we thought, to the asylum of Mr. Balfour's mind. It has, however, appeared again this week in the pages both of the "Spectator," and the "Times," but in so conflicting forms that we may fairly hope now that by division and antagonism it will be completely slain.

The 'Spectator' goes so far as to draw up a Referendum form all in order down to its garter button; but the "Times" is less unsophisticated. There is no objection, says the "Times," to adopting the Referendum as a means of settling deadlocks between the two Houses; but it is not intended by the Unionists that the Referendum shall be employed to settle the relations between the two Houses. Is there any need, after that, to say another word on the subject? The next Liberal we discover flirting with the idea shall be dismissed as a Tory in disguise.
relent our decision to make two further comments on the Referendum: first that it is theoretically unsound, being autocratic of the representative system; secondly, that it is practically unsound, since whatever the result a fresh General Election would be immediately necessary. If the Veto were retained the Liberals must resign, after their pledge, to retain their own self-respect. If the Veto were commanded to be abolished, a fresh General Election would be needed to confirm the job when it was done. Finally, a Revolution itself is a step in the dark. Why make it by means of the untried Referendum, a second step in the dark?... So far as we can see, we have nothing to lose and a good deal to gain by an Election fought on the text of a Bill and with the advantage in position now finally won. To begin with, the King will no longer be in the invidious position of being asked to sign a blank cheque. The Bill is there for him and the country as well to see. There will be no more question of bullying him than of bullying the nation. If the nation consented to the Bill and returned members with sufficient strength to support it, constitutionally the Crown has no option but to sign it. The King may personally object if he pleases, even as the Lords personally objected to the Budget; but the nation is sovereign and personal feelings must give way. This will also be easier now the Bill is published. We should not even object if the King went electioneering against it. Again, our Radical friends abused us at the time for urging that the Budget should be passed irrespective of the fate of the Veto Resolutions. Our Irish friends were supposed to be very courageous in demanding that the Veto should precede the Budget. Maybe it was courageous, but it was not discretion. Failure to pass the Budget would have been interpreted as incapacity to carry the Veto. The passage of the Budget has rendered the passage, sooner or later, of the Veto Bill more probable. Last, we have to congratulate ourselves on having so far not only foreseen but forwarded the events that have occurred. We urged that the Budget should be passed. It is passed. We urged that there should be no appeal to the King to make peers in this Parliament. There was no appeal. We opposed the Referendum. There will be no Referendum. We urged that a general election was necessary at once: there will be——. At this point, perhaps, we had better cease, and print the text of the Bill to be discussed:— Whereas it is expedient to make such provision as in this Act provided for regulating the relations between the two Houses of Parliament, and whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords, as it at present exists, a Second Chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution shall not be immediately brought into operation, and whereas provision will require hereafter to be made by Parliament in a measure affecting such substitution for limiting and defining the powers of the new Second Chamber, but it is expedient to make such provision as in this Act appears for restricting the existing powers of the House of Lords... Be it therefore enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:—

Clause 1.—(1) If a Money Bill having been passed by the House of Commons and sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the Session, is not passed by the House of Lords, without amendment, within one month after it is so sent up to that House, the Bill shall, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to His Majesty, and become an Act of Parliament, provided the Royal Assent be signified, notwithstanding that the House of Lords have not consented to the Bill. (2) A Money Bill means a Bill which in the opinion of the Speaker of the House of Commons contains only provisions dealing with all or any of the following subjects, namely, the imposition, repeal, remission, reduction, or regulation of taxation; charges on the Consolidated Fund or the provision of money by Parliament; supply; the appropriation, continuation, or regulation of public money; the raising or guarantee of any loan or the repayment thereof; or matters incidental to those subjects or any of them. (3) When a Bill to which the House of Lords has not consented is presented to His Majesty for assent by a Money Bill, the Bill shall be accompanied by a certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons that it is a Money Bill. (4) No amendment shall be allowed to a Money Bill which, in the opinion of the Speaker of the House of Commons is such as to prevent the Bill retaing the character of a Money Bill.

Clause 2.—(1) If any bill other than a Money Bill is passed by the House of Commons in three successive sessions—whether of the same Parliament or not—and, having been sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the session, is rejected by the House of Lords in each of those sessions, that bill shall, on its rejection for the third time by the House of Lords, unless the House of Commons direct to the contrary, be presented to His Majesty and become an Act of Parliament on the Royal Assent being signified thereto, notwithstanding that the House of Lords has not consented to the bill. Provided that the passage of the Act shall not take effect unless two years have elapsed between the date of the first introduction of the bill in the House of Commons and and the date on which it passes the House of Commons for the third time.

(2) A bill shall be deemed to be the same bill as a former bill sent up to the House of Lords in the preceding session if, when it is sent up to the House of Lords, it is identical with the former bill or contains only such alterations as are certified by the Speaker of the House of Commons to be necessary owing to the time which has elapsed since the date of the former bill, or to represent amendments which have been made by the House of Lords in the former bill in the preceding session.

Provided that the House of Commons may, if they think fit, on the passage of such a bill through the House in the second or third session, propose any other amendments in the bill, and any such suggested amendments shall be considered by the House of Lords, and if agreed to by that House, shall be treated as amendments made by the House of Lords and agreed to by the House of Commons; but the exercise of this power by the House of Commons shall not affect the operation of this section in the event of the bill being rejected by the House of Lords.

Clause 3.—Any certificate of the Speaker of the House of Commons given under this Act shall be conclusive for all purposes, and shall not be questioned in any court of law.

Clause 4.—Nothing in this Act shall diminish or qualify the existing rights and privileges of the House of Commons.

Clause 5.—Five years shall be substituted for seven years as the time fixed for the maximum duration of Parliament under the Septennial Act, 1715.

Clause 6.—This Act may be cited as the Parliament Act, 1910.

TRANSFORMATION.

Who dares to turn him from the door,
That guards the store of garnered grain?
Who dares to whisper "dolt" and "boor",
To him who lives by body and brain?
He shaped the sickle, wrought the plough,
Twas his, the sweat and toil; he drew—
The while great drops stood on his brow—
Gold from the womb of Earth; and threw
The bridge athwart the stream: his strength
Must thou behold with chastened heart
Nor sneer and say, "The Cyclops' length
Is stretched upon the sand, the dart,
Red from the fires of Greed and Shame,
Hath scorched his sight!" It is not so.
His eye, who can see in the dark?
The great of heart grown tired of woe?
He moves! his muscles stretch and strain!
'Tis not the Cyclops! Look, 'tis he,
Who weary of his captive chain
Wrenched up the pillars and was free.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

Ere these lines appear in print the Egyptian rebellion may have broken out; though of course the insurgents will postpone it if they think it is to their advantage to do so. For the last six months at least the Egyptian Nationalists have been smuggling arms and ammunition into the country on a vast scale, and the Government woke up to this fact only recently. The assassination of Boutros Pasha is but a slight indication of what may be expected. I am merely repeating what is well known to the authorities here when I say that a well-laid plot is now almost ready to be carried into execution. The plans of the revolutionists are first of all the murder of every English official in Egypt—plentiful supplies of boats are stored at Cairo and Alexandria—the Khedive, who is sympathetic towards British rule, being probably added to the list of victims. Following upon this will come a determined attack upon all the European traders. The Nile Valley will not be occupied by Germany, as Mr. Arnold White suggests in the columns of a contemporary—where would the Mediterranean Fleet be?—but England, if all goes well with the “reformers,” will lose the Sudan to the fierce Arabs.

The dissatisfaction which has brought about this state of affairs has been brewing for years, and its cause is akin to that which gave rise to the downfall of Abdul Hamid and has recently called forth “drastic” measures in India. The people are gradually becoming better educated, and the spread of learning leads them to the conclusion that the British occupation of their country is illogical. Hence, with what in the case of English people in a similar difficulty would be called grim and determined patriotism, but with what in the case of Egypt we shall doubtless call fanaticism, the expulsion of the interloper has been resolved upon.

Of course, the official remedies are obvious, and are under consideration—the doubling of the police force, the strengthening of the British garrisons, and the suppression of all the Nationalist publications. With the safety of the European population assured, it would then be possible to introduce a few reforms, though the fact is that the English administration of the country is quite efficient, and the withdrawal of our advisers would probably lead to chaos. The measures outlined, however, require strong men to back them up, and the two typical Government leaders, Mr. Alfred Mond and Mr. Byles, do not exactly comply with this essential condition.

While the situation is now bad enough, it is difficult to see what actual advantage the Egyptian Government reaps from exercising a restraining influence upon the Press agencies. Sir Eldon Gorst, of course, has been a failure; and his early resignation may be expected.

After having been announced as over and done with, the Albanian insurrection is now said to have broken out again. In truth, it never was over; but as the Arnauts had cut all the telegraph wires in sight a slight delay occurred in acquainting the authorities at Constantinople with the real details of the situation—this delay, of course, being interpreted by the official mind to mean that the disturbances had ceased. As the total population of Albania is estimated at a million and a half, and every male of thirteen years and upwards carries a gun, the task of the Porte is no child’s play. Some 50,000 insurgents are now in the field, the number of Turks opposed to them being about 30,000, though reinforcements are being hurried forward.

When the trouble broke out the Turkish Government was greatly puzzled at finding the Arnauts supplied with modern weapons. Enquiries were begun with almost American promptness, and the result nearly caused an even greater explosion. The Porte has returned to its profound astonishment that the Albanians had not only been supplied with guns by German and Austrian manufacturers, but that agents of these two governments were also financing the revolution. Having its hands full for the moment, the Cabinet took no official cognisance of the alleged connecting evidence at its disposal; but this is matter on which the last has not yet been heard.

It is, of course, well known in diplomatic circles that Germany and Austria—or rather, Austria, instigated by Germany—are determined to turn the Balkan Peninsula into a sort of European powder magazine until the time comes for applying the match. Hence the four Austrian Dreadnoughts, for which the Reichstag will find the money if the Reichsrath does not. It may be remarked in passing, however, that the Turks are now very wide awake.

Some days ago most of the Press agencies discovered that M. Isvolsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, had left St. Petersburg and was staying at Munich for the benefit of his health. They dropped him at Munich and picked him up again, strange to say, at Biarritz, only one or two correspondents having discovered him, and called in Paris on the way. By chance he met M. Pichon, and I have been at some pains to discover what the two Foreign Ministers talked about. When the weather, the recent floods, and the French elections had been disposed of, I understand that the only subject was introduced. Germany, as we all know, has been interfering a great deal in Persia recently, and is desperately anxious to foist off a loan upon the unsuspecting natives, despite the fact that the prestige of Russia and England—who, by-the-by, are the only two Powers that stand to suffer financially—would be considerably damaged in such a case. As French financiers are interested in Russia to the tune of nearly £500,000,000, it may well be imagined that the two ministers had a very interesting little chat. And M. Isvolsky had the draft of a treaty in his pocket.

Then, forgetful of the fact that King Edward was there, and that his visit might be misconstrued, M. Isvolsky, who never felt better in his life, went to Biarritz for the benefit of his health. And he lunched with his Majesty, who, besides taking a great interest in foreign affairs, is a very long-headed man, and greatly detested by the clumsy German diplomatists on this very account.

