The case, what will the latter journals say of Socialists such little to be suspected as the motives of Liberal journals?

Pulsory Service. But, as Dr. Miller Maguire points the members of the National Service League (which is defending Mr. Haldane's pet child. And, in any torrid Army would break up entirely. Nor is it quite we are rather disposed to believe that they have good passed on the new Second Line by some Tory journals, pledged to Compulsory Training) the existing Territorials last year, and at a three-hours' march. In one instance as many as 75 large percentage of the men were dog-tired after a manoeuvres turned out to be more trying than most experienced in actual warfare we do not believe; but we do not agree; and for reasons that we will give.

In the first place we do not believe that Compulsory service will ever again be possible in England, save in a moment of panic, and then only temporarily; and for the simple reason that the nation does not feel Compulsory Service to be necessary. It may be distressing to army officers and their licitors to realise this as a fact, but it is true, nevertheless. Nor do we regard the matter as demonstrating national decadence in any sense whatever. We should be disposed, indeed, to believe right what everybody feels instinctively to be right, even though all the interested authorities were on the other side. It is well known, for example, that on the silent eve of the Franco-German war the French nation were certain that war was coming, while their rulers were certain that it was not. Similarly, Liberals argue that the only alternative to the Territorial system is Conscription. Similarly, Liberals argue that the only alternative to the Territorial system is Conscription. Well, we do not agree; and for reasons that we will give.

In the first place we do not believe that Conscription is necessarily prejudiced and Tory. The contention appears to be that the Tory journals have this year slandered the Territorials in the interest of Compulsory Service. But, as Dr. Miller Maguire points out, the current officers have escaped the national dementia, we must believe right what everybody feels instinctively to be right, even though all the interested authorities were on the other side. It is well known, for example, that on the silent eve of the Franco-German war the French nation were certain that war was coming, while their rulers were certain that it was not. Similarly, by a kind of national "sixth sense" the British nation feels at this moment that no military war is coming, and consequently that Compulsory Service, or any special military effort, is unnecessary. Unless we are to suppose that the nation has lost its senses, and only military officers have escaped the national dementia, we must be blind not to realise that the current of popular feeling is not so much against war as against supposing ourselves as Socialists such as ourselves who cannot be charged with desiring Compulsory Service, and yet, from the outset, condemned Mr. Haldane's Territorial scheme, and condemn it now?

The considerations that led us to criticise Mr. Haldane's scheme long before it began to break down in practice are, however, somewhat different from those that may have led veiled Conscriptionists to oppose it or to wish it failure. Certain Socialists, we know, advocate what they call a Citizen Army, which, in our view, could not be distinguished in effect from a Conscription. But we do not belong to their school. They appear to us to be crying for the moon in wishing that the existing oligarchy would ever consent to the distribution of training and rifles among the people as if they were merely votes. An oligarchy that established such a citizen army as Mr. Queich, for instance, dreams of might fairly be brought in as having committed suicide during insanity. And since that is improbable, we may reasonably anticipate that any form of Citizen Army likely to be established will be carefully placed under the direction and control of the present governing classes; in short, it will be a Citizen Army, but not a Citizens' Army. But there is a further point of disagreement between us. Socialists who advocate the Citizen Army declare that the only alternative is Conscription. Similarly, Liberals argue that the only alternative to the Territorial system is Conscription. Well, we do not agree; and for reasons that we will give.

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Haven't had some experience ourselves, we can read between the lines of the reports on the Territorial manoeuvres just concluded. According to the "Times", the Territorial system itself is extremely popular, and we have not been surprised to find that the Tory journals have this year that the nation has lost its senses, and only military officers have escaped the national dementia, we must be blind not to realise that the current of popular feeling is not so much against war as against supposing ourselves as Socialists such as ourselves who cannot be charged with desiring Compulsory Service, and yet, from the outset, condemned Mr. Haldane's Territorial scheme, and condemn it now?

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it probable. If it were not so, not only would the Territorial Force be much more popular than it is, and the Regular Army much better equipped than it actually is, but that store of food-stuffs which experts declare indispensable would long ago have been popularly insisted on.

* * *

Under these circumstances, we are not at all afraid that as the Territorial Power or the primitivism of the S.D.P.'s Citizen Army bubble should be followed by the adoption of Compulsory Service. That alternative in fact, does not exist for us at all. As a political booby it may prove to have some use with weak or treacherous or in reality, and for realists the proposal has no terrors. Even if a Tory Government should be returned secretly pledged to Lord Roberts to institute Universal and Compulsory Training, we should laugh ironically at its futile efforts, both to carry the scheme through the House, and still more to get it into practice. The instinctive inertia of the public would be against it, and not a hundred Lord Roberts could make the compulsion effective. On the other hand, we are equally convinced that not only is the country wedded to the voluntary system, but that within the limits of the voluntary system forms of service can be devised and much less revolutionary than the voluntary system forms of service can be devised equally convinced that not only is the country wedded to the voluntary system, but that within the limits of the voluntary system forms of service can be devised.

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Our complaint against Mr. Haldane's scheme was from the outset that it would prove unpopular, and consequently inefficient. Only the most superficial sense was it even devised to be a national and popular army at all. The "Saturday Review" this week, we observe, pooh-poohs the notion that an army in these days must be "democratic." Democratic in name it may be, but democratic in fact it must be if it is to be popular. Let none of the young University men who, flushed with academic honours, aspire to lead the empire by the nose, imagine for a moment that things are otherwise. As they appear to the young men of Oxford doubtless the "Saturday Review" learned to regard "democracy" as obsolete or utopian. In England it must learn by experience that in fact democracy is alive even though usually asleep. While, therefore, there will be no loud demand among the people for a democratic army, anything short of a democratic army will fail to really awaken them. The primary error made by Mr. Haldane was in taking what we may call the "Oxford" view. Democracy, he has said; what the people want is efficiency. But efficiency is not all that the people want; else we might tolerate the perfectly blistering efficiency of bureaucracy; it must be democratic efficiency, or it shall not be efficiency at all.

* * *

We say nothing now of the repeated efforts made by democrats to civilise the regular Army, and to approximate the conditions of service to those of the police; but, confining ourselves to the Territorial Army, we may ask if it never occurred to its founders and friends that they were moving backwards and not forward in resuscitating the dignity of Lieutenants and Lords-lieutenants of Counties. Did it not occur to them that the modern municipal movement had completely submerged and drowned whatever life still remained in the feudal institution of county lieutenancies, and that to be in the modern and popular stream of tendency the new Army should secure the support of County Councils rather than of county magnates? The notion, we are aware, will seem strange even to the point of absurdity; but we are nevertheless convinced that in ignoring the Councils Mr. Haldane has made his greatest blunder when he launched the Territorial Army. Reflect upon it as one may, the fact remains that not only has the Territorial Army failed entirely to associate itself with the counties after which it is named (as, for example, a football or cricket eleven takes good care to do), but also the industrial classes of the various counties have as a body no interest in Mr. Haldane's scheme whatever. The whole vitality of the Territorials is sectional and particular; it does not even concern a class, a trade, a county, still less the nation. That is the price paid for ignoring democracy. That in efficiency the Territorial Army is consequently a failure goes without saying. Everybody knows that it is inefficient. Everybody knows that neither this year, next year, sometime, or ever will the Territorial Army on its present lines be fit to repel an invasion of foreign regular troops. Bismarck used to say that it was criminal to lose a battle against trained men. In that case, should our Territorials be ever invited to resist, let us say, a German attack, their most innocent course will be to refuse or to surrender at once. For to ask of their wives and sweethearts, we should beg them to abstain from becoming accessories in the crime of murder.

What is necessary for Territorial efficiency we have partly indicated above. But we must supplement this by echoing the axiom of all military officers to the effect that an army cannot be improvised. True, it cannot be; but the preparation must begin much sooner than most officers imagine, and in fact already remote in appearance from battle-fields. After all, whether an army is professional or civic, regular or territorial, it depends for its supply of men on the material the country affords. In 1909 the Regular Army, with a strength of about 22,442 men, received recruits, and what is called the "pernicious wastage" for the year amounted to over 9,000 men. England bred those 9,000, and is breeding thousands more like them, or worse. With every depression of wages this process increases. Everybody knows that at Oxford and Cambridge each year not only will the number of "wasters" go up, but the standard of the Army in general will go down.

* * *

Having suggested the line of thought, let us briefly sketch out a Socialist Military programme of preparation, with the understanding that we really offer it as a hint of the direction in which efficiency is to be sought. If it may be that at Oxford and Cambridge each year not only will the number of "wasters" go up, but the standard of the Army in general will go down.