It may be noted that the Russian Army did not do so badly in the Far East against Japan, although five or six thousand miles from its base. Since then it has been much better organised; in fact, the organisation began precisely after Austria took Bosnia and Herzegovina under her maternal wing. Now it is very well organised indeed; for Sir Edward Grey promised to “back” Russia against Austria just at that time when the Balkan problem was very prominent, but, through the influence of the peace-making members of our Cabinet, England drew back at the last minute. When Sir Edward Grey did not then resign is another story. So M. Isvolsky is now relying on a written document rather than upon merely moral influence, which cannot win battles. Hence that draft treaty. And a broken fragment of M. Pichon and M. Isvolsky’s chat has actually come my way; I have every reason to believe that it is accurate in spirit if not in letter. “True,” the French Minister is reported to have said, “your army is now very well organised indeed; but then you have practically no navy.”

Quite so,” was the reply, “but, you see, has,” naming a certain Power.

Whereupon we can easily conceive two very pleased Ministers poking one another in the ribs.
The Children's Charter at Home.

By Stephen Reynolds and Robert Woolley.

"Ore to bed you goes! I bain't going to hae 'ee running about outdoors this time o' night, an' I can't hae 'ee down here while I be ironing. Get along, or I'll knock your head off, I will!"

"Git 'ome! You can't! If you're cruel to us any more you'll hae the Bobby after 'ee. 'Tis up in the Post Office window, an' Miss Penley-Jones says if our fathers an' mothers be cruel to us we got to tell, an' you'll see about it, and have 'ee sent to chokey."

"Cruel to 'em? Up, over, or..." Mrs. Perring raised the hand that so often rises and so seldom falls to burst. With a last dip into the sugar-basin the children ran off to bed.

"What do 'em mean?" asked Dave Perring.

"What's the buzz now? What's Miss Penley-Jones been telling o' em about?"

"The new Children Act, I expect—the Act that prevents anyone sending a kid for cigarettes or taking them'll be sure to try and bring it in drunkenness, raised the hand that day and then ha' a kid squalling in a cradle all night, an' wi' liars enough they'll prove it, whether or no."

"Been telling o'em about?"

"They're excepted."

"Aye! course they be. They got money—wi' begging for it—an' people to speak up for 'em. The likes o' us ain't. There's many a child'll hae to go to the workhouse as the result of this regulation, an' 'tis a bad home as is wuss'n the workhouse. I've a-see'd many a case, thee's know, where people took a child for pay, and then, when the pay com'd to an end, like it does often, they kept the child on for nort, or half, 'cause they was grow'd fond o'it. But they won't do it if they got to be registered and inspected. Most times the pay don't pay for the child. I'd take one meself, p'raps, if it hadn't got nowhere else to go to, but I be hanged if I would to hae 'em outsiders making round."

"Finally, in that part of the Act, they say that parents and people in charge, like teachers, still have the right to administer punishment."

"Oh, they ain't took thic away then! No doubt they'll bring that in as cruelty, if they wants to. Not that I hold wi' whacking ch'il'ern, an' I don't do it myself, an' I certainly don't hold wi' teachers whacking o' 'em. What wi' schooling an' the like, kids be getting cheeky enough, an' you'll nearly always find when there's trouble in a family that 'tis outsiders making o' it."

"Then the Act goes on to cigarettes..."

"Thic foolishness! I wouldn't give much for a boy that didn't smoke one if he wanted to, policeman or no policeman. Much better to try an' make the kids not want to, 'stead o' turning smoking into what they kids 'll think a jolly fine lark, an' running 'em into the arms of the policeman, which don't never do 'em no good. Is there ort more to thic Act?"

"It gives a list of children liable to be sent to industrial schools and reformatory, and says that parents, if they can, must be made to pay for the children while they're there."

"They that takes the kids away against the parents' wish, they ought to be made to pay for their upkeep while they got 'em."

"And it directs that children must be tried in separate courts and kept apart from grown-up prisoners."

"So it ought to be; they drags our kids there where they'd only tan their own kids at home for the same thing, if they did that."

"And that children may not be sentenced to penal servitude or to be hanged."

"That's no more than they ought to ha' said years ago.

"And that when an entertainment is given to more than a hundred children, it has got to be seen that the place is safe in case of fire and so on."

"Thiccy's right, too. They don't give many entertainments to ch'il'ern unless they wants something out o' em—religion or teetotal, or cheering, or summut, if 'tisn't money. And 'tis only proper they should ha' made the place safe."

"Finally, in that part of the Act that they've got the notices up about, in at the 'Cable and Anchor.' We mayn't give liquor to children under five unless the doctor orders it or in case of sickness, and no child, except the publican's, may go into a place where drink is served."

"Aye!" snorted Dave. "As if they'd hear worse in a bar than they'd hear out and about, or from other ch'il'ern to school. Pretty thing, if us can't look after our kids so well in a public house as anywhere else, but got to leave 'em outside, in the rain, p'raps, or else leave 'em at home wi' nobody to look after 'em. Nice when you'm out for the day wi' your family, not to be able to go into a public house for ort. Do these makes these Acts ever go into bars, or do 'em drink at home? One 'ould think they was sinful places. As..."
prompted by the desire to show my friend Shav that I bore him no ill-will for his brutal disregard of my feelings the other day (for, next to my humility, there is no virtue I pride myself more highly upon than my magnanimity) I sat down to call on him this afternoon.

I found my friend fuming and frowning ferociously over a newspaper. At first I thought that the cause of those violent and unseemly emotions was some candid caricature of his own play. But I was soon undeceived. "Oh, this!" he shouted, flinging the paper to me. "It is the most pernicious measure ever introduced into that colossal madhouse we call the House of Commons."

I glanced at the offending article. It was headed, "The Prevention of Destitution Bill."

"Why pernicious?" I asked, wondering.

"Because it furthers servitude!"

"Dear me," I said, "I have always thought that the worst form of servitude is poverty and that there is no greater promoter of personal liberty than property."

"Then you have always thought wrong," he exclaimed. "The possession of property makes a slave of its owner. It makes him feel that he is tied to one spot. The pauper suffers from no such limitation to his liberty. On the other hand, poverty strengthens a man's individuality, as it strengthens his sense of independence. The pauper owes allegiance to no special social group—past, future, or present. He is free as the birds of the air—free to fly; free to stay; above all, free to feel himself. He is the one free man in a society of bondsmen. He is what I call a 'superman.' By-the-way, have I ever expounded to you my doctrine of the 'superman'?"

"Yes," I answered hurriedly, and, in my anxiety to change the subject, I proposed a country walk.

Shav agreed to the proposal, but refused to change the subject.

"A man builds a palace—and he provides for himself a prison. A man takes a servant—and he gets a master. A man buys an estate—and he dooms himself to hard labour for life, and so on, and so on," he said, as we strode out of the town. "I have never been able to understand the madness which drives most men to strive to help themselves to as large a portion of this world's goods as they can. A great fortune is a great misfortune."

"But, my dear Shav, haven't you yourself spent most of your life striving after fortune and fame?"

"You are irrelevant. I am not talking about myself. I am talking about ordinary men. I knew once of them—a fellow-playwright. He was poor, and as free as the wind. He was obscure, and as happy as the day was long. I watched him year after year grow more and more famous, more and more prosperous, and more and more miserable. With each of his successes he forged a new fetter for his limbs. Now he is as completely chained to his hoard as the galley-slave to his oar. And every inch of that chain is of his own making! Bah!"

"Wealth often is, indeed, a curse in disguise," said I, with the conviction of a very poor man. "But, on the other hand, poverty is hardly a blessing."

"That is exactly where you are hopelessly mistaken. Poverty is a blessing. It confers upon its votaries one gift in which all others comprehend a sense of absolute security. A pauper fears no robbers, no fires, no bankruptcy. He is invulnerable to all the
slings and arrows of the flesh goddess. The caprices of Fortune which lay the millionaire prostrate, leave the paper spotless. He is the only man who can purse the Stock Exchange news, if he cares to purse so dismal a column at all, with an unclouded countenance and mind untruffled. Wealth makes cowards of us all: it is to courage poverty, because there is safety. He who has nothing can lose nothing.

"Diogenes was a very poor man and a very . . . . I know what you are going to say—a very happy one. He was the Prince of Paupers—the ideal buoy of beggary."

That was not at all what I was going to say, but I knew how little use it would be to try to explain. So, I made no peace, and Shav went on.

"Diogenes reminds me of another blessing of poverty. Riches, if properly used, may, at best, be a source of intermittent amusement. But for perennial and unqualified enjoyment of life there is nothing like poverty. A sense of humour, which is the secret of all such enjoyment, is the property of the poor. That is why the Irish are so notorious for their gaiety and the Scotch for their lack of it."

"Mirth is not the monopoly of the poor," I protested.

"It is. A rich man cannot laugh. He may smile, he may simper, he may sniff, and he may snigger—at best, if he tries very hard, he may even produce some husky, unwholesome cachinnation; but laugh he cannot. A millionaire's merriment compared to a beggar's is like the squeak of a concertina compared to the swirling tide of an organ."

"My acquaintance with millionaires is so limited that I must accept your word for it," said I, humbly.

"The nearest approach to a plutocrat I have ever known was a certain alderman, who, by tireless, unremitted toil, Spartan endurance and frugality, inordinate persistence, and endless scrapings and pickings, contrived to rise from the drudgery of a green-grocer to the dignity of a London County Councillor."

"Served him right," said Shav, somewhat inconsequently, I thought. Then he added, "I have a much more tragic illustration of the same moral to give you. Years ago I knew a real multi-millionaire, and he certainly was the most wretched human creature I have ever come across. He often used to say that he would be better off if he gave all his money away and only kept just enough to live on—a couple of millions or so. But he had not the strength of mind to act up to his conviction. He still went on piling millions upon millions. Money-making had become with him a morbid habit, as morphia-taking becomes with some people, and he was just as unable to break himself of it."

"One does hear of such cases of incurable plutomania," I said. "For my part, I can hardly find it in my heart to blame them. What else is there for a poor dog of a millionaire to do? He has never had the time to cultivate any other aptitudes or tastes—such, for example, as an aptitude or taste for scholarly idleness. If he wants to keep alive, he feels instinctively that he must keep on in the million-making line."

"That may be so; but the cure often is worse than the disease. In the case I am telling you about it proved an utter failure. My man wasted his whole life building up a fortune, and finally he died to escape from its consequences. It was a very sad ending to a very dull existence."

"Poor fellow!" said I. "It is terrible to think that his fate might befall any one of us."

"So it might. I have often asked myself the question, if I should do if I suddenly became as rich as he was?"

"That is a tremendous question, indeed," I said. "What do you think you would do if, by some untoward accident, you found yourself in that predicament?"

"I have not yet made up my mind," Shav replied, cautiously. "But there is another question I have sometimes heard people ask: 'Should Christians make fortunes?' What is your opinion?"

"It seems to me, the question should rather be 'Can Christians make fortunes?' seeing that the accomplishment in these days is confined chiefly to adherents of a more ancient faith."

"Nevertheless," Shav continued, "it behoves us to be careful. That is why I lose my temper when I see such wicked attempts to turn the poverty of our people as that pernicious 'Prevention of Destitution Bill.' If we, true patriots, do not look out, there is no telling where these philanthropic cranks will land us. Personally, I do not wish to be unduly pessimistic, but, judging from what I have seen, I should not be at all surprised if one of these days we had a 'Prevention of Diseases Bill' as well sprung upon us!"

"I recognise the connection between Destitution and Disease," said I, slyly.

"That does infinite credit to your perspicacity," Shav retorted, trying to cover his discomfiture under the cloak of cheap sarcasm, as his habit is.

"Since you are pleased to pay a tribute to my perspicacity," I said, totally unperturbed, "I will give you another proof of it. In spite of all your acute reasoning, I still hold that wealth is, on the whole, preferable to poverty. The only reconciler to poverty in the eyes of a thoughtful man is the grand quiet it tells him with when the upgrowths in life are brought home to him more vividly than usual—as, for example, at the sight of a successful rival's funeral. For the rest, you know, poverty, even if it does no other harm, is apt to make a man look ridiculous."