* * *

Beyond the limits of school life there should be provided in every district a free gymnasium, swimming baths and playing grounds for the use of youths of both sexes, where the body might be exercised and trained in strength, suppleness and endurance. And all these should be placed under the direction of municipal bodies under the control of the central authority. Then at about 18, when the young men were beginning to realise their coming exclusion, they should be offered to them to join their county regiments as volunteers for serious technical training in military exercises. These regiments would, indeed, be territorial in the real sense and with an spirit de corps and a publicity to which Mr. Haldane's Army will never reach, they might safely be relied upon to provide a prolific recruiting ground for the regular professional Army on one condition. That condition is, that the professional Army be made in the civic Army, and that the enhanced responsibilities attached to it carry with them enhanced privileges. What those privileges should be we could define in a single sentence: Trade Union pay and conditions for all regular men on service, with a civil pension for life on retirement. With such a scheme in force we could very well afford to repeat Shakespeare's vain boast to let all the world come against us in arms.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I had recently occasion to complain in these columns about Mr. Massingham's attack on Sir Edward Grey. I did not grumble at the fact that an attack had been made so much as at the fact that it had been made by an incompetent person. Since he first assumed office as Foreign Secretary Sir Edward's policy has not been characterised by that insight and knowledge which we have a right to expect from the holder of such an important post; and Mr. Massingham, if he had known anything of foreign affairs, would have found no difficulty in putting forward a good case against Sir Edward Grey.

That Mr. Massingham made such a hash of his attack is something which I am inclined to deplore; for he was writing in the "Morning Leader," which, being a halfpenny daily, has naturally a much wider circulation than a sixpenny weekly like the "Nation," and a sound criticism from such a source would have obtained wide publicity. I do not profess to know where the Editorship of the "Nation" got his facts from; but so far as the "wild stories" recently referred to in our correspondence columns are concerned it is well to bear in mind that the National Liberal Club can easily beat either the German or the Russian Foreign Office, which is saying a good deal. I now propose, ad majorem Novi Aevi gloriam, to show Mr. Massingham what glorious opportunities he missed, and incidentally to show students of foreign affairs how incompetent Sir Edward Grey has proved himself to be.

There are three main points, and three only, on which it is necessary here to criticise our Foreign Minister. I refer to the part played by Great Britain in connection with the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, in connection with the withdrawal of the army of occupation from Crete, and in connection with Egyptian affairs. When I say that I refer to these matters, I mean that I do so with a knowledge of foreign affairs equal to that possessed even by the Foreign Secretary, and with a much better knowledge than he of the various nationalities concerned.

According to the Treaty of Berlin, Austria was to "administer" the two provinces mentioned, which she did, and, on the whole, did fairly well. Doubtless, too, the inhabitants knew they would have to be fleeced, but by Sir Edward Grey. For the evils of our more recent administration in Egypt I have said harsh things, and incidentally to show students of foreign affairs how incompetent Sir Edward Grey has proved himself to be.

At the critical moment, however, this support was withdrawn and Sir Edward Grey backed out. Two or three statements have since reached me as to why he did so, the best substantiated being that he was forced to withdraw his support of Russia owing to the influence in the Cabinet of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, who recognised that an inevitable crisis would dispose the two provinces. As a war at that time would not have suited the Government's policy it was determined to sacrifice the prestige of Great Britain and Russia, and the various members of the Cabinet were brought round to this view. I do not vouch for this statement as being absolutely accurate; but I believe it contains an element of truth.

At all events, the damage was done. A curt notification was sent to St. Petersburg through the Russian Ambassador in London, and the delight in Berlin and Vienna knew no bounds. Amid his select circle of friends the Kaiser jokingly referred to Sir Edward Grey as a Bismarck without the blood and the iron; and a peremptory threat was made to Russia that if she did not withdraw her protest a German army would cross the frontier without undue delay. Russia was humiliated, Serbia was trembled in the dust, and the prestige of England in Central Europe sank to its nadir. The Foreign Minister's duty was plain. He should not have withdrawn a definite promise of such a nature as he had made to Russia; and if his policy was opposed by the economists in the Cabinet he should have straightway resigned. Either alternative would have saved his reputation; his remaining in office brought him into discredit throughout Europe.

Crete can be dealt with in fewer words. In 1909, against the advice of the other protecting Powers, Sir Edward Grey insisted that the army of occupation should be taken away from Crete. Sir Edward, who makes up his mind with such difficulty that he can never unmake it when confronted with fresh evidence, surveyed Crete, to use Mr. Massingham's famous expression, from a watch-tower, and insisted on having his own way, despite the contrary opinions of men who actually knew what they were talking about. The result was a Cretan agitation which kept all Europe in suspense for six months, brought Greece and Turkey to the verge of war on four separate occasions, spread uneasiness throughout the Balkan Peninsula, and caused a feeling of coolness between Turkey and this country. Not a bad record from a single blunder! And remember that the Cretan and Greek Assemblies will shortly meet, when the effects of this blunder may be felt still further.

Again, Sir Edward Grey must accept the ultimate responsibility for Sir Eldon Gorst's weakness and maladministration in Egypt. I have said harsh things about Sir Eldon Gorst in this column, and he deserved them; but, to be quite just, the blame should be shared by Sir Edward Grey. For the evils of our more recent Egyptian administration were apparent to insiders long before I began to write about them in The New Age. They were certainly known to Sir E. Grey, and he should either have advised the British Agent to adopt different methods or called for his resignation. But, indeed, our Foreign Minister no doubt deserves a certain amount of commiseration for his blunders, for he has, I believe, been out of England only once in his life, and then only for a short trip to Boulogne. And criticism may only have the same effect on him as certain Lenten annoyances on the carnivals mentioned in Byron's "Beppo"—it may be merely a thing which causes many "poohs" and "pieshes," and several oaths.

AUGUST 9, 1910.

Come, coward hearts! Come, hearts of ice! Let justice prosper how it may! Justice can wait another day! Haste to our gallow's sacrifice.

E. H. Visiak.
A Free Advertisement.

[For the following analyses of "patent medicines" we are indebted to a book recently published by the British Medical Association under the title, "Secret Remedies: What They Cost and What They Contain."]

KEENE'S "ONE NIGHT" COLD CURE. Price 1/6 per bottle. Ingredients: Cinchonine sulphate, acetic acid, calcium carbonate, starch, extractive and exipient. Estimated cost of 32s. 4d.

DAIY POWDERS. Price 7½d. for 10 powders. Consists of acetic acid alone. Estimated cost 4d.


CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE. STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS.

MUNYON'S BLOOD CURE. ANTEXEMA.

ANTIPON.

WARNER'S MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP.

MUNYON'S BLOOD CURE. Price 1/- per bottle of 200 pellets. Ingredients: Sugar. Estimated cost 2d.


DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Price 2/6 per box of 40 "kidney pills." Ingredients: Oil of juniper, hemlock pilot, potassium nitrate, powdered fenugreek, wheat flour, maize starch. Cost 2½d.

WARNER'S "SAFE" CURE. Price 2/6 per 24 powders. Ingredients: Combination of salicylic acid in water, red colouring matter and a little alcohol. Cost about 1½d.

MUNYON'S KIDNEY CURE. Price 1/- per bottle of 152 pilules. Ingredients: Ordinary white sugar. Estimated cost 2½d.

ANTIPON. Price 3/6 per bottle. A solution of citric acid in water, red colouring matter and a little alcohol. Cost about 3½d.

ANTEXEMA. Price 1½d per bottle. Ingredients: Soft paraffin, boric acid, gummy matter. Cost about 3½d.

CUTICURA OINTMENT. Price 2½d per box. Ingredients: Hard and soft paraffins, rose-perfume, green colouring matter. Estimated cost 3d.

ZAM-BUK. Price 1½d. Ingredients: Hard and soft paraffins, oil of eucalyptus, pale resin, green colouring matter. Estimated cost 3½d.

CAPSULOIDS. Price 2/3 for 36. Ingredients: Haemoglobin, olive oil, oleic acid, balsam of Peru, paraffin, starch. Estimated cost 1½d.

STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS. Price 1/3, 2/9, 4/6. Ingredients: Calomel, sugar of milk. Estimated cost of 4½d box is 3d.

STEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS. Price 2/9 per 24 powders. Ingredients: Calomel, sugar, maize starch, ash. Estimated cost 1½d.


PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. Price 2/9 per 30 pills. Ingredients: Exsiccated sulphate of iron, potassium carbonate (anhydrous), magnesia, powdered liquorice, sugar. Estimated cost 4½d.


MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP. Price 2½d per bottle. Analysis: Dillute hydrochloric acid, tincture of capsicum, aloes, treacle. Cost 3d.