"Why shouldn't a man look ridiculous? He may simper, he may sniff, and he may snigger at times. I think of Socrates, in his old age dancing all by himself; I think of Spinoza, who surely must have known better, chuckling over a single combat between two wretched spiders; I think of the great Nebuchadnezzar turning into a wild beast and wandering over the woods after a most foolish, laughable, and wholly unkingly fashion; I think of these and many other venerable precedents, and yet, I must confess that I dare not make a fool of myself in public. Perhaps I am not sane enough to risk the reputation of madness."

"Oh, I can afford to make as gigantic a fool of myself as I choose in public. You see, the public knows me far too well to render posing at all profitable, or even barely plausible—No, I didn't mean to say that," Shav suddenly checked himself, and then added abruptly, "I am sure no right-minded beggar objects to being laughed at. Why should he? Poverty is light-hearted. Poverty is philosophical. Poverty is . . . ."

At that moment, as chance would have it, we espied a beggar—a real live British beggar—seated by the roadside, under a flowering hedge, absorbed in the manifold, philosophical, and eminently British occupation of smoking a clay pipe.

"Here is a thoroughly happy, free, and contented man," I observed to Shav.

"If he is not," my friend replied, "he ought to be. For is he not gloriously poor?"

On seeing us approach, the beggar got up and slouched—I might almost say staggered—towards us. And then I perceived that he was an old man of some thirty years of age, with a battered brown hat on his head, a ragged red beard, and an assortment of patches and holes on his back. He looked as disreputable and unwholesome as man could look.

He stepped back, lifting his fragmentary hat, in-
formed us unflinchingly that he had walked fifty miles and had drunk nothing for as many days.

"Well?" said Slav.

The beggar's answer was somewhat beside the mark.

"One must live," he said, a little confused.

"Why?" asked Shav.

For a moment the beggar looked steadily at my companion, scratching his ear in silence and a considerable perplexity. Even so a sheep might look if set a metaphysical problem to solve.

Then he burst into laughter, and the sunlight was perfumed with the aroma of stale beer.

"A Buddha with a passion for beer," sneered Shav.

Not that I really care a straw about the practical merits of the question. I prefer, as becomes one who knows, am a firm believer in that truth, which after a slightly different fashion. I believe in a calm acquiescence in things as they are, which is a great truth that submission is superior to rebellion.

I parted with Shav, feeling that, for once, the honours were with Commonsense. I prefer, as becomes one who knows, am a firm believer in that truth, which after a slightly different fashion. I believe in a calm acquiescence in things as they are, which is a great truth that submission is superior to rebellion.

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almost everyone to hear, with reverence, any dictum he has to expound. We are ready to hear.

We get the dictum. It is nearly at the end of the essay; but too much preparation might perhaps be impossible for those who care to form the very root of a religion. Arnold opens the chapter: "At the beginning of things is the point where to apply correction to our current theology, if we are to bring the religion of the Bible home to the masses. It is of no use amending this or that ramification, such as the Atonement or the Real Presence, when the root from which all springs is unsound. Those whom it most concerns us to teach will never interest themselves at all in our amended religion, so long as the whole thing appears to them unsupported and in the air."

And then he gives us the beginning ideal and the root act of conduct which proves Israel to have followed the path of the Eternal. For “even those who have treated Israel and his religion the most philosophically, seem not to have enough considered that so wonderful an effect must have had some cause to account for it other than any which they assign.” Professor Kueen suggests that the Hebrew religion was so unlike that of any other Semitic people because of the simple and austere life led by the Beni-Israel as nomads of the desert; or because they did not, like other Semitic peoples, put a feminine divinity alongside of their masculine divinity, and thus open the way to all sorts of immorality.” Arnold rejects the first of these suggestions. “But many other tribes have had the simple and austere life of nomads of the desert, without bringing them to the religion of Israel.”

He proceeds: “And, if the Hebrews did not put a feminine divinity alongside of their masculine divinity, while other Semitic people did, surely there must have been something to cause this difference! and what we want to know is this something. And to this something, we say, the ‘Zeit-Geist,’ and a prolonged and large experience of men’s expressions and how they employ them, leads us. It was because, while other Semitic peoples put a feminine divinity alongside of their masculine divinity, these Semites did not have such a feminine divinity. And to this it is that we say: ‘He proceeds: “And, if the Hebrews did not put a feminine divinity alongside of their masculine divinity, while other Semitic people did, surely there must have been something to cause this difference! and what we want to know is this something. And to this something, we say, the ‘Zeit-Geist,’ and a prolonged and large experience of men’s expressions and how they employ them, leads us. 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from his place of business.

...they almost suck in, by the mere brute magnetism

an out-of-date

and put new truth into the fable; whose caress would...all would be well?

an athlete, but as an animal. The idea of his strength

bigger and bigger. This new industry, the manufac-

ture...is constituted for the championing of the real body, and

constituted for the championing of the real body, and

preoccupation, in other countries the body was left as

disused, and gazed at as a magnificent relic.

One of those who supersede with a sham and con-

trived vision of the body's signifi-

ance, naked in the sense of seeing the body stripped

of its...constantly increasing bicep.

After weeks of resistance lie at last finds himself in

the toils of this monster.

Probably if times were not so peaceful these men

would not dare to be so strong. As it is they grow

bigger and bigger. This new industry, the manufac-

ture of muscles, attracts just those men most happily

constituted for the championing of the real body, and

dilutes and perverts their instinct for ever.

I think for this naked vision of the body's signifi-

ance, naked in the sense of seeing the body stripped

of its...little empty-looking head

is gaz ing also in fascination, at its own enormous

and it would seem momentarily increasing bicep.

Walking and talking are the two finest exercises in the

world, and for the requirements of health no man

needs any other. Conversation is the thing to be en-

couraged and cultivated for the cultivation of the

ment of the race; and beautiful boulevards, such as they

make in Latin countries, should be arranged for,

so that a population of philosophers have plenty of

inducement to walk about and exercise the rest of their

bodies, as well as their lungs.

In conclusion, who ever saw a woman who nursed

her baby one half hour, and a wax-doll the next? When she gets old enough to have a baby she discards her doll...in many cases.

The Frenchman considers a "beau gars..."

in a much...

Frenchman's body was used...artificial and no longer a vital and fundamental part of life.

This programme, simple as it appears, will be found adequate in any connection only with a travesty of life, a game instead of war. When even two Englishmen fall out and fight they are housed in a rule and code, or a man...playing a game.

The Italian is called coward when he draws his knife. The choice of which epithet reveals the conviction in the Englishman's mind that the Italian is as great a moral coward as himself, and that this opprobrious word he will put his knife away, and allow the Englishman to use his fists—his weapon—without extreme danger to himself. The hypocrisies of our civilisation in this, as in everything else, has robbed us of something of frankness and imagination. In any case, "the famous warlike spirit of the race" is diminished by these score of substitutes for war. It need not be, but it is. As Englishmen are fond of asserting, sport has made people less evil disposed, and more orderly in their quarrels. We think of fighting as boxing, with the conditions varied a little, and we lose the wildness and reality of the fact; and the heroic suggestions of the human form vanish with the various athletic uniforms. And throughout the Anglo-Saxon world sport is studiously encouraged, and the particular spirit that has come to prevail in the conduct of all sports warmly lauded and fostered; for it is felt how useful sport, and this way of approaching it, is, in daunting and taming the body, and the spirit as well. And so games hem the Englishman in on all sides. There is not one, but a thousand. Every natural and heroic gesture and energetic impulse has been turned into a "game," has had the life taken out of it. There is cricket, hockey, football, tennis, rowing, fives games, all the contests of the gymnasium and innumerable other inventions. To these vivacious and thoughtful races for whom life is game enough, such a monstrous growth as this universal life of sport beside the real life would be impossible and above all unnecessary. This division weakens both life and play. But it is in this case meant as a blow at life, to divide life's forces. Art is only worth anything when the artist is as vulnerable in it as in his body.
The Frenchman does not conceive as the Englishman, and not detract from the dignity of the face. One that it may be straggling, humped, dull and ridiculous, an abnormally vivid and disarming eye. There is no sappiness, and in the style of their actors. But throughout the French people, the body is not neglected as a dull fellow, but shares with the face a man's consciousness. The Frenchman does not conceive as the Englishman, that it may be straggling, humped, dull and ridiculous, and not detract from the dignity of the face. One sees many an Englishman with an alert, masterful and intelligent face, and one is taken aback and extremely people. There is no doubt that in some respects England is a most uncanny general transferring of all the games back to life again, for such reform, this gross and grotesque figure has over in the course of compulsory games. We are all sons of elderly gentlemen. The body loses some of its dignity becomes), is connected with honour. Honour is that in the upholding of which every moment, that honour should prevail, and be the want of. This life must be thrown into the balance at that it is the vessel of his life, the receptacle of his life vowed to honour, and the symbol of his recklessness. Although English gentlemen to-day are by no means lacking in courage, they no longer have this conception of honour. No more artificially than primly the body the same imaginative appeal as it has for our neighbours.

Strauss and Snobbery.

By Alfred E. Randall.

In spite of Burke, chivalry did not depart from the human heart at the time of the French Revolution, and this article will prove it. Too long has the elderly married woman, the virtuous British matron, been sneered at by artists and their literary representatives. I want to rescue her from the ignominy of being a butt for every unledged gout of her plenitude, panoplied and pedalled, her judgment approved and fortified by public opinion in the world of art as much as in the social world, her taste as potent in music as in domestic economy. We are all children of these married women, and revicted for our mothers should preserve us from the appalling cynicism of Nietzsche; nor can we claim a keener perception, a better judgment, a more refined taste than our mothers possess. I have found that the lady's wäre is the better conductor than Mr. Wood, and my solitary snare at a recognised genius was not heard. It is a lie to say that the British matron cannot recognise genius; with the aid of a programme and a newspaper paragraph she would recognise any genius, and her approving applause, that is a great encouragement, must prepare just the atmosphere necessary to a fine performance. What finer introduction to "Death and Transfiguration" could you have than a vigorous salvo of hand-clapping lasting at least a minute? Death is never applauded by the clever people, but our mothers, with truer insight, are rapacious before and after the demise of an artist's soul. I am sure that they understood the music; they read their programmes so very carefully, and followed the music so attentively that they gloved with supernatural satisfaction, and sweated "ichor, or some such other spiritual liquor," as Byron said. The readers of The New Age may not know that Strauss composed "Elektra," but our mothers, with the "Daily Mail," and they were certain that he had said, "Tod und Verklarung."? There was room for them in the hall; there cannot be more than 600 supermen in London, and they could have been accommodated without crushing on April 9th. I, alone of the super-cilious kind, was there, although not with my mother, and my solitary snare at a recognised genius was not heard.

The principal signification of the body to a gentleman (however, degenerate that mysterious person becomes), is connected with honour. Honour is that code of which he must never be found wanting. This life must be thrown into the balance at every moment, that honour should prevail, and be the constant guardian of its principle in himself. And to him the great imaginative appeal of the body lies in the fact that it is the vessel of his life, the receptacle of his life vowed to honour, and the symbol of his recklessness. Although English gentlemen to-day are by no means lacking in courage, they no longer have this conception of honour. No more artificially than primly the body the same imaginative appeal as it has for our neighbours.