How the Rich Rule Us.

By Cecil Chesterton.

IV.—The Impotence of Parliament.

I have already said that the ideal representative is a man who expresses the views of his constituents. So the ideal House of Commons is an assembly of such men. Just as the constituency of Warren Hastings, though his own Solicitor-General voted against it and his own Lord Chancellor was Hastings' most strenuous champion, So light was the tie which bound even members of the Ministry together in those days. The members of the House voted as they liked. Doubtless they were sometimes bribed by money of by places. Money payment has largely because it is now seldom necessary. The giving of places to salve restive members of the party is still practised, especially in the case of lawyers. The complaints of Wales at the neglect of Welsh Disestablishment have been largely silenced by this method.

But none consonant with the facts can doubt that during the greater part of the nineteenth century Parliament was much freer than it is at present. For one thing the House was to a much greater extent at the disposal of the members. A private mem-

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But none consonant with the facts can doubt that during the greater part of the nineteenth century Parliament was much freer than it is at present. For one thing the House was to a much greater extent at the disposal of the members. A private mem-
ber could with comparative ease raise any question in which he was interested. A Private Member's Bill, if it were approved by the House, could be passed into law without the assistance of the Government. Thus the Ten Hours Bill of Lord Ashley divided both front benches as Women's Suffrage does now, but in spite of fierce opposition it became law. Compare its fate with that which for years attended the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill and the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, always passing their second reading by large majorities yet never getting a step further. Compare it with the present petition of the Suffrage Bill—to which personally I strongly object, but which serves well to illustrate my point. At present it may safely be said that no measure which meets with any opposition at all has the smallest chance of passing into law unless the Ministry takes it up. That means that so far as legislation is concerned the House of Commons has ceased to count. We are governed not by bills passed through Parliament, but by edicts issued from Downing Street.

There is no doubt that this change is due in part to the obstructive tactics of the Irish in their early 'eighties. If Parnell did not succeed in establishing self-government in Ireland, he did certainly succeed in destroying the last remnants of self-government in England. But the front benches, in Napoleonic fashion, turned what might have been a temporary disaster into a permanent tyranny. To them, as Mr. Belloc says of the Law of Prairial and its acceptance by the Committee of Public Safety, the new Standing Orders were "what a gift of money is to a man already wealthy and avaricious and deep in speculations." Under cover of them they have taken all the time of the House. They refuse to private members the opportunity of debating any public question which may happen to be inconvenient to the Ministry. They force through their Ministerial measure by a liberal use of gag and guillotine. They kill every non-Ministerial measure by withholding facilities. The control of supply, once regarded as the supreme and all-important prerogative of the Commons, has under their rule become the sorriest of pretences.

Nor is the House of Commons now much more efficient for purposes of criticism. Not only are the opportunities of raising debates on any but the authorised subjects becoming every year less frequent, not only does the absurd system of "blocking motions" render it possible for any subservient follower of the Ministry to burke discussion on any inconvenient topic, but there is an increasing tendency to exclude many of vital interest from the purview of Parliament. This tendency has been particularly marked since 1906. We have had debate on foreign complications depreciated on the ground that it embarrasses our diplomacy. We have had debate on Indian and other Colonial affairs depreciated on the ground that it encourages disaffection. Mr. Birrell declared that it would not be in the public interest to discuss the action of the Government in sending soldiers to Belfast to assist the employers against the strikers. The police confiscated "Justice" in Trafalgar Square. No reason was given; no prosecution was instituted; no debate in Parliament was permitted.

A year or two ago a Radical member wished to raise the very serious question of the sale of peerages, which I discussed in my last article. He was told by the Speaker that the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown in this particular could not be discussed in Parliament. This ruling obviously strikes at the very root of Parliamentary government. It is an axiom of the Constitution that the King can do no wrong, and that for any wrong done in the name of the Crown the advisers of the Crown are responsible. If there is any exception to the rule that if there is a wrong, the Ministers cannot be called in question, then it is obvious that we are living under irresponsible tyranny. As things stand it appears that King George might if he chose put up peerages and baronetcies to public auction for his own personal profit, and there would be no legal way of protesting against such a proceeding.

Another striking example of this anomaly has occurred recently. A member of Parliament compared a certain judge to the notorious Judge Jeffreys; the Speaker rebuked him on the ground that the House had no right to criticise the action of judges. This decision would surely have made any Parliamentarian of the past stare, for it involves among other things that the House itself could not criticise the action of Jeffreys himself, though he were at this moment holding his Blood; Assizes in Somersetshire. But we need not go back as far as Jeffreys to see how much the sphere of Parliamentary criticism has narrowed. Macaulay, in his Life of Chatham, makes well to illustrate a point.

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THE NEW AGE

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the rule which compels a member of Parliament who accepts any office under the Crown to go back to his constituents and offer himself for re-election is meaningless and useless and ought to be abrogated. If the form has lost its meaning, it is solely because Parliament itself has lost its meaning. A meaning the form once had and a very necessary one. The assumption that the ordinary function of a member of Parliament was to check and criticise the Government. If he joined the Government his position was necessarily changed, and it was proper that those who elected him should be consulted as to their view of that change. True, if a member is elected to “support the Government,” there seems little reason why he should not accept a place from the Government. But, if he is elected, as our rude and ignorant forefathers supposed he was, to serve his constituents, it is clearly right that the consent of his constituents should be necessary to his acceptance of any other service.

Hence it is, then, that all the Reform Bills of the nineteenth century have done so little for democracy. The composition of the House of Commons has in fact become apparently more democratic. But as its basis has been widening, its power has been steadily diminishing. Authority has passed from the Parliament to that small coterie of politicians from which Cabinets are recruited.

In my next article I shall have something to say of these men who direct with authority all but despotism the conscript or mercenary legions of the two political parties.

The Irrelevancy of Pimples.

By W. R. Titterton.

At a political meeting which I attended the other night, a retrograde person, engaged in defending our present industrial system (whatever that may be), contended that the death of an odd individual or two from starvation was not remarkable, to be instantly met by the lampreys. Kings are beheaded, not for their crimes, but because they cease to fulfil their functions. The crime of the monks was that they were lazy.

Had the monasteries continued to be useful, not all the thunder of Luther and Wycliffe, nor a round dozen of dissolute friars per monastery to boot would have sufficed to destroy them.

FRAU FISCHER was the fortunate possessor of a candle-making, to be offered up as tokens of thanks.

Cologne, toothpicks, and a certain woollen muffler very neatly covered in black tarpaulin and a hand bag. The pensioner had at the Pension Müller. I was sitting in the arbour and a sunflower between his teeth. The widow and her bearded porter with her dress-basket in his arms and a very necessary one. The assumption that the death of an odd individual or two from starvation was not remarkable, to be instantly met by the lampreys. Kings are beheaded, not for their crimes, but because they cease to fulfil their functions. The crime of the monks was that they were lazy.

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Pension Sketches.

By Katherine Mansfield.

III.—Frau Fischer.

FRAU FISCHER was the fortunate possessor of a candle factory somewhere on the banks of the Eger. And once a year she ceased from her labours to make a “cure” in Dorschausen, arriving with a dress-basket neatly covered in black tarpaulin and a hand bag. The latter containing amongst her handkerchiefs, eau de Cologne, toothpicks, and certain woollen muffler very comforting to the “tummy,” samples of her skill in candle-making, to be offered up as tokens of thanksgiving when her holiday time was over.

Four of the loveliest July afternoons she appeared at the Pension Müller. I was sitting in the harbour and watched her bustling up the path followed by the red-bearded porter with her dress-basket in his arms and a sunflower between his teeth. The widow and her
five innocent daughters stood tastefully grouped upon the steps in appropriate attitudes of welcome; and the greetings were so long and loud that I felt a sympathetic glow.

"What a journey!" cried the Frau Fischer. "And nothing to eat in the train—nothing solid. I assure you the sides of my stomach are flapping together. But I am used to my appetite, I have brought a cup of coffee in my room. Bertha," turning to the youngest of the five, "how changed! What a bust! Frau Hartmann, I congratulate you."

On in again the widow seized Frau Fischer's hands. 

"Kathi, too, a splendid woman; but a little pale. Perhaps the young man from Nürnberg is here again this year. How you keep them all I don't know. Each year for the first couple of months you are convincing me to find you with an empty nest. It's surprising."

Frau Hartmann in an ashamed, apologetic voice:

"We are such a happy family since my dear man died."

"But these marriages— one must have courage; and after all, give them time, they all make the happy family bigger—thank God for that."

"But only German waiters," she cried, "now you see your dependence on Germany. Not even an efficient waiter can you have by yourselves."