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strings, and Mr. Wood ought not to make them sing like sirens, or merge their value into the wood-wind, and the value of the wood-wind into the light brass, so that one cannot distinguish the instrument that is playing. I repent of the emotional riots I have enjoyed at Mr. Wood’s concerts: I sat through the whole of Strauss’ performance without being moved, which was undoubtedly salutary to my manners and morals. What should we expect passion in ‘Don Giovanni’? Even if he was a lover, and Strauss showed that he was not, there is no passion in love; we are all children of love, and who could ever have been passionate towards our mothers? Music must be intelligible, and instructive; its form and structure should have pretended it; and I shall be obliged to attend Mr. Wood’s concerts clandestinely and in disguise, when the need of hearing an orchestra sing with human emotion is pressing.

I entitle this article, “Strauss and Snobbery,” in an unregenerate moment; there can, of course, be no comparison between the two. I see now that our mothers have better taste and judgment than I thought; they may take longer to arrive at a decision, but they are educated to appreciate by ignoring a man until the seal of Royal approval has removed all objection to their judgment. A few years ago, Strauss was anathema maranaath to the critics. Sir William Mackenzie delivered some lectures to prove that Strauss was an abortion, an aberration, a horror inconceivable to a cultured musician. But education and good taste must triumph. Every newspaper has triumphed; every review has exclaimed: “O! wonderful Strauss, that can so astonish our mothers,” and I have no doubt that the cradles of England will be rocked to the soothing rhythm of the “Don Juan” theme. Let us rejoice that an artist has at last found his level, that the Royal approval has opened the heart of the British matron that Strauss might be there enshrined, and repenting of our past pleasures, let us cease from judgment and cultivate appreciation. In the name of our mothers, I beg the artists to return to their allegiance to Strauss.

REPENDANCE.

When I look back along the travelled road,
The dusty pathway watered by my tears,
And feel the burden of my vanished years
Crushing me down beneath its heavy load;
While passion and desire for ever gone
Mr. Strauss, for once in a lifetime, pleases.
My prayer for light, such as, in by-gone years
God in the wilderness to Israel showed:

Then is my heart stung by a bitter pain
For thoughts of dear things lost beyond recall;
For hours of sunshine wasted, and the rain
Endured impatiently from spring to fall;
For days of hope deferred, and chances missed—
For starlike eyes unheeded, lips un kissed.

Personally Conducted.

By Lady Constance Boyle.

It was a morning in May. The Diligence rumbled slowly and heavily along the dusty mountain road. The driver urged his horses up the steep path with encouragement; yells and much lusty whip-cracking. The passengers gazed on the Jungfrau, raising his majestic snow-capped head above the Eigerberg and the Monch, with varied interest and emotions. Some looked with but lack-lustre eyes, others were ecstatic, and a few faces lit up with inward fire as they drank in the beauty of the scenery unrolling before them.
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There were those who yawned in frank boredom and fatigue, their thoughts intent on the luncheon waiting at the next halt. In the banquette sat, closely side by side, a young man and a maid: she in an ecstasy of wonderment and joy. This Whitsun tour was her first taste of the Paradise of travel.

Henry Mason was a small, thin, white-faced and unhealthy looking person to the impartial eye—but Marion Wilson was partial. That both his person and position were exalted. He was a perfectly adorable young man. It was a matter of common knowledge indeed, so often had he told the fact to his companion, that he was a clerk in the substantial firm of Waterhouse and Tupper, Auctioneers, Ironmonger Lane.

They had only met at Charing Cross Station at the beginning of the tour. They had drifted together because the group were partners at the various table d'hôtes, and share seats in the coaches.

The mountains, with their snow-capped heads, their slopes covered with verdure green and soft as velvet from the gentle melting snows, were as naught to Henry Mason. To him the purple shadows did not appeal; he cared not how they fell, nor why they fell. The flowers, purple, blue, orange, golden, glistened in their pride that Resurrection Day had dawned for them; that they had fought their way up through their grave of snow to meet the kiss of sunlight once again.

Marion loved flowers, and as her eyes took in the beauty of the green valleys and meadows gemmed with great wealth of narcissi, daffodils, violets and forget-me-not, her fingers fluttered softly in the big hand that held them tightly. A faint flush rose to her cheeks. With a little smile curving her lips she thought of other flowers in far-away London. In Madame Grantavalli's show room were glass cases and sprays of fat waxen buds and stiff, glossy green leaves—a travesty, perhaps, of real odorous orange-blossom, but worn by brides. And Henry was pleased to hold the soft warm hand, but he had held other hands before, so the charm of novelty was lacking; and also—he was hungry, he was tired.

Craying for love and sympathy Marion edged a little closer, and gave a faint sigh. Her tactics were successful, and Henry roused himself to speak to her, and regarded her flushed face with attentive eye.

"Oh! No! Mr. Mason! How could I be tired sitting here along with you like this? If only the girls could see me now!"

"Why?" bluntly asked Henry, seeing nothing strange in the surroundings.

Marion, who was fifth hand at Madame Grantavalli's Establishment (otherwise Miss Grant's dressmaking workroom) had much sentiment, but few words, and the question remained unanswered.

There was silence as the diligence rumbled heavily along. The driver still cradled his whip, making music for her ear alone. After some moments as it seemed to Marion, hours to the famished Mr. Mason, they drew up at the door of a huge caravanserai.

The Personally Conducted and well advertised party of young business people were ordered to descend by the workgirls told each other in low whispers. "The poor thing only stayed to take down her hat. She went off without even a 'Good-bye, girls.'"

THE DUEL
By Francis Andrews.

His eyes were bright, his teeth were set, his weapon shone, as though 'twere wet With liquid moonbeams. All his hair Blew backward from his brow, the while I stood and watched him with a smile.

I think it was a kiss misplaced
Upon a cheek deemed his alone.
Oh, 'twas another's favour grasped
The bosom of a maid: I've grown
To think and do and then forget
If he would fight, then he knows well,
How frantic with unholy rage
He drew near his lips.
"He wins who gets her love"
And I stood and watched him with a smile.

I threw my rapier on the snow
And crossed to where the stripling lay,
In Madame Grantavalli's Establishment (otherwise Miss Grant's dressmaking workroom) had much sentiment, but few words, and the question remained unanswered.

He stood and watched him with wonderment and joy. This Whitsun tour was her first

Auctioneers, and Marion plied her needle as before in the top workroom of Madame Grantavalli's Establishment, until the day came when the forewoman told her she had orders to pay her.

"At once," just like that—"quite violent like!" so the workgirls told each other in low whispers. "The poor thing only stayed to take down her hat. She went off without even a 'Good-bye, girls.'"

I played with lust, I toyed with gold,
I thought and did and then forgot
And crossed to where the stripling lay,
In Madame Grantavalli's Establishment (otherwise Miss Grant's dressmaking workroom) had much sentiment, but few words, and the question remained unanswered.

And what a reckless guard he had. From grief 'twas said. How things betide
I saw my fortunes fall
I thought and did and then forget
And crossed to where the stripling lay,
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The Longing.

By Emil Davies.

The accident was as bad as it was sudden; the doctor had just told him that he had about twenty-four hours to live. At first he felt stunned, but then, resolutely facing the situation, as he had so often done in business matters (of what minor importance they suddenly appeared to him, like this!) he mapped out his twenty-four hours. His affairs were in good order, he was heavily insured, so that his wife and children were sufficiently well provided for. He wondered if the doctor had told his wife.

The thought that he would not see his two children grow up caused him a moment's anguish; and there was his wife! But he felt there was no time to be lost in vain regrets, and these thoughts, too, he put resolutely from him.

Suddenly a mad longing seized him, an overpowering desire. He must at all costs bid farewell not only to his wife, but to the other two women who had played a part in his life; the problem was how to do it in the few hours allotted him without compromising either of the women or wounding the feelings of his wife; and the time was short.

In the case of Enid, his wife's cousin, it was easy enough; as regards his acquaintance with his wife, he had been brought into such close contact with her cousin and later on with the husband that there would be nothing out of the way in his wishing to see her; moreover—and he smiled some what bitterly at the reflection—their relationship had not been such that he need in any way hesitate to make what was, after all, a perfectly natural request. As regards the other woman, who had played a more intimate part in his life, it was a little more awkward. It was true, she was one of his wife's friends, and she and her husband were frequent visitors; but the relationship—at any rate, so far as the world was concerned—was not of a sufficiently close nature to justify such a request.

The brain of the dying man worked rapidly, and in a few minutes he had evolved his scheme; at the worst it could be regarded as the whim of a man who knew he had only a few hours to live. He would ask to have a few minutes with half a dozen friends; and Enid and Mary lived close at hand, and the message could be sent that he wished to see them and their husbands. Mary would understand, and would lose no time; as regards Enid, with the look of one who knew that she would come at once without awaiting her husband's return home. The thought that his whole plan might miscarry if they were out, rendered still more intense his longing and determination to see them; and he certainly did also wish to say good-bye to one or two other close friends.

The wife, half-fainting, carried out her husband's wishes without comment, hurriedly dispatching messenger and telegram. He lay there listening to the ticking of the clock marking off his span of life, and listening for a ring at the door, with rapidly increasing excitement. The first ring heralded the advent of the doctor, who, on being informed of the man's request, acquiesced; it would make no difference, he said. The wife, making a supreme effort not to break down, came in and arranged the pillows. He spoke to her tenderly, discussed with her the future of the two children and herself as calmly as the circumstances permitted. Then in somewhat awkward fashion he said to her: "And now listen to me, Ada; keep my memory fresh in the minds of the children, but later on, occasion demands. If you marry again, I do not want you to think that if I knew of it I should object.

"Don't talk like that," replied his wife; "it is quite hard enough for me to keep up without speaking of such things."

He waved his hand protestingly. "Never mind," said he, "I always think of the future, and you may be glad one day that I should have spoken of this as I have done."

For some time they talked together, until they were interrupted by the arrival of the man's closest friend. The wife left the friends together.

The dying man had a number of requests to make of his friend, the only one known to this narrative being that a packet of letters in a certain drawer of his office desk should be destroyed. After a brief conversation the friend, much affected, departed.

There was a sound of voices in the hall, and for the first and last time in his life the dying man felt himself to be like a potentate with a stream of callers waiting audience of him.

There was no mistaking Mary Gordon's voice. He heard her ask the wife breathlessly regarding the accident, heard her say that she had at once telegraphed to her husband, but could not wait, so ran round immediately. Some further conversation which he could not hear, took place; then the door opened and the woman who, after his wife, had played the largest part in his life, entered the room. They looked at one another; she with dishevelled hair and great staring eyes, he with the look of a man who knows he is going for the last time on someone dear to him.

He was the first to break the silence. "This is a pretty ending to the play," he said.

"But is there no hope?" she asked.

"Do you think the doctor will tell me with such brutal frankness that I had only a few hours to live if there were?" he replied, with a tinge of bitterness.

"Are you in pain, dear?" she said, bending over him.

"No," he replied, "that is the strange thing; and do you know, it seems to me that I can think and see things more clearly now than at any time in my life? I suppose it is the mind already to a great extent emancipated from the body."

"Always philosophising, even near death. And what do you suppose is going to happen to me when you are gone?"

"There is Walter——" he said.

She waved her hand with a gesture of despair. "Is this the time to talk like that? One thing, I shall follow you soon, be it to Heaven or Hell."

"Don't talk like that, Mary," he said, "it's silly."

"It's not silly," she replied. "You first showed me what I was in life; you brought out whatever there was in me; you were the stimulus, you were the one great thing. While I think of it," he added, "I have already arranged for your letters to be destroyed, so there is nothing more to be done."

"I don't care who knows," she said, defiantly.

"But I do," he said, simply; "and I am dying, and I would not cause Ada any pain. You women cannot understand that it is possible for a man to love two—yes, even more—of you at the same time." She looked curiously at him.

"There is one question I have often wished to ask you, but have never dared," she said.

He nodded questioningly. "Is there another?" she asked. "I have often thought there must be."

He flinched from the question in her eyes. "Yes, and no!" he said, helplessly.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"There was another in my thoughts," he said, "but nothing more."

"I think I know who it is," she replied, "and I can't for the life of me understand what you can see in her."

For the first time, a faint smile flickered across the face of the man. "I don't suppose you would," he said.

"But tell me what it is," she asked; "you are not the man to run after a pretty face."

"Potentialities," he replied.

"I see," she said, bitterly. "Just as you have made money in taking poor businesses and building them up, I suppose it was your idea to take some of us
poor married women with 'potentials,' and develop us.'

The man ignored the tone of mockery in which this remark was made, and looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"You have expressed it beautifully," he said.

"That is just the wit that so attracted me to you." The distant murmur of voices in the hall reached them.

"We must say goodbye," he said; "I cannot stand much more."

She kissed him passionately, and ran out of the room without looking round; nor did she bid farewell to the wife, who looked after her with a sad and somewhat puzzled air.

To the wife she returned again.

"Your husband is having too much excitement," he said to the wife, "but I haven't the heart to refuse him his wish to see more friends; but do not let them stay alone with him longer than you can help, and let there be some interval between each visit."

In succession the dying man bade farewell to other friends and his only relative, his sister, who had hastened to the house.

He asked if his wife's cousin had come, and was informed that she had been there for some time, and was with his wife, who, unable to bear the strain any longer, had gone to her room.

"Who is there besides Mrs. Wilson?" he asked.

"Mr. Armin," was the reply.

"Ask him up," he said; "and when he has gone, ask Mrs. Wilson if she will come and see me; and I don't want to see anybody else except the mistress."

"Sit down, old man," he said, as his friend entered the room.

"I have often thought you would come to say good-bye to me," said Armin, "but never this. A man of fifty-five expects to go before a man born twenty years after him. What a cursed world it is! Now, if it had been an old bachelor like me, it would not have mattered, but you with a wife and children —! Everyone will be shocked. In the whole of our set you have always been held up as the model husband and father."

The dying man gazed at him with a look half-mocking, half-affectionate, but said not a word.

"Don't worry too much about money matters," proceeded the elder man; "if you don't leave enough for the wife and chicks I can do a bit there; I have enough and to spare, as you know."

He walked to the window and looked out.

"Armin," the dying man said this in a tone that made his friend leap towards him. "I can't talk much more, and this is no time for beating about the bush. Mark what I say, and don't interrupt. You have made the silly mistake that so many men do who are born into a business; if they don't marry before they are forty they never do, and they are fools. In a few hours I shall be dead. There is enough money for the wife and children, so I am not thinking of that; but after a year or two, ask my wife to marry you; she will make you a good wife." The elder man turned scarlet like a startled girl, and stammered out a protest, but his friend waved him out of the room with the word: "Remember!"

There was a knock at the door, and Enid Wilson entered. She bore traces of emotion.

"Enid," he said, "I want to talk to you. Is Frank here?"

"No," she replied, "I telephoned him, and I expect him in an hour or two. I hope he will be —"

"In time, you were going to say, I suppose?"

She nodded.

"I want to have a talk with you," he said. "How often have we had a private conversation since you were married?"

"About four times, I suppose," she replied.

"That is about once every three years," he said.

"I am afraid we can't be expected to improve the average much — not so much as I had hoped." She shot a quick glance at him.

"I want to ask you two questions," he said. "Will you promise to answer them?"

"I don't know," she replied. "You must not get excited, and the doctor says I must not stay more than ten minutes with you. Surely you want to be alone the last hour or two with Ada and the children."

"Yes," he replied, "but I want you to answer two questions, and then I can die satisfied. You know," he said, and he looked her straight in the face—"Ada and I have been very happy together; from the beginning to the end."

"Yes," she replied. "Frank has always held you up as the model couple."

"Well, we have been happy," he said; "but in those quiet moments when a man looks into the recesses of his own heart he likes to toy with the thought of what might have been, and there is one question has always come to my mind."

"And that is —?"

He sat up and looked intently at her.

"Supposing I had asked you to marry me, which I very nearly did, would you have said 'Yes?'"

"That is not a fair question," she replied; "and you seem to forget that I have a husband." She walked to the window.

There was a short silence.

"I feel rather weird," he said, "in using approaching death as a lever, but do you remember that evening on the river? It is three years ago last June?"

"You mean when Ada —?"

"Yes," he said, "I see you do. That evening I had a feeling which I am afraid will not come true; and I was going to ask you if you would—no. I can't say it now! Oh, this accursed accident!"

He closed his eyes and fell back on the pillows.

"Good-bye," he mumbled.

She came to him, the tears streaming from her eyes, and kissed him tenderly.

"The answer to both questions would have been 'Yes,'" she said; and then she went from the room.

Events took a strange turn, not only damaging to the doctor's reputation, but embarrassing to others: the man recovered!

THE SPANISH GIPSY.

(Suggested by Zuluaga's: "Lucienne Breval")

By Henry Bryan Bians

As the night fell I found her on the hills. Great shoulders she; one hand upon her hips, Her chin upon the other, and her gage Silhouette. When I came into her gage Still had it been as when I stood afar. So far she shot her sight, but that the shift How far soe'er across the hills it flew Was fire-tipped to burn inwards suddenly. A gold snake circled round her swart forearm: Upon her fingers gleamed the night-blue stone: Deep down upon her brow the blue snake: Of her tumultuous hair hung heavily, And thereunder—but dairkler, for there pulsed Her living blood within it—shone her gaze. Her heart stood watching its own vort: The night fell on the hills: she drew the night In and about her: she was one with it. Mystical was her mouth, as Freedom's mouth Whose lips awake the morning from its sleep With clarion cry. Her dread and silent face More silent than the hills, in which the wind Was yet mightier than they, yet mightier Than the last mountain merging in the night. Bred of the mountain night and dread with power, Prophetic, masterful, indifferent, The daughter of the Night, and doorkeeper Of that yet unimaginable Day That every night descending on the land Presages, and that every evening sees Waiting at foot of dark upon the hills, I met As darkness fell upon the hills, I met The challenge of the Gipsy-woman's gaze.
Apropos of art and life, bend your intelligence to the following:—

"In the commerce between art and taste, art figures as the importer of impressions from our environment to be the food of choice ideas. The commodities it deals in are, first, such qualities of shape, colour, texture, sound, and so forth, as are comforting to the senses, and suggestive of the great constancy of nature; and second, those intangible signs of success—pressions of the actual world, is art's Subject matter."

It appears to me that the above distinction, between the things denominated "subject" and "subject matter" may be useful. Consider the following remarks in the light of it.

"Subject cannot be unimportant: on the contrary, there is no other reason for the exercise of art than the display or presentment of a subject. Subject is not necessarily what a book or picture seems to be 'about,' not necessarily the story or the incident—they belong to the subject matter—but it is the choiceness of the impression which that apparatus enables the art to produce; or, in one word, beauty."

"The beauty for art to deal with . . . . at least in so far as it appears in human beings and their behaviour, is a display of the organic vitality in them—the vivacity which will out survive the attempt to cor-

The way to discover it is to consider what choice ideas prevent this decay but the most perfect art. . . . Nothing can produce it I am in violent disagreement."

All the above extracts are from Mr. George Bourne's new philosophical work: "The Ascending Effort" (Constable, 4s. 6d. net), and from one chapter of it, and not the most important chapter! I have quoted them or parts of them, rather than a whole column to read the book—a device which I think will succeed fairly well. I am incompetent to review the book. I do not even know quite what it is all about. But the following sentences may be of service where it is printed:

"Nothing called art aims worthily at beauty; but on the other hand there are some kinds of beauty which the world is afraid to recognise; and then the fact is that the world will not with the subject matter of the art. No true subject . . . . can be unclean; because it is a revelation of that immaculate racial energy which survives individual death and to which no stain acquired during individual life can cling for long."

"What, for example, is the subject of 'Madame Bovary'—that work in which the beauty is so tone, the subject matter so sordid? When you have outlined the situation, discussed the characters, traced the fate-ful course of events to their miserable end, you have probably not touched upon the subject of the book, which is something far simpler than all that machinery. The way to discover it is to consider what choice ideas it has exercised. If you have brought no choice idea to bear upon the work you will have got little out of it but discomfort from the subject-matter. If, how- ever, taste is sufficiently alive in you to have developed choice ideas, such as can recognise in a fellow-creature the rebellious hereditary life, high-strung and vibrant, enigmatic and inscrutable, for we are a vain and gay and passionate, laughing and shuddering, infinitely delicate yet indomitable, exquisitely sensitive in all its piteous blunders, then you will know that the work of art has contributed a most valuable and beautiful im-

"When we begin to make allowances for picture or play or poem, and to remind ourselves that circum-

stances were different in the artist's day, it means that the autumn of that work is at hand. Presently its shall be a chapter in the works of Flaubert. I no longer understand its ordinarness: the subject is fading out with the subject-matter . . . . Nothing can prevent this decay but the most perfect art . . . . Al-most certainly Flaubert's fine book will be ruined by it."

Mr. Shan F. Bullock, in a sprightly and good-tem-
pered letter, has written protesting against my recent criticism of his contribution to the "Chicago Evening Post." His case is that his remarks did not apply to Mr. Eden Phillpotts and the other novelists whom I did not mention. Here are the exact words which Mr. Bullock wrote for the Chicago paper:—"I know a pub-
lisher under contract to supply the libraries or their agents with a certain number of novels per annum, and his price to authors and well-known authors, too—£25 down for all rights. But then these authors are willing and able to supply the publisher with a novel a month, should he require it. I have written before of certain authors who dictate a novel in a week, and of others who issue in one season and of others who in various guises regularly supply twelve a year. Mr. Le Queux once wrote thirteen novels in twelve months. How many does Mme. Albanesi write, or Charles Garvice, or the brothers Hocking for the publishers for less money? To be sure those lesser writers must live and provide for families and rainy days. Yes and since some of them get good prices for their merchandise—from £70 to £80 a book at times, and occasionally £250 with serial rights—they may come eventually to own motor-cars and fur-lined overcoats, and even footmen to wait at table. But what stuff the merchandise must be.

If this does not imply that Mr. Phillpotts and the others named produce novels at a very excessive rate comparable with thirteen in months, what does it imply? And if it is not the specimen authors named who are among others characterized as "lesser writers," etc., the term can only apply to the "well-known authors" mentioned at the beginning of the paragraph as selling a book for £25. But how can it apply to these since Mr. Bullock expressly states that the "lesser writers" sell a book for from £70 to £150? I entirely believe, with Mr. Bullock, that his remarks were not meant to refer to Mr. Phillpotts and the others. But on the face of them they will not logically bear a different construction. At the same time I regret that I misconstrued them. I ought to have had the wit to do so. I will treat his communications as strictly confidential, and I will apologise for my ridicule if I am convinced—not for my ridicule of the authors, but for my ridicule of Mr. Bullock. He does not respond to my invitation to name names, or titles in proof of his assertion that certain authors publish four novels in a season. Yet, if the phenomenon exists, it cannot be a confidential secret.

Fashionable Portraiture.

By Walter Sickert.