"But I want them to look over your head."

"And that proves that you must be ashamed of your bodice."

I looked out over the garden full of wallflowers and standard rose-trees growing stiffly like German bouquets, feeling I did not care one way or the other. I rather wanted to ask her if the young friend had gone to England in the capacity of waiter to attend the funeral baked meats, but decided it was not worth it. The weather was too hot to be malicious, and who could be uncharitable, victimised by the flapping sensations which Frau Fischer was enduring until sixty-three? As a gift from heaven for my forbearance I lowered the door towards us the Herr Rat, angelically clad in a white silk suit. He and Frau Fischer were old friends. She drew the folds of her dressing gown together, and made room for him on the little green bench.

"How cool you are looking," she said. "And if I may make the remark—what a beautiful suit!"

"Surely I wore it last summer when you were here? I brought the silk from China—smuggled it through the Russian customs by swathing it round my body. And such a quantity: two dress lengths for my sister-in-law, three suits for myself, a cloak for the housekeeper of my flat in Munich. How I perspired! Every inch of it had to be washed after wards."

"Surely you have had more adventures than any man in Germany. When I think of the time that you spent in Turkey with a drunken guide who was bitten by a mad dog and fell over a precipice in a field of standard roses, I lament that you have not written a book."

"Time—time. I am getting a few notes together. And now that you are here we shall renew our quiet little after-supper talks. How could one play Delilah to so shorn a Samson?"

"Herr Hoffmann from Berlin arrived yesterday," said the Herr Rat.

"That young man I refuse to converse with. He told me last year that he had stayed in France in an hotel where they did not have serviettes; what a place it must have been! In Austria even the cabmen have serviettes. Also I have heard that he discussed 'till love' with Bertha as she was sweeping his room. I am not accustomed to such company. I had suspected him for a long time."

"Young blood," answered the Herr Rat, genially.

"I have had all sorts of disagreements with him— you have heard them— is it not so?" turning to me.

"A great many," I said, smiling.

"Doubtless you, too, consider me behind the times. I make no secret of my age: I am sixty-nine; but you must have surely observed how impossible it was for him to speak at all when I raised my voice."

I replied with the utmost conviction, and, catching the Frau Fischer's eye, suddenly realised I had better go back to the house and write some letters.

It was dark and cool in my room. A chestnut tree
pushed green boughs against the window. I looked down at the horsehair sofa so openly flouting the idea of curling up as immoral, pulled the red pillow on to the floor and lay down. And barely had I got comfortable when the door opened and Frau Fischer entered.

"Have the Herr Rat a bathing appointment," she said, shutting the door after her. "May I come in? Pray do not move. You look like a little Persian kitten. Now, tell me something really interesting about your life. When I meet new people I squeeze their dry like a sponge. To begin with—you are married?"

I admitted the fact.

"Then, dear child, where is your husband?"

I said, he was a sea-captain on a long and perilous voyage.

"What a position to leave you in—so young and so unprotected!"

She sat down on the sofa and shook her finger at me playfully.

"Admit, now, that you keep your journeys secret from him. For what man would think of allowing a woman with such a wealth of hair to go wandering in foreign countries? Now, supposing that you lost your purse at midnight in a snowbound train in North Russia?"

I sat up stiffly.

"But I haven’t the slightest intention—" I began.

"I don’t say that you have. But when you said good-bye to your dear man I am quite positive that you had not for a moment the slightest intention of coming back. My dear, I am a woman of experience, and I know the world. While he is away you have a fever in your blood. Your sad heart flies for comfort to these foreign lands. At home you cannot bear the sight of that empty bed—it is like widowhood. Since the death of my dear husband I have never known an hour’s peace."

"I like empty beds," I protested sleepily, thumping the pillow.

"But consider child-bearing the most ignominious of all professions," I said.

For a moment there was silence, then Frau Fischer turned and caught my hand.

"So young and yet to suffer so cruelly," she murmured. "There is something about that which a woman so terribly as to be left alone without a man. Especially if she is married, for then it is impossible for her to accept the attentions of others—unless she is unfortunately a widow. Of course, I know that sea-captains are subject to terrible temptations, and they are as in-flammable as tenor singers—that is why you must present a bright and energetic appearance, and try and make him proud of you when his ship reaches port."

This husband that I had created for the benefit of Frau Fischer became in her hands so substantial a figure that I could no longer see myself sitting on a rock with sea-weed in my hair, awaiting that phantom ship for which all woman love to surround them. Rather, I saw myself pushing a perambulator up a gangway, and counting up the missing buttons on my husband’s uniform jacket.

"Handfuls of babies, that is what you are really in need of," mused Frau Fischer. "Then, as the father of a family he cannot leave you. Think of his delight and excitement when he saw you!"

The plan seemed to me something of a risk. To suddenly appear with handfuls of strange babies is not generally calculated to raise enthusiasm in the heart of the average British husband. I decided to wreck the virgin conception and send him down somewhere off Cape Horn."

Then the door-gong sounded.

"Come up to my room afterwards," said Frau Fischer. "There is still much that I must ask you."

She squeezed my hand, but I did not squeeze back.
before me a man of the same flesh and bone as all the rest!

Popped up in a cushioned arm-chair was a dotard with a shining bald cranium, with thin eye-brows surmounting beady lack-lustre eyes; his form was dry and wiry and belonged to the frosty side of senility, and his hands, reposon on a stomach of normal dimensions, were wrinkleless. His flaccid nether-lip revealed a set of gold teeth solidly encased in his jaw-bones, whilst his thin pale upper lip moved but imperceptibly when he spoke. His faded clean-shaven visage had the sleekness and placidity of a babe's, and was of a somewhat greenish hue. It was not at all easy to say whether it was a human being newly invested with life, or that his span of life was spent and he was already approaching the end.

On the whole his appearance reminded one forcibly of an aged lackey who, reared since boyhood in the service of some aristocratic family, had thus unconsciously adopted the mannerisms of his snobbish surroundings.

The furniture of the room in which I received me had nothing excessively luxurious or beautiful about it. Its only distinguishing features were its massiveness and ponderousness.

"Are you the Milliardaire?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered, shaking his head with conviction.

I could hardly believe my own eyes. I decided to put him to the test at once.

"How much do you eat for breakfast?" I asked.

"None at all," he answered; "an egg, a small cup of tea, a fourth of an orange. That's all I have in the morning."

His childishly innocent eyes shone dimly like two trembling specks of water. I could not detect in them the slightest glimmering of falsehood. I was non-plussed.

"But speaking seriously, how many meals do you take a day?"

"Two. Breakfast and dinner. At dinner I take soup, chicken, pastry, fruit, coffee, a cigar... ."

My astonishment grew by leaps and bounds. I could not but believe his statement, for the expression he regarded me with was that of an aged lackey who, reared since boyhood in the service of some aristocratic family, had thus unconsciously adopted the mannerisms of his snobbish surroundings.

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He shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, his eyes circling nervously in their orbits.

"I make it make more!"

"Why?"

"To make that still more!"

"Why? I insisted.

He bent towards me, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, and asked me in a tone tinged with curiosity:

"Are you mad?"

"And you?" I retorted—"question for question!"

He leaned back on the soft down of the chair for a minute's contemplation, then murmured between his gold teeth:

"What a funny fellow, to be sure! The first of the kind I've met for a long time."

Judging by the serenity of his features, he doubtless must have considered me quite harmless.

"What kind of business are you engaged in? Do you manufacture anything?"

"Yes--money!" he answered briefly, with another shrug of the shoulders.

"Counterfeit?" I rejoined tentatively. It seemed to me that I was on the point of unearthing the great mystery. But instead of answering me the Milliardaire winked at me. The body of a cherie languishing without the whole of his frame rocking as if an invisible hand had flicked him under the arm-pits.

"Ho! Ho! Not quite that! Not quite that!" he said, casting himself, and throwing me a kindly glance:

"Well I never! Ask me something else!" he said sarcastically, and at the same time puffing out his cheeks for some mysterious reason.

"Yes, but how do you make your money?"

"The process is simple—very simple! You see, I am the owner of several railways, as well as many thousands of miles of land. I employ a few million farmers to cultivate these lands, the produce of which is distributed by my railways to the different markets in various parts of the globe. Now, I have an infallible calculation of my own as to the minimum amount of costs to the American farmer in good working order. That amount he receives. The rest, quite naturally, is absorbed in the costs of the transport and the rent. It's very simple... .

"And the farmers—are they satisfied with this arrangement?"

"Not at all, I think," he answered with infantile naivete.

"There are people, you know, whom nothing can satisfy: there are always a few rebels ready to claim."