The Chevalier Don Joseph Nicholas. D'AZARA, writing towards the end of the eighteenth century, says:—"The decline of the Arts ought not to be attributed so much to the Artists, as to the Amauteurs, and wealthy people, who order their works. The ignorance and barbarity of the latter constrain the former, when they are employed, to give way to their ideas, if they are of ability; but often the artist is impressed by a sympathy of folly the most shocking and infinitely intriguing."

I remember an occasion when Whistler yielding to the persuasion of a fair sitter, allowed himself to introduce, step by step, certain modifications in the setting of the portrait, that he was painting. A. went on he saw his own conception overlaid with an image that he had never intended. At last he stopped and put his brushes slowly down. Taking off his spectacles, he said, "Very well, that will do. This is your portrait. We will put it aside and finish it another day." "Now, if you please," he added, dragging out a new grey canvas, "we will begin mine."

Again I remember, not so very long ago, hearing a painter express the pleasure of a picturesque young poet, of whose distinction I am assured, some of the admiration he felt for the power of draughtsmanship of Mr. [Augustus John]. I cannot remember readily what the painter said, but he seemed to me to adumbrate the thought, which I may as well give while I remember it, in the perfect form which has been given to it by Flaubert in his correspondence:—"Ce qui fait la force d'une œuvre, c'est la visée, comme on dit vulgairement, c'est à dire une longue énergie qui court d'un bout à l'autre du texte." (I should like my readers, if possible, to collate this definition of Flaubert's with the drawing by John forming the frontispiece of Mr. Fothergill's Slade Record.) You will see that the painter, mere crawling mechanism in oils, was at any rate manoeuvring in the plane of ideas. I now note how rapidly the poet's immiscence brought us all down with a run, "wallop," as they say in the music-halls, to realities. "Oh, John, John," said the poet, "I know all about John. I sat to him once and he did a drawing of me that, I assure you, my publisher would not use as a frontispiece to my poems."

Now occurs one of those dilemmas, in which an amator writer wishes that he had beside him a professional journalist to whom he could turn. I wish that I were here instead of in Italy. I should ask him, "What do I do now? Do I rub in, or do I drop the subject on the comment is needless? principle?" Deprived as I am of such expert guidance, I am thrown on my own resources. My sad experience is that comment is rarely needless. I constantly meet people who say:—"Delightful what you said about so and so, but I don't quite gather whether you are or are not in favour of etc." Well then, will my literary friends tell me how they would judge a painter who delivered himself in an assembly as follows:—"It is true that I have read [C. Ervine]'s Laughingstocks again and again with tears of joy and gratitude. But Mr. Besant, having, I am sure, an income not large enough to find in his pages anything that could be utilized to advertise either Odol or Anti-pon."

Do you not understand, triple crétins of the pen, that a work of art is neither an "ad." nor a brief? I hasten to add, as visions of some of my best friends rise up, that both a brief and an "ad." may be works of art.

The professional portrait painter, I admit, is dragged by the nature of his work along a diagonal resultant. If one side of his triangle may be said to be "full painter," the other is "pull duchess." The hypothesis is what we know. But just as there are tied houses and free houses, so there exist not only tied art, but free art. And the latter rather than the former is what interests the critic.

Mixed Socialism.*

By St. John G. Ervine.

There is, I understand, a slump in Socialism. Which is why, I suppose, publishers, notoriously ingenuous, are issuing new books and republishing old ones on the subject. Mr. Ensor's book should be read in conjunction with Mr. Villiers'. "The Socialist Movement in England" is a very careful record of the progress of the movement in this country; "Modern Socialism" consists of extracts from writings and speeches of eminent Socialists, Continental and English, approving the Socialist creed as they believe it. There is little need to write of Mr. Ensor's book. It is well-known now—this is the third edition—and contains in the third preface an excellent experience of the Labour Party. It is a book which should be placed in the hands of the intelligent inquirer into the meaning of * "Modern Socialism." By R. C. K. Ensor. Revised Edition. (London: Harper Bros. 18.)

"Socialism in Church History." By Conrad Noel. (London: Frank Palmer. 3s. 6d.)

"The Parson in Socialism." By James Adderley. (Leeds: Richard Jackson. 1s.)


Socialism, because it contains adequate summaries of all shades of thought, from the revolutionary to the revisionist. Bebel, Liebknecht, Engels, Marx, Lassalle, Millar, William Morris and the Webbs are set forth in due and decent order, and he who cannot derive an intelligent conception of Socialism from the book will not derive another from anything. Mr. Villiers' "book," now in its second edition, is an elaboration of Mr. Ensor's third preface. We have already in this paper said what we have nothing to add to what we said then, except that I do not agree with Mr. Villiers' statement in his preface that the Socialist movement has advanced as far as it is likely to advance in industrial centres. The aforesaid slum in Socialism has also dispossessed Mr. Villiers. This belief of his does not seem justified.

Father Adderley and the Rev. Conrad Noel attempt again the job of convincing the average Christian that he is not living in a Christian country. They deal with Socialism from the same point of view. Father Adderley's book is too long and verbose, and somehow in his anxiety to prove that a Socialist is capable of holding honest beliefs, the Father forgets to state what Socialism is. Some of the chapters are repetitions of points already captured; some are not. I think the Socialist is not a Socialist if he cannot, after reading this book, I should like Father Adderley very much; but I should not become a Socialist. Mr. Noel's book, however, is quite the best book on the subject that I have read. It is not so long as Father Adderley's, and it has more solid matter in it. It is planned and measured, as it were, and full of design: Father Adderley has just written his book anyhow. He admits as much in his introductory note; but admissions are no excuse. Mr. Noel's book is quite brilliant. If I were a member of the staff of the "Daily Express," I should describe it as a tour de force. This would serve to show that I have been educated.

Mr. Noel goes to the early Fathers for his main generalisations. He adopts the principles which they laid down as their own, and sizing up Society to-day from the point of view of St. Jerome and St. Chrysostom, St. Clement and St. Basil and other great Churchmen from the beginning of the Christian era to the Reformation, comes to the conclusion that it is wrongly fashioned. He is a little too facile in his conclusions. Society is not entirely wrong; there are a great many features of Society to-day of which the early Fathers would have disapproved, which, however, are quite right. Probably Mr. Noel would agree with this statement, but his book leaves one with the feeling that he wishes to take us all back to pre-Reformation days. I am inclined myself to think that the Golden Age theory has been worked to death. Mr. Chesterton seems to have agreed with Mr. Noel, for he says: 'Anticipatory Reviews. By Eric Dexter. III. — One Generation to Another.'

In view of the importance now assumed by the question of the future of the House of Commons and having regard to the necessity of understanding what justification is possessed by the hereditary qualification for the Upper Chamber, the Wardens of the Hooligans' Home in Lambeth have asked Dr. Saleeby to deliver to the inmates during 1912 a series of lectures on Extinction of Shaw by Dr. Saleeby. Mr. Keeling urges that many parents look upon their children simply as investments, and are anxious to get some return from them as speedily as possible, and therefore put them into blind-alley occupations, if it is recognised more and more by persons of experience, whatever their political views may be, that in the great majority of cases the parent has no conception of the powers of the child, and is more likely than not to put it to work for which it is wholly unfitted. Mr. Keeling urges that the choice of a child's career should be left to a specially-appointed official of the Labour Exchange, who will act in conjunction with the education authorities. To some (a very limited) extent this is done already by the Apprentice and Skilled Employment Association, a body which has met with considerable success, despite its cramped scope. I recommend this book to all who are interested in the problem of child labour.

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By Eric Dexter.

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parents. The chief use of Heredity is to write books about it, and shall always be.

We are then informed of the difficulties of the subject:

I knew a man whose father had a wooden leg; he himself had red hair. This seems to go a long way towards proving that you never can tell in Heredity.

The first diagram introduces the Spermatozoon:—

The Spermatozoon is found in ponds in the spring. Sometimes it turns into a frog; but not if the frog can help it. At one end you perceive the conning-tower with its periscopes; at the other end the differential gear.

We are then, in Lecture II., given some idea of the cell-changes, and are told:—

When a cell gets tired of resting, the chromosomes split up, and half go one way, half another. Weismann says they do the last movement of the Lancers, the Grand Chain; and any man who says they do not is no biologist. Bateson, however, says that they set to partners; and anyone who denies this knows nothing of embryology. If A. is a sufferer with four chromosomes and you put her into cell PQRS, how long will it be before she breaks the window?

This little biological puzzle leads us on to:—

Mutation, the theory of De Freeze, which works only when the thermometer is below 32 deg. Fahr. He proves that the primrose Oenothera Lamarckiana sometimes jumps. This has been attested by experiments on frogs. If a frog jumps six inches in a second, how many cockroaches could a duck eat in six weeks? Pearson says 4,000.

The diagram would furnish the correct answer if I hadn't just forgotten the co-efficient of variation. If Thomson is wrong, the Pearson will jump on him; thus proving that mutation takes place in man also.

Lecture III. deals with one of the most terrible scourges of modern civilisation. Dr. Saleeby says:—

We now come to alcoholism and its hereditary influence. If A. is a blue-nosed Eskimo rat and B. is a bald-headed Irishman, how many whiskies must the latter drink before he sees the former? Reduce to seven places of decimals and add the price of beer; and we get the answer in glasses of the.

Mendelism is expounded in the next Lecture. The

author remarks:—

Mendelism was invented by the Abbé Mendel in an idle moment a good many years ago. In Mendelism we have two kinds of characters, Dominant and Recessive. The dominant is a character like that of Mr. Balfe—all-powerful, clear and determined. A Recessive is like Mr. Grayson—shy and grade. The products of crossovers between organisms possessing such characters are termed Mendelian hybrids. If X. is a man and Y. his wife, and X. is angry with Y., that is a crossing, and is angry with everybody other than the reciprocal cross. If X. squints and his wife has a red nose, their children will look too awful for anything. This proves that mutation is necessary for Eugenics.

The working out of the principle is shown in our next diagram. If A. is a Dutch doll and B. is a Teddy-bear, and they have six children, the proportions will work out thus: One Dutch doll plus two Dutch bears plus six Teddy-dolls plus one Teddy-bear. The Teddy-dolls and the Dutch bears are recessive: thus we have four races. If the original Dutch doll had blue eyes, some of the children will contain sawdust. This is called correlation.

So we come to biometrics, to be informed that:—

Biometrics is a curious process, a hybrid between noughts-and-crosses and freehand drawing. If you are six feet tall and have blue eyes, what sort of person will your wife be? Biometrics answers silly questions like that.

The last lecture deals with what is fast becoming an essential branch of social reconstruction—Eugenics. We learn that:—

Eugenics is the first cousin of Heredity. It deals with the best people, and so is very fashionable. If two people get married and are sorry for it afterwards, Eugenics says, "I told you so:"

If you cross a kangaroo with a bee, you will get a long jumping bee. If you cross a sewing-machine with a typewriter, you will get a bicycle. If you cross the Atlantic with the Cunard Line, you will get seacis. If you cross Cheapside with an abstract air, you will get funk. And if you cross a mountain-pen with an empty purse, you won't get anything—it has to go through your bank account. These are the great truths of Eugenics.

The scope of this important work is now made clear to anxious readers. Remains that they should buy it, and having mastered its contents, test their knowledge by answering some of the questions at the end of the lectures. We cite here a few of these questions, to show their searching quality, and close this review:—

What is the difference between a chromosome and a hippocrime?

What is the normal frequency curve of a learner on the bicycle? If you falls three times in half-an-hour, will he learn roller-skating?

A. is a cat. Why?

X. is a carrier-pigeon. If his offspring have blue feathers, how many will make a rook-pie?

REVIEW.

Robert Herrick. By F. D. Moorman. (The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.)