"Does not the Government interfere with you in any way?"

"The Government?" he repeated, tapping his forehead as if trying to recall at what particular period of his life he last heard the mention of that word. "Ah! you mean the one at Washington? Oh, yes! I had the pleasure of dining with It the other day! No, no, they do not interfere in the least-degree—they are quite jolly decent fellows. Are you a member of the Government? No; you are not a member of my Club; but we meet so rarely that they almost grow out of one's recollection. No, truly; they do not affect me in the least!" he repeated. Then in a voice instinct with curiosity he demanded: "Are there, then, Governments who prevent the legitimate production of wealth?"

The wisdom of my interlocutor compared to my own simplicity disconcerted me in the extreme.

"No," I answered in a low voice. "It's not that I meant to ask... . I am of the opinion that the Government ought to prevent the kind of exploitation bordering perilously on robbery... .

"Ho!" he replied, "that's Idealism! In real life we do nothing so foolish. The Government has no right to interfere in the people's private affairs!"

My humility increased before the serene wisdom of the child. "But the ruin of the Multitude for the benefit of the Few—is that a private affair?"

"Ruin?"—he opened wide his eyes—"that can only come about when labour is dear, that is to say at a time of strike. But, thank God, we can always fall back on the Emigrants in an emergency of that kind. They are always quite eager to work at a lower wage, and fill up the places vacated by the strikers. As soon as we get a sufficient number of aliens ready to work cheaply, and at the same time consume the goods we produce, things will take a turn for the better. One can only comprehend the panorama of life clearly when one is on the summit of a mountain of gold... .!"

I passed on quickly to another subject.

"What think you of Religion?"

"He slapped his knee vigorously, and knitted his eyebrows. It was clear that the whole of his inner being had undergone an entire change at the mere mention of the word.

"I think a good deal of it. It is my firm and sincere conviction that the masses could not possibly exist without it. Why, I preach sermons myself on Sundays! What? Yes, in Church!"

"On what subjects do you preach, then?"

"Oh, that's a subject a true Christian is concerned about," he replied, vehemently. "Of course, I only preach to the poor! They have always need of a good word and some fatherly advice. I say to them... ."

"He pursed his lips demurely, and his face assumed a sanctimonious air. His eyes were raised divinely towards the frescoed ceiling where the nude figure of a Goddess, displaying a pair of voluptuous contours, was painted in ultra-living colours. His lustreless eyes rested for a while on the brilliant fresco causing them to sparkle unwontedly. He began in a subdued tone:"

"Brethren in Christ! Yield not to the seductions of the cunning Devil. He is a master of Emptiness. He painted on your souls from the dross of this earthly life. O, my brethren, life is short, and man can only toil to the age of forty. After that he is no longer of use to his Masters. O, my dear friends, life is so uncertain! A
false movement of the machine whilst you are at work, and you are ground to pulp; a hitch, and you are maimed for life! Everywhere you are beset with obstacles. Brethren do not allow the bliss of your earthly life to endear itself too deeply to your hearts, for it is the Creation of the Devil, the Stealer of Souls! Your Kingdom is not of this World, O, my brethren, the Kings and the Kingdom of your Father is in theHeavens above. If you achieve the span of your earthly life without plaint or murmur, in patience and in peace, God will gather you in His arms to His celestial habitation, and will reward you for your work on earth with happiness eternal! This life—O, ye believers in the splendour of His works!—is only a Purgatory in which your souls must be cleansed. The more you suffer here below the quicker will you enter the Kingdom of our Eternal Father, as the Apostle Jude himself said..."!

He raised his hand towards the ceiling, reflected an instant, and continued in the same dreamy monotone:

"Yea, dear brethren, this life is empty and void. To live the true life, to love our neighbours as ourselves, we must guard against delivering our hearts as a prey to the Demon of Envy. What shall it serve you, O, my brethren, if you covet the chattels of this world? The dotard turned green, and ogled like a strayed infant, not knowing its way? Only by the love of Way and Resignation can you ascend to Heaven, by supporting in silence every thing that falls to your earthly lot. Love every human being; respect the work of the Devil as a means of distraction to which Truth, Liberty, Reason—all those luminous things which I hold dear—were subjected!

"What opinion have you of the Socialists?

"They are precisely those I referred to as the 'instruments of the devil,'" he replied quickly, striking his knee with the palm of his hand. "The Socialists are the gravel in the machine of life—the gravel which penetrates everywhere and prevents the proper functioning of the whole work. Under a proper form, the people could not possibly exist without it for one moment. Why he would be shunned by all decent human beings, and his name has been trodden upon throughout the States willing to accept him for his husband. Oh, yes! We are very severe on matters of this kind. Supposing we did recognise the legitimacy of Jesus—what would follow? Why, we should be compelled to act similarly with the rest of the illegitimates, be they negro or white. You see what a pretty pickle we should be in? Friggha!!"

The eyes of the dotard turned green, and ogled like those of an owl. His lips were drawn tightly, and the grimace on his features gave him an expression of utter hideousness, though he himself thought that the grimace lent him a magisterial air.

"I suppose you could not possibly treat the negroes like human beings?"

"In the name of God, I could see the dotard was no King—he had respect for the law. "The Socialists are the gravel in the machine of life—which prints and prevents the proper functioning of the whole work. Under a proper form, the people could not possibly exist without it for one moment. Why he would be shunned by all decent human beings, and his name has been trodden upon throughout the States willing to accept him for his husband. Oh, yes! We are very severe on matters of this kind. Supposing we did recognise the legitimacy of Jesus—what would follow? Why, we should be compelled to act similarly with the rest of the illegitimates, be they negro or white. You see what a pretty pickle we should be in? Friggha!!"

The old man inspired me with the respect that one feels when one is in the presence of a true King. "The Socialists are the gravel in the machine of life—which prints and prevents the proper functioning of the whole work. Under a proper form, the people could not possibly exist without it for one moment. Why he would be shunned by all decent human beings, and his name has been trodden upon throughout the States willing to accept him for his husband. Oh, yes! We are very severe on matters of this kind. Supposing we did recognise the legitimacy of Jesus—what would follow? Why, we should be compelled to act similarly with the rest of the illegitimates, be they negro or white. You see what a pretty pickle we should be in? Friggha!!"

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body was covered under a faded skin; yet notwithstanding this, this small heap of antiquated debris was still animated with that insatiable gold-hunger—Originator of Life and Corruption! His eyes shone like two brand-new gold pieces, and his limbs seemed to grow stronger and drier. Hitherto, his face had the advantage of the expression of a slave, but now I saw full well that he was a Master.

“What think you of Art?”

He threw me a swift glance of the eye and passed his hand across his face as if to brush away the cruel adulation of a country he sullied by his existence. His eyes, like a dried nut in its shell, he was convinced of the justness of his words. Reposing in his armshair, like a dried nut in its shell, he was convinced of the fact that it was time to bring our interview to a close. It is not given to everyone to remain calm with one's feet on the ground all the while . . .

“I beg pardon?”

“What think you of Art?”

“Of Art? I beg repeated, tranquilly: "I do not think of it—I buy it.”

“That I understand. But perhaps you have an opinion of some kind—are you a devotee of any particular genre?”

“Ah! Certainly I am! The one thing I insist upon is that Art should be amusing. I must be made to laugh in one form or another; and my own affairs are no joke. A quip, a pun, or some other pleasantry occasionally injected in the brain acts as a sedative. Not that Art should be amusing. I must be made to laugh best and most living colours. They ought to be sufficient to excite the feelings of the body with equal success! A beautifully frescoed ceiling, or an artistically embellished armchair, is most entertaining. Then, again, our advertisement hoardings ought to be painted in the best and most living colours. They ought to be sufficiently attractive to catch one's eye from afar and drag one to the shop indicated, willingly or unwillingly. However, I would rather have the statues and vases in bronze than in marble or porcelain—there is less chance of the justness of his words. Thinking I detected a shade of irony in his tone I repeated my question, "Who is your favourite poet?"

"Yes," he continued, examining his carefully pared fingernails, "they are both excellent books in their way. One was written by the prophets, the other by myself. The only remaining difference is that mine contains few words but many figures. There you have before you an example of what man can achieve if he will only work honestly and zealously!" and with a majestic sweep of the hand he pointed to the ponderous solidities surrounding him.

I felt that it was time to bring our interview to a close. It is not given to everyone to remain calm with one's feet on the ground all the while . . .

"Perhaps you can tell me something about Science?" I asked quietly.

"Science?" he threw his arms up languidly, lowered them again, took out his watch, glanced at the time, and placed it back again. Then he twined his watch-chain round his fingers, and balanced himself on the tips of his toes. Finally he sighed, and said: "Scientific books are only of use so long as they engross America and its people. But, unfortunately, they are written by poets, and poets are notorious liars. I think it's because they earn so little money. . . People cannot be expected to read books in a country where everyone is occupied with his own affairs. Yes, the poets are furious because no one buys their books. . ."

"You assign, then, very narrow limits to Science?"

He lowered his eyelids reflectively, then, raising them again continued with assurance:

"Yes, the Professors, the Philosophers, they, too, belong to Science. I know! The Masters, the Sages, the Dentists, the Lawyers, the Doctors, the Policemen, the Engineers—all these, I grant, are indispensable. Good Science does no harm. But my daughter's Instructor told me the other day that there was such a thing as Social Science in existence. I cannot remember its name, nor would I care to give it a moment's attention; but I am absolutely convinced that it is a pack of lies from beginning to end. It is absolutely impossible for a mind tainted with Socialism to think honestly. The Socialists have no right to occupy themselves with Science. . . If one must have a Science, I prefer the Science of Edison; it is much more useful, and vastly more amusing. I can understand people risking their time to the Cinematograph and the Gramaphone, but why should people rush to buy scientific books to fill their minds with all manner of doubts surpasses my comprehension. All is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. It is useless dragging us into books where business matters are concerned. . ."

I rose.

"Ah, already?"
"Yes! Now that I am going will you explain to me what it is to be a Milliardaire?"

Instead of answering he began balancing himself on the tips of his toes, and his whole frame again shook with suppressed laughter. Was it, I wonder, his latent sense of the ludicrous bubbling forth? "It is a habit!" he called, calling himself.

"Of what are you speaking?"

"Of being a Milliardaire—it is a habit!"

I reflected an instant and then put to him my last question. "Do you think that the Vagabonds, the Opium-eaters, and the Milliardaires—with apologies to the two first named—are manifestations of the same order?"

He was visibly offended by the supposition. "I think you are very badly educated!"

"Au revoir!" I replied.

Having accompanied me to the door of the house he walked down to the centre of the carriage-drive, where he again gave himself up to an attentive examination of the points of his boots. Before the house was a stretch of greensward with the turf carefully trimmed. As I crossed it going towards the gate, I inwardly rejoiced at the thought that when those iron portals would close behind me I should perhaps feel a sense that I would never see the face of that dotard again.

"Hallo!" the voice came from behind me. I turned back. He was still standing in the centre of the path regarding me.

"Do you know any Kings de trop in Europe?" he asked.

"In my opinion they are all de trop."

He spat out to the right and said: "It has always been a cherished ambition of mine to hire a pair of good Kings!"

"What for?"

"I would make them box each other! Yes, here, in this ground, between one and half-past, daily. One can surely devote half an hour to Art after lunch! That would be awfully!... !"

He spoke seriously, and one could see that he was ready to make all efforts to realise his ambition. "But why must you have Kings?"

"Because they are so rare in this country, of course," he explained briefly.

"Kings fight only for their own amusement, not for other people," I replied, turning to go.

"Hallo!" he called out anew. I stopped again. He was still in the same place, his hands planted firmly in his pockets. There was something of the dreamer about his physiognomy.

"Do you want?"

He bit his lip and replied, ruminatingly: "Two Kings to box each other half an hour per day during three months—how much do you think that would cost? Eh?"

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)
By Jacob Tonson.

A CORRESPONDENT writes angrily to me because I have not written angrily about the list of authors recently put forward as Academicians of the new British Academy of Letters. The fact is that the entire scheme of the British Academy of Letters had a near shave of escaping my attention altogether. I only heard of it by accident, being away on a holiday in a land where they have had enough of academies. But for the miracle of a newspaper found on a fishing boat I might not even have known what on earth my correspondent was raving about. In literary circles such a scheme as the new British Academy of Letters has not been extensively advertised. In the main I agree with my correspondent's criticisms of the list. But I must say that his ire shows a certain naïveté. None but a young and trustful man could have expected the list to be otherwise than profoundly and utterly groveteous. A list of creative artists that did not suffer acutely from this defect could only be compiled by creative artists themselves. Not all, and not nearly all, creative artists would be qualified to sit on the compiling committee, but nobody who was not a creative artist would be qualified. The rest of the world has no sure ground of judgment, for the true critical faculty is inseparable from the creative. The least critical word of the most prejudiced and ignorant creative artist is more valuable that whole volumes writ by dilettanti of measurably refined and erudition. I am not aware of the identity of the persons who sat down together and compiled the pleasing preliminary list of twenty-seven academicians, but I am perfectly certain that the predominating "were not original artists. The artist, at the present stage of social evolution, would as soon think of worrying himself about the formation of an academy, as of putting up for the St. Pancras Borough Council. He has something else to do. He fears the deadly contacts with those prim, restless, and tedious dilettanti. And of course he knows that academics are the enemies of originality and progress.

That list was undoubtedly sketched out by a coterie of dilettanti. London swarms with the dilettanti of letters. They do not belong to the criminal classes, or to their good society, or to their culture, their judiciousness, and their infernal cheek amounts perhaps no worse than arson or assault. Their attitude towards the creative artist is always one of large, tolerant pity. They honestly think that if only the artist knew his business as they know theirs, they would do it better. They  cannot believe this, the public cannot believe it; he was not so confoundedly ignorant and violent—how different he would be, how much nicer and better, how much more effec-tive. They are eternally ready to show an artist where he is wrong and what he ought to do in order to obtain their laudations unreserved. In a personal encounter, they will invariably ride over him like a regiment of polite cavalry, because they are accustomed to personal encounters. They shine at tea, dinner, and after dinner. They talk more easily than he does, and write more easily too. They can express themselves more readily. And they know such a deuce of a lot. And they can balance pros and cons with astonishing virtuosity. The Press is their washpot. And they are influential in other places. They can get pensions for their favourites. They know the latest methods of pulling an artichoke to pieces. They will say to you as you sit round the table at dinner, "Don't you think that the Vagabonds, the Opium-eaters, and the Milliardaires—are manifestations of the same order?"

Instead of answering he began balancing himself on the tips of his toes, and his whole frame again shook with suppressed laughter. Was it, I wonder, his latent sense of the ludicrous bubbling forth? "It is a habit!" he called, calling himself. "Of what are you speaking?"

"Of being a Milliardaire—it is a habit!"

I reflected an instant and then put to him my last question. "Do you think that the Vagabonds, the Opium-eaters, and the Milliardaires—with apologies to the two first named—are manifestations of the same order?"

He was visibly offended by the supposition. "I think you are very badly educated!"

"Au revoir!" I replied.

Having accompanied me to the door of the house he walked down to the centre of the carriage-drive, where he again gave himself up to an attentive examination of the points of his boots. Before the house was a stretch of greensward with the turf carefully trimmed. As I crossed it going towards the gate, I inwardly rejoiced at the thought that when those iron portals would close behind me I should perhaps feel a sense that I would never see the face of that dotard again.

"Hallo!" the voice came from behind me. I turned back. He was still standing in the centre of the path regarding me. "Do you know any Kings de trop in Europe?" he asked. "In my opinion they are all de trop."

He spat out to the right and said: "It has always been a cherished ambition of mine to hire a pair of good Kings!"

"What for?"

"I would make them box each other! Yes, here, in this ground, between one and half-past, daily. One can surely devote half an hour to Art after lunch! That would be awfully!... !"

He spoke seriously, and one could see that he was ready to make all efforts to realise his ambition. "But why must you have Kings?"

"Because they are so rare in this country, of course," he explained briefly.

"Kings fight only for their own amusement, not for other people," I replied, turning to go. "Hallo!" he called out anew. I stopped again. He was still in the same place, his hands planted firmly in his pockets. There was something of the dreamer about his physiognomy. "Do you want?"

He bit his lip and replied, ruminatingly: "Two Kings to box each other half an hour per day during three months—how much do you think that would cost? Eh?"

As for us, we are their hobby. And since unoriginality is their most striking characteristic, some of us are occasionally pretty nearly hobbyed to extinction by them. In every generation they select some artist, usually for reasons quite unconnected with art, and put him exceedingly high up in a niche by himself. And when you name his name you must hush your voice, and discussion ends. Thus in the present generation in letters they have selected Joseph Conrad, the great artist, who is not the only artist on the island. When Conrad is mentioned they say, "Ah, Conrad!" and bow the head. And in the list, compiled presumably to represent what is finest in English literature at an epoch when the novel is admittedly paramount, there are an off a dozen renowned and forgiven but novelists. There is only one practising novelist, and he is not an Englishman. I said a moment ago that the most striking characteristic of the dilettanti is unoriginality. But possibly a serene unhumorously runs it close.
Some Living Poets.

By Darell Figgis.

II.—Mr. Ezra Pound.

Poetry is a curious thing: that is to say a thing whose function essentially is to deal with those primal emotions whose adventitious appearance across the material interests of man is so startling and so full of wonder. It is the things man knows the most truly he sets the lesser value on; and, so full of paradox is his least performance, it is those things that he knows to be of slender consequence that he strives most earnestly after. But because his primal emotions are true to the poles of his being, and because he knows them to lurk like hounds round the obtruding corners of his self-interest, he will not own to them as his, seeming rather to use a cynicism for the purpose. He is ruthless, and his utterance is not attempt to disavow, and which he is at perfect confirmation when this is encountered.

This poets know; subconsciously or intelligently they feel it vital in them. Moreover, others besides poets know this, too. Therefore, if inspiration fail in them, that is, if they fail to achieve those primal emotions whose vitality is their strangeness, then they wear strangeness as a garment, thinking thus to present the appearance of life though the red blood be not there. Or, perhaps, it may be that this sentimentalism will seek to deck itself meretriciously in the fashion of a large emotion, thereby to win credence. The lesser the emotion the greater the effort at strangeness.

To say therefore that Mr. Pound’s poetry comes to us strange is not to want to advance us anyway further in the matter. The deeper question is: Is this strangeness meretricious or vital? Is it strange as truth is strange, or is it strange as deformity is strange? Futility must needs be ruled out of court in any reply to such a question. Painstaking thought must take her place. For however truth come she must be received with open heart whatever the cost.

Nevertheless, that Mr. Pound’s verse should flout the findings of a long and mighty line of poets in so essential a matter as rhythm must needs start a certain prejudice in disfavour. This only means that the greater burden of proof is his; and he was fortunate or wise in his choice of “Le Franc Doctor” for the opening of his first volume. The theme of madness, or that which we call madness, knowing what it is, is so peculiar and difficult of treatment that nearly all poets have used for its expression the least popular utterance rather close rhythms. And when this

Gaunt grave councillor,
Being in all things wise and very old,
Being, moreover, as is said, this poet’s is West of Ireland, “away,” wandering in forests with the spirit of a pool for a bride—when such a man should say—

Once when I was among the young men.
And they said I was quite strong, among the young men.
Once there was a woman...
...but I forget...she was...
...I hope she will not come again,
We feel that this is so startling because it is so finely true. It is quite worthy of note that Mr. Pound is achieving nothing very new in using close rhythms for the utterances of madness.

But when we turn the page it is with somewhat conflicting emotions that we come upon this:

Bah! I have sung of women in their cities,
But it is all the same;
And what I say is no lie.
To say that the words are fittingly dramatic, as indeed they are, on the lips of Cino is only to put the question. Fickleness one remove, for a poet chooses his character as he chooses his subjects. Moreover, if Cino had been a thoughtless and strange academician, you were to assume, for instance, that the poet could not so exactly ‘lock’ his verse to ‘sea’; which he does so satisfactorily.

But the common is no more than a sketch; and these words are unworthy of the noble uses and ends of poetry. Illumination shines out in their occasion, however, in a wholly fascinating way. For so eternal a theme of poetry is love that it would indeed demand a giant of vision and emotional stature (to say nothing of verbal expression, which is inevitably allied to artistic vision) for love to shine in literature at this time of day with all the wildness and beauty that it wears in life’s first experience. It is easier, therefore, to achieve strangeness by depicting revolt from love. Nevertheless, it is not revolt from love that is wild with all beauty, but first-love itself.

This poem is illuminative of another thing also. For readers of Mr. Pound’s poetry will have been haunted by suggestions of Browning—which, in truth, he does not attempt to disavow, and which he is at perfect liberty to have without appreciable loss of originality, as all men allow, save save the poetic critics pressed for ideas. Such hauntings have more than a swift confirmation when this is encountered:

Pollo Plowbee, old tin pan, you
Chief of Zeus’ agnate,
Shield o’ steel-blue, th’ heaven o’er us
Hath for boss thy lustre gay!

Browning, surely, or the deuce!
These two poems, "Le Fraisne" and "Cino," stand, as it were, for types of failure and achievement in Mr. Pound's work. For instance, when, as in "Glaucus," he has a theme cognate to that of "The Goodly Fere," the wild beauty of that world beyond worlds, in the natural magic of the sea and the woods, seems fitfully to struggle out through the irregularities of his medium. Yet even here the thought follows the reading eye with the certain suggestion that a more regular metre would have given more of the depth and concentrated passion that is native to the subject. So in his "Ballad of the Gibbet," where the theme is not now subtle but broad. It, like "Cino," though virile, too, is wide, and altogether convincing. As it stands it is strange indeed; but strange as an exotic is strange puzzling the wit and unloved of the heart.

In similar manner take his "Ballad for Gloom"! It is worthy of quotation, for its substance is stirring. But compare it with Henley's "Out of the Night that Covers Me"! The increased grandeur and strength of the latter is not that of a larger personality so much as that of a mightier manner, though the two themes are akin; and when it so happens that this mightier manner, this method, seems as though the newcomer is appealing for attention by virtue of novelty in lieu of strength. The incoherence of the "Ballad for Gloom," to continue the comparison, is like that of Francis Thompson's "Le Fraisne" though more on the steady iambic beat, though when he varies it, it is vital to the subject. Yet even here he introduces variation, he did not manipulate the beat, which is the cause of true mental excitement, but breaks it up, which is the cause of mental irritability.

The most noteworthy refutation of his cult of strangeness is that his noblesse oblige, the altogether fine and fascinating "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," is an ancient and worthy old ballad metre. It starts to finish it is a success, and is worthy to rank with the best. Here he has given us, not the chaos of idea, quartz and gold, as it exists in the mind of all artists, not now depending so much on the steady iambic beat, though when he varies this, as all the logical Augustans find it necessary to introduce variation, he did not manipulate the beat, which is the cause of true mental excitement, but breaks it up, which is the cause of mental irritability.

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An adequate cause is that of the "Le Fraisne" are limited. Therefore, as his work proceeds, and we come upon his second small volume, his inspiration flags, and his power in irregular metres (if metres his amorphous verses can be called) give out through this direct and notsyrethere find him, now depending more on the steady iambic beat, though when he varies this, as all save the logical Augustans find it necessary to introduce variation, he did not manipulate the beat, which is the cause of true mental excitement, but breaks it up, which is the cause of mental irritability.

Though it is cruel, contrast with the above examples the last line of the following:

"Day and night are never weary,
Nor yet is God of creating.

Aub and crepuscule are dawn and twilight no more and no less, and might therefore be fitly expressed so; the more so as evening and the twilight is infinitely finer than the somewhat unwieldy "aube and crepuscule." But for "accciprine" and "trifid" in Francis Thompson's usage nothing other could be used to express his ideas.

That Mr. Pound has found most of his inspiration in Provençal subjects is to say that his inspiration is largely bookish, to its detriment as live poetry. Even in their own day these were mainly troubadour exercises; even in their own day they were not high poetry: therefore it may be asked, why weary to translate them? His "Ballad for Gloom," is worth all his various canzoni in vital value. Moreover, not only are the subjects derivative, but less is their manner of treatment when pure translation is attempted. Whenever we strike on Mr. Pound, whether in objective or subjective value (as in "Le Fraisne" and "Ballad for Gloom"), it is always with relief and generally with instruction and enjoyment. Exercises are always welcome; experience, however stultified, is always vital.

But Mr. Pound is at his best in "The Ballad of the Goodly Jew," a poem to love, a poem whose flavour is rich in the mouth, as let the following stanzas exemplify:

"Ha! we lost the goodliest Fere of all
For the priest and the gallows tree?
Aye lover he was of brawny men,
O ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take our man
His smile was good to see,
First let these go! o' our Goodly Fere
Or I'll see ye damned," says he.
Aye he sent us out thro' the crossed high spears
And bade the white horses free.
"Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town?" says he.

A Son of God was the Goodly Fere
That bade us his brothers be.
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.
I have seen him upon the tree.
He cried no cry when they drove the nails
And bade the white horses free.
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
But never a cry gave he.
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hill of Colville;
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
A mate of the wind and sea,
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.
The sixth verse quoted is supreme!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

S. VERDAD WEEK BY WEEK.

Sir,—Does your Foreign Editor, S. Verdad, aspire after omniscience? Is he desirous of emulating Colonel Roosevelt, "the Contributing Editor of the Universe," by striving to combine historical-ethnological-diplomatic-and-literary critic in one of "France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Italy, Scandinavia, Greece, Turkey, Russia, Egypt, most of Asia, and most of North and South America," at any rate if not of the universe?