We are pleased to be able to say that, unlike some biographies recently issued from the Bodley Head, this book is at least readable; but it is cursed by the superfluity of knowledge that mars most academic work. If Herrick's descent from Eric Blood-Axe was at all significant, Professor Moorman's patient research would be justified, as Herrick resembled Eric Blood-Axe about as much as the late Queen Victoria resembled David Blood-Axe. Herrick was, however, a much more famous one. There is the everlasting hunt for documents: we are even presented with a copy of Herrick's indenture of apprenticeship as an appendix; but there is no attempt to build up the case from evidence. Where the facts fail, the narrative ceases; the biographer has everything but insight. It is difficult to believe that Herrick was a human being; we remember after an admittdly rapid reading only two incidents that are illuminating. The tradition that he once threw his sermon at his congregation, with a curse for their inattention, is one; the other is the entry in a State paper concerning Thomasin Parsons, "who had had a bastard lately," coupled with a statement that other Parsons were resident in the house. As Professor Moorman says: "There is no need to accept the insinuation of Mr. Dell's man that Herrick was concerned with Thomasin Parson's child"); we cannot even regard Herrick as a man. His many "fresh and fragrant mistresses," says Professor Moorman, were imaginary, and we venture to think that a poet, even though he was a clergyman, who had imaginary mistresses was himself an imaginary person. Professor Moorman is logical enough; by denying us access to the man Herrick he is forced to find some imaginary source for his inspiration, and he finds it in the poems of Horace, Anacreon, and Catullus, which, he tells us, "pored over with the eyes of a scholar and a lover." Professor Moorman has done what he could; he has read everything that concerned Herrick, and a good deal that did not; he has lectured learnedly on "The Lyric of the English Renaissance," he has critically examined the poems and instructed us in the use of anapaests, dactyls, trochees, and other things, and he has mentioned everybody who could by any reach of learning be included in a biographical and critical study of Robert Herrick. Captain Cuttle would have said that Professor Moorman was "chock-full of learning"; certainly, whatever emolument may accrue to the publication of this book will be well earned. The book is well furnished, and has only two misprints, as far as we have noticed, which is creditable to Mr. Lane's proof-readers.

The New Socialism. By Jane Stoddart. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)

The title of this book is confusing. There is no new Socialism. Socialism is as old as the Sermon on the Mount. It is the outcome of that instinctive feeling which every man has at heart for a better state of society. It is based on love and man's sympathy for man. There may be new forms of Socialism. The object of Socialism being to evolve order out of disorder, it follows that in pursuit of this object it must continuously bring itself up to date and employ those materials. With the moment offers it. In other words, it must constantly revise its programme: and the immediate programme should contain main items in re-
spect of which all social reformers, in spite of very serious differences, are at one with each other. What these reformers desire is the practical rapprochement between professed Socialists and other social reformers to-day? Simply stated, it is a scientific one, and one no longer concerned solely with economic science, but with natural and biological science. Socialists, are, in fact, attempting the to-day gone so-called cooperation between economic Socialism and sociology. They are hastening to meet the scientist not in a cloud of Utopias, senseless indignation, and false hope, but on the sober and solid ground of scientific investigation, reason, and practical sympathy. Socialism, in a word, is fast becoming sociological. It is at this precise moment that the old economic form of Socialism and the new form of sociology meet. To-day we hear the direct call from the practical leaders of Socialism to the sociologist to come to their help, not as partisans, but as men of science. And this change is so marked everywhere that it is strange it has not, as yet, escaped Miss Stoddart's notice. On the question of scientific Socialism as we now know it, she is, as a wise woman, silent. She dwells on the so-called scientific aspect which is passing, and dismisses the present aspect with a brief question: "Is there a scientific Socialism?" and with the negative assumption contained in two bold extracts from Sombart and Bernstein. She frequently quotes Sombart's recent book, but makes no advance on his position. Her volume, in fact, like Sombart's, is a careful summary and survey of economic Socialism as it exists to-day, and compared with the former Socialism of former times. The wide field of the author's research is not confined to England, but includes America—where we learn, not without surprise, there is no Socialism—as well as Germany, France, and Australia. In short, this book makes a great deal of useful information immediately available to busy readers.

**Suggestions for Increasing Ethical Stability.**

By Mary Everest Boole. (Daniel. 2s. 6d.)

This is one of the instances of logic being not hidden wisdom, but transparent folly. It seems the author was invited to "write in terms of logic the reasons which she and another had agreed upon for not joining in the demand for the suffrage. So the task of the writer is to show to women that we become logical, not while herding in gangs or competing against each other, or against the male sex, but while pouring out our hearts and lives to the shelter of our own homes." This may be a logical statement from Mrs. Boole's standpoint. It is, however, put in a syllogistic form we should like to have had translated into the language of the State. Therefore, to be made part of the work of education which they are supposed to carry on has been grossly mismanaged and flagrantly misunderstood. Picture galleries are an artificial attempt to stimulate the aesthetic instinct, and all such attempts artificially to stimulate the aesthetic instinct must fail. Before we can feel art we must love it, and before we can love art we must have art within us. When the time comes that men and women love art they will go out to find it, just precisely as they now go out to find those things which interest them in the music-hall. If there is to be a spread of aesthetic culture in this country, we, as a nation, are to become more artistic, to possess a deeper love for art, then it follows that artists themselves must add the necessary impulse. It must be made possible for them to live and work. For one thing, they must be led alike by scientist, administrator, and social reformer to co-operate in the present great civic renaissance; for another, they must resolutely assert their right to take part in the coming pageant of social life—a pageant whose warm shadows cleave the grey world in which we live to a prophecy, and reveal first a vision of new-time science immolating the gods of prejudice and superstition upon its altars, then a vision of the new-born art of life arising from the ashes and being steadily transformed into the life of art—a vision of practical experience exalted to passionate expression.

**All About Trout Fishing.**

By J. A. Riddell. (Walter Scott. 1s.)

Though Mr. Riddell (Border Rod) Is not exactly a modern Isaak Walton, he supplies you with just the information you require—and this in a handy, illustrated pocket form—about all kinds of trout fishing, including artificial, dry, creasing, wet, fly-feeding, worm, minnow, night, lock, or lake fishing. It may be pointed out that what is said in his pages applies equally to all streams where trout abound, whether in the north or our south. After reading them there will be no excuse for fishermen to patronise Bond Street fish shops where trout abound in tenks.

**American Meat.**

By Albert Leffingwell, M.D. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

The study with which intelligent persons unacquainted with business methods greeted the exposure of the Chicago iniquities by "The Jungle" will be experienced to some extent on reading the present book. American Meat aims to do on the medical side what "The Jungle" did on the journalistic. It, in fact, supple-

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

RETURNING for a moment to the National Gallery and to public picture galleries in general, the conclusion which I wish to draw is that the work of education which they are supposed to carry on has been grossly mismanaged and flagrantly misunderstood. Picture galleries are an artificial attempt to stimulate the aesthetic instinct, and all such attempts artificially to stimulate the aesthetic instinct must fail. Before we can feel art we must love it, and before we can love art we must have art within us. When the time comes that men and women love art they will go out to find it, just precisely as they now go out to find those things which interest them in the music-hall. If there is to be a spread of aesthetic culture in this country, we, as a nation, are to become more artistic, to possess a deeper love for art, then it follows that artists themselves must add the necessary impulse. It must be made possible for them to live and work. For one thing, they must be led alike by scientist, administrator, and social reformer to co-operate in the present great civic renaissance; for another, they must resolutely assert their right to take part in the coming pageant of social life—a pageant whose warm shadows cleave the grey world in which we live to a prophecy, and reveal first a vision of new-time science immolating the gods of prejudice and superstition upon its altars, then a vision of the new-born art of life arising from the ashes and being steadily transformed into the life of art—a vision of practical experience exalted to passionate expression.

**Signs are not wanting that the real moment has arrived for artists to assert themselves. Everywhere there are indications that we are entering upon an age of artistic endeavour. In town and city planning, building and embellishment, a great re-birth of art in this country is dawning. Thus we are face to face with three artistic impulses of the twentieth century.**

Painting pursues its completeness in vision and design. The explorers of the one press forward ever seeking to penetrate deeper into aerial mystery; and of the other turn to a revival of beauty of patternspining and majesty of form. In one mood we see Impressionism making new departures in the realm of light and value; in another mood we see a blend of Burne-Jones and Neo-Raphaelism improvising and weaving its mystical faith: the one striving to reduce light and atmosphere to a final analysis; the other...
extracting emotional structures and dream-designs from life.

To-day Art has entered the theatre and is asserting her right to undertake all the possibilities of the passion of beauty contained in the old and new treasurers. Painters and designers, in answer to the direct call of the artist, the manager, and the producer, have come to their aid bent solely on putting the resources of the theatre, in scenery, accessories, costumes and lighting, to the imagination that may be made of them. Thus the artistic spirit, that instrument of Art, has invaded and taken possession of the "Scene," and this both here in England and abroad. Art, Reform, and Repertory theatres have sprung up, devoted more or less to the service of Art and the salvation of the artist. In London, Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, in Berlin, Weimar, Vienna, Munich, in Paris and Moscow, the movement of the promotion of the art of the theatre is strongly felt and vividly expressed.

Beyond the studio and the theatre Art is heard demanding that it be brought into active relation to life, and this in order to express life as a whole and no longer in detached masses. In shadow outlines Civic Renaissance is seen offering Art that opportunity of complete expression which she demands. Everywhere is the question why do they not recognize the necessity of the new instruments of expression thus offered to them, and asserting the value and importance of Art, no longer as the luxury of a class or as the convenience of commercialism alone, but as the spiritual need of the human race? There are at least three reasons emphasise this necessity. By some it is maintained that picture-painting has had its day. The public does not buy pictures because it does not understand them, and therefore does not want them. The fact is we are not a picture-buying race. But if the public will not buy pictures it has no object to live with decorative walls and friezes and ceilings. Hence a new activity is arising. Painting is about to serve new uses of expression in new decorative systems. There is a coming revival of fresco and tempera painting, and it rests with the artist to use such ideas without the co-operation of the authorities. The public does not buy pictures; why not set sculptors to work adorning houses? Why do not set sculptors to work to do what the binding veil of prejudices and to point the way, and could easily be used by others it is claimed that we are entering upon an age of artistic renewal and reading of life. Discontent has declared itself against the modern isolation of the artist in the studio, and the isolation of art in the exhibition gallery and other places separated from life. Discontent has declared itself against the ugly and degrading forms of life. On all sides is heard an earnest and emphatic demand for a new and artistic renewal and reading of life.