His manifestion in THE NEW AGE for July 7 leads me to ask these questions.

I am not competent to traverse the opinions expressed by S. Verdad on historical, ethnological, or diplomatic subjects. If, however, I will not in the future impress me by their authoritative, almost pontifical, ring as much as they have done in the past, after the startling exhibition of conventional ignorance and provincial prejudice which S. Verdad gives in the expressions of his literary opinions regarding America, in this manifestion of his.

When a writer makes such large claims to the possession of special capacity for speaking on world affairs as S. Verdad does, and then proceeds to make a most amazing ass of himself in a department of knowledge of such general accessibility as American literature, it is time to call him to an accounting.

Mr. Verdad writes: "I could furnish a long list... of South American poets, men of letters, and artists worthy of being ranked with their European confrères; but between San Francisco and New York, between the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson's Bay, as far as art and letters are concerned, all is barren? And how dare he assume that the future will be in any way Emerson and Longfellow?


How could S. Verdad live for five years in many places in the United States, and then utter such provincial, conventional nonsense?

By what right does he characterise the mind of the United States as Teutonic? (to say nothing concerning his assumption that only Spanish and Portuguese poems touch artistic root?) The mind of the United States is a common one, it is the synthesis of Teutonic Latin and other racial qualities.

Was not Walt Whitman a supreme creator? A creator of life values? A creator of transcendent genius? Was not Poe a creator—an artist who has deeply influenced S. Verdad's exacting Latin in form, style, technique, to say nothing about ideas?

Has South America, as yet, produced a single figure comparable in world influence to Whitman, Poe, Emerson—those mediocrities? Is S. Verdad, as a flaw in a perfect gem would only show the conventional nonsense of his provincial prejudice, that is to say, of subject-matter and ideas and forms of European literature, rather than creators shaping their own works from, or learning from, Europe, but should not be weakly imitative? I ask the question, not knowing South American literature, but knowing that many who do know it similarly ask the same question.

I am afraid that S. Verdad is a man of "documents" and pigeon-holed facts, and not a sympatico author of a vital creative soul, since he could live for five years in America, very recently, and emerge so conventionally ignorant and so provincially prejudiced concerning American literature.

How differently is a really artistic soul, sympathetic to the delicate vibrations of the spirit of a new age, impressed by a stay in America! U.S. Verdad's colleague on THE NEW AGE, Huntly Carter, is a case in point. He, too, has lived in America, and, speaking of how to-day Art is coming into active relation with life, he begins by saying the fact that "America is revealing to the civilised world the artistic endeavour that lies concealed in the old world.--Is it that America is not America in artistic ideas. It is imparting to its scientists and administrators the important information that it is impossible to apply such things without the idea, or the subject, of the absent idea. At a time, then, when America is radiating impulses by creative art through its millions of children, by means of an ever-growing body of genuine sympathetic critics, it is singularly absurd for your Foreign Editor to assert that America is "entirely devoid of imagination," and has not the "remotest conception of Art." I am afraid that Art is too, too foreign a subject for your Foreign Editor ever to understand and appreciate.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Sir,—In your issue of the 4th your correspondent, Mr. S. Verdad, delivers another portentous attack upon Mr. Massingham for not having travelled enough to speak on Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy. Has Mr. Massingham, he asks, ever travelled in Persia, the Near or Far East, Finland, Russia, Egypt, and various other countries, some of which have had the advantage of Mr. Verdad's own presence.

Well, I don't know, and I don't much care. But I do know that Sir Edward Grey, who has not only done so much to defend affairs Mr. Verdad appears to be defending as second only to his own, has never been in any of those places, and, I believe, has hardly crossed the Channel for more than a day.

That seems to me of no great consequence. But when Mr. Verdad says, "A few men, like Mr. Nevinson, have visited the Colonies, but there their studies seem to end," I must respectfully correct him. I have never visited the Colonies, unless the act of being present during a War can be called such a visit. I fear I shall thus lose Mr. Verdad's recognition of my one poor right to speak.
on foreign affairs at all; and I should confess it with the greater sorrow could I not remind him of my trip to lovely Lucerne.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Sir,—Mr. Verdad fully deserves an editorial chair with any one of their callous and scandalous newspapers. It is not in the least the cause of foreign affairs who knows his business. His tactics, at any rate, are exactly the same as used in those quarters. First he brings forth vague statements without corroborating facts, and then when you show with justice that he is entirely wrong, he waves his hand in a haughty manner and says he knew all that was worth knowing.

While Mr. Verdad seems to be acting by an imposturing secrecy to let nothing whatever transpire of the counter-arguments he pretends to have in store.

However, if Mr. Verdad carries this unfair method so far as to distort in his reply my clear statements, I cannot remain silent. The seriousness of the subject does not allow me to be confident that the following distrust among the readers of The New Age towards Mr. Verdad's writings will cause them all to look up again my letter in the previous number. I therefore must entreat them to do so, and I am sure they will find that my main argument nowhere is "that, the year 1789 (Förenings-och Säkerhetsakten), which were else" is idle talk—and nothing else.

Mr. Verdad understands nowadays by the word "Constitution." I can not always easy to know what his definitions of a term will be. He brings forth vague statements without corroborating facts. I am sure, if Mr. Verdad speaks in public I have the support of "Put a sentence", but the Treaty did not revoke the proclamation, as Mr. Verdad seems to know very well, for he likes to ignore my reference to Art. VI. of the Treaty which confirms the Proclamation I quoted.

Mr. Verdad asks me to recognize that "les constitutions" referred to in these assurances have nothing to do with what is understood nowadays by the word "Constitution." I can do no worse means than the word "Constitution".

Mr. Verdad understands nowadays by this word, and it is not always easy to know what his definitions of a term will be. But I can tell him what the term here refers to, viz., the Act of the Form of Government of the year 1772 (Regeringsformen) and the Acts of Union and Security of the year 1772 and sec. 71 sanctioned by Alexander II. on the last-named Act, which can in no way be shifted and explained away. Thus Mr. Verdad's remark that the term "constitutions" refers merely to special privileges connected with Finnish administration and nothing else is idle—and nothing else.

I must refuse Mr. Verdad's invitation to discuss with him "just how much rope the Russians will allow the Finns before proceeding to tighten the noose," because I am as unable to predict the future in such a matter as Mr. Verdad himself or anyone else. But if Mr. Verdad speaks in public of "error inaccuracies in my letter I, perhaps, have a right to demand that he should indicate them. On the other hand, when in my letter I defied him to mention a few other critics. I trust Mr. Williams will not take it ill when I give him the correct psychological explanation; I have happened to claim an acquaintance with several countries and several sciences; and the question applies to a.

Besides, speaking of "the Russians": is it really Mr. Verdad's intention to make the readers of The New Age believe that the infinitesimal minority to which his friends at the Russian Foreign Office belong, represent the Russian or even the franchised community? I invite him and your readers to look at the following figures: The Duma counts 442 representatives. The Russian Constitution was passed by 164 votes against 25. More than half of the Duma refused to vote. Further, I would like to use one of Mr. Verdad's favourite "arguments" in his recent controversies with other people, I could mention that I have lived both in Finland and in various parts of the world, but it is as little known to conventional people as the Christian gospels were to the respectable citizens of Toronto. The other is the most original and revolutionary literature in the world, but it is as little known to conventional people as the Christian gospels were to the respectable citizens of pagan Rome.

R. B. KERR.

In RE VERDAD.

Sir,—I trust you will be able to afford me sufficient space in which to reply to Mr. Williams and to Mr. St. John G. Ervine, whose letter appeared last week. Both letters are interesting in that, while appearing to the superficial reader and thinker to be almost unanswerable, they are both nevertheless based on fallacies—that of Mr. Ervine on what may be regarded as a moral fallacy, that of Mr. Williams on an ethnological fallacy. And the last word but one leads me to consider Mr. Williams's rather clumsy satire, which, as cheap as it is, represents what is, unfortunately, a very common and very vulgar.

Why is it that Mr. Williams should jeer merely because I happened to claim an acquaintance with several countries and several sciences—and the question applies to a.

I trust Mr. Williams will not take it ill when I give him the correct psychological explanation; this attitude represents the contempt which an immature mind instinctively and inevitably expresses when what I am talking about, and that I am, perhaps, in a better position to judge whether the Russians—pace Mr. Verdad—have succeeded or not (if covered and not merely on paper), and whether or not the Finns have a right and deserve to be left alone. But yet Mr. Verdad speaks as an authority even on these points. I do not, although he, I am sure, has never been able to talk with Finns