There is need of afirm and fearless hand to meet the moment's pressing need. THE NEW AGE is ready to meet it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BELLOC v. MR. SIDNEY WEBB.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Let us keep our heads. We need to distinguish carefully between the main principles of the Minority Report and possible dangers in detail arising from its embodiment in legislation. On the broader issues Mr. Clifford Sharp has already demolished Mr. Belloc. I agree with him that some of the points criticised by the latter and by Mr. Norman do not need to be carefully watched. I see nothing in the Minority Report itself to object to, nor do I feel the least suspicion as to the real intentions of its authors. But when the governing class comes to give legislative effect to it, there is need of a firm and fearless hand to meet the moment's pressing need. THE NEW AGE is ready to meet it.
very incautious. These clauses might easily lend themselves to the nefarious designs of the governing class and do not seem to carry out the spirit, nor always even the letter, of the Report. It may be, for instance, that the powers, as at present enfeebled, upon which Mr. Belloc particularly animadverts, require to be more strictly guarded. But that is a matter of detail; obviously someone must have the power to interfere, otherwise the 'anarchic state of industrialism,' whereby the very intention of the Bill is to regularise and organise this, to abolish 'the workers' product' and to work for profit, is not likely to be certain whether a man can really find work. Still, this very effect of the Bill would seem to render it unnecessary to fling the thing away so very easily. The reference to the Vagrancy Acts, indeed, is probably necessary, and Mr. Cecil Chesterton, like Mr. Norman, seems to me in this connection to forget the enormous change in conditions which would be produced by the Unemployment Scheme as a whole. But under the Children Act, 1908, a man may be convicted for neglecting to provide a fire-guard in his home. It is difficult to see any necessity in visiting negligence of this kind with committal to a Detention Colony. And the vague and general language about having "habitually failed to work" is not far from setting up the Vagrancy Acts, the only recognised grounds for detention should be an actual refusal to take work (under reasonable conditions). The S.P.L.C. would no doubt press for the decriminalisation of the Act. The recalcitrancy at the Training Establishment. As to the "reasonable conditions," it is indispensable that (predominantly the art) of national (and in Rome) use the Liberal and Tory parties to get such (or we must use the Liberal and Tory parties to get such) measures as the Minority Report carried, yet we must always keep ourselves entirely distinct from them and never yield to the constant temptation of Fabians to break away from convention and to create their own tradition. He speaks of the Modern Movements in art, which alone carry the saving, and in this way Mr. Cook would have us believe that he is looking forward to the coming of a new art. In point of fact, however, the whole trend of his letter is that of a shackled mind whose method of advance is progressing backward. And in this connection I think the accident that his name is E. Wake Cook and not A. Wake Cook.

The opening of Indian letters to the Editor of "The New Age." The correspondence printed below will lift a corner of the veil which has embarrassed the Indian Executive. Everyone will freely admit that circumstances might arise which would justify governments in opening the letters of private individuals. During the troubled conflicts of war, the seizure of letters is very common. But are there any facts here which the Indian Government can plead in extenuation? I think there are none. The envelope concerned merely contained a few newspaper cuttings reporting certain sedition prosecutions. Two points stand out plainly. My unknown correspondent suspected the Indian Government of the practice of opening letters, otherwise his comment about "police prosecution" would be meaningless. It was not responsible, because what letter-writer would unfasten a long envelope and then, having discovered there was nothing of value inside it, re-paste it? And an incident like this can happen of its own accord may satisfy Lord Morley, but it does not satisfy me. With this word of explanation the correspondence will speak for itself.

H. N.

4, Hyde Park Mansions,
London, March 1, 1910.

Right Hon. Viscount Morley of Blackburn, O.M., Sec. of State for India, My Lord,—It is my painful duty to draw your attention to the following fact. A letter from Calcutta, addressed to me at 38, Cumber-,
officials for whose conduct you are the responsible, paid English representative.—Your obedient servant, C. H. NORMAN.

India Office, Whitehall, W., March 3, 1910.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by Lord Morley to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst, and to say that he is causing an investigation to be made into the subject of your complaint. He would be much obliged if you would kindly undress the envelope mentioned by you, if still in your possession.—I am, yours faithfully, C. H. Norman, Esq.

P. H. DUMBELL.

March 3, 1910.

Right Hon. Viscount Morley of Blackburn.

My Lord,—In reply to your letter of to-day, I shall be glad to forward the contents of the envelope for his inspection. I have con

3,

given no authority by which any letter posted at Calcutta postmark which Lord Morley had observed to be February evening papers in India, so the papers graphed by him is the only piece of tangible evidence that I was unwilling to part with it without having a chance of examining it. I have now to state that the envelope which you were given to you by Lord Morley is the same envelope which you have returned to me, and is in the same condition in which it was forwarded. Yours very truly, C. H. NORMAN.

March 7, 1910.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 3rd inst, Lord Morley desires me to say that if you will be so good as to facilitate the investigation of the matter by forwarding the envelope for his inspection he will make it his personal care that it shall be returned to you as received by him. Lord Morley thinks that if it is not returned to you that in a matter of this gravity he cannot dispense with the only piece of tangible evidence, and also that he will not abuse your confidence in this case by a postal official, was therefore totally useless. My Lord, Yours very truly, C. H. Norman, Esq. P. H. DUMBELL.

March 7, 1910.

Dear Sir,—In reference to your letter of yesterday’s date, and to return here with the envelope which you were good enough to send for his inspection.—I am, yours faithfully, C. H. Norman, Esq.

Frank Lucas.

March 31, 1910.

Dear Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 7th inst, Lord Morley desires me to ask whether you will kindly state the date of the letter enclosed in the envelope which is the subject of your complaint.—Yours faithfully, C. H. Norman, Esq.

My reply to this letter merely stated that I could not supply the envelope of the letter, but only the date on the postmark, which was February 3.

April 5, 1910.

Dear Sir,—In reference to your letter of the 2nd inst, and to previous correspondence, Lord Morley desires me to inform you that he has communicated to the Viceroy a general statement of the facts in regard to your complaint and he has now ascertained that the Government of India has given no authority by which any letter posted at Calcutta could be lawfully intercepted or opened by any postal or other official of Government. Any such action, if taken in this case by a postal official, was therefore totally unauthorized. The statement of facts reported to the authorities in India on the information furnished by you has not been sufficient to enable them to trace the course of the letter and postmark the transit through the post, and the only course Lord Morley’s enquiry of the 31st ult. regarding the date of the letter enclosed in the envelope was in order to ascertain whether the day had occurred between the time of posting by the sender and that of its being stamped with the postmark which Lord Morley had observed to be February 3. The day upon which the English mail left Calcutta. Such a delay, if it could be proved to have occurred, might furnish a possible clue, that the authorities might pursue.—I am, yours faithfully, Frank Lucas.

April 11, 1910.

Right Hon. Viscount Morley of Blackburn.

My Lord,—I have now carefully considered your Lordship’s letter of April 5, and I may say that after a searching examination of the contents of the envelope, I have concluded that the letter was posted on the 3rd February, as the envelope contains newspaper cuttings of incidents telegraphed on the 1st February: I understand there are no evening papers in India, so the papers must have published these news items in their issue of the 3rd.

Since opening this correspondence I have read Mr. Mackarness’ pamphlet on the “methods of torture adopted by

the Indian police apparently under the protection of the Indian Government.”

I have also to state that the letter I complained of having been tampered with has the following note in it: “Name not given for fear of police prosecution, persecution, and harassment which are the order of the day.”

I have also the gravest reason for believing that an order was issued some time back, under the seal of the Viceroy, authorising the examination of the postmark on the letters sent to certain European gentlemen. Your Lordship is aware that Mr. K. Ratcliffe has lodged a similar complaint to mine—in respect of two letters.

Under these circumstances, I am unable to accept the statement set out in your letter of 5th inst, especially as a number of letters despatched by Mr. Mackarness would not hesitate to open letters and prevaricate when questioned.—Yours truly.

C. H. NORMAN.

RESEARCH DEFENCE SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

Mr. Norman’s letter (April 21) is a good example of the “wild and false charges” made by anti-vivisection societies. It is a pity that he did not take the trouble to make any inquiry into the matter before he rushed into print.

He believes, on the authority of the “New York Herald,” that tuberculin is a poison. If he will arrange to come here at any time convenient to both of us, I will have the tuberculin test done on myself in his presence.

Also, he believes that the tuberculin test was used on 160 Philadelphia children; that they were previously healthy; and that harm was done to the children. Of course, as every doctor knows, this tuberculin test is widely used, and has been applied to many thousand cases. Mr. Norman seems to think that 160 children were thus treated in the Philadelphia Public Hospital and St. Vincent’s Home. I doubt whether he is right as to the number. And I am sure that he is wrong in his absurd assumption that the children were previously healthy. The test is only used in cases where there is reason to believe that the patient is tuberculous.

Mr. Norman further appears to believe that an epidemic of measles and bronchial pneumonia killed 95 per cent. of the children in St. Vincent’s Home. I find it hard to believe that. But if it were possible for measles and bronchial pneumonia to kill 95 out of 100 children, certainly those children would be killed who were already weakened by chronic tuberculosis. I wish that Mr. Norman would be more careful. It is, to my mind, disgraceful, that anybody should accept, without a word of enquiry, what was told to him in the “New York Herald.” Mr. Rosmer says that the public is ignorant of what really happens in experiments on animals in this country. I agree with him. That is why the Research Defence Society was founded to tell the public the truth about the experiments. I am glad that so many readers of THE NEW AGE are applying to me for the date of the literature: I shall always be ready to send copies of leaflets and pamphlets for general distribution.

STEPHEN PAGET.

Hon. Sec., Research Defence Society.

Articles of the Week.


CAPPER, Prof. S. H., "The Manchester School of Architecture," Country and Town, April.


O'CONNOR, T. P., "Despondent Tories," Reynolds's, May 1.


SELLERS, EDITH, "Compulsory Insurance against Unemployment," Nineteenth Century, May.

SMITH, ERNEST W., "Pocket Boroughs: Election Petitions of Earlier Days," Morning Leader.


UNIACKE, JOHN, "Was Shakespeare a Snob?" Vanity Fair, Ap. 28.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

24.—FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

1891 THE BROWN OWL. Fairy Tale. (Illustrated by Ford Madox Brown.) (Fisher Unwin. 2/6 and 1/-.)

1892 THE SHIFTING OF THE FIRE. Novel. (Fisher Unwin. 6/-.)

1892 THE FEATHER. Fairy Tale. (Illustrated by Ford Madox Brown.) (Fisher Unwin. 2/6.)

1894 THE QUEEN WHO FLEW. Fairy Tale. (Illustrated by Sir E. Burne Jones.) (Bless, and Co. 2/6.)

1896 LIFE OF MADOX BROWN. Biography. (Longmans. £2 25.)

1900 POEMS FOR PICTURES. Poems. (Macqueen. 2/6.)

1900 THE CINQUE PORTS. History and Topography. (Illustrated by William Hyde.) (Blackwood. £3 38.)

1901 THE INHERITORS. Novel. (With Joseph Conrad.) (Heinemann. 6/- net.)

1902 ROSETTI. A Critical Monograph. (Duckworth. 1/6.)

1903 ROMANCE. Novel. (With Joseph Conrad.) (Smith Elder. 6/-; Nelson. 7d.)

1904 THE FACE OF THE NIGHT. Poems. (Macqueen. 2/6.)

1905 THE SOUL OF LONDON. Belles Lettres. (Alston Rivers. 5/-.)

1905 THE BENEFACtor. Novel. (Brown, Langham. 6/-.)

1906 THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY. Belles Lettres. (Alston Rivers. 5/- net.)

1906 THE FIFTH QUEEN. Historical Novel. (Alston Rivers. 6/-.)

1906 HOLBEIN. A Critical Monograph. (Duckworth. 1/6.)

1906 PRIVY SEAL. Historical Novel. (Alston Rivers. 6/-.)

1906 FROM INLAND. Poems. (Alston Rivers. 1/6.)

1907 THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD. A Critical Monograph. (Duckworth. 1/6.)

1907 THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE. Belles Lettres. (Alston Rivers. 5/- net.)

1907 AN ENGLISH GIRL. Novel. (Methuen. 6/- net.)

1908 THE FIFTH QUEEN CROWNED. Historical Novel. (Nash. 6/-.)

1908 MR. APOLLO. Novel. (Methuen. 6/-.)

1909 THE HALF MOON. Historical Novel. (Nash. 6/-.)

1910 A CALL. Novel. (Chatto and Windus. 6/-.)

1910 SONGS FROM LONDON. Poems. (Elkin Mathews. 1/-.)
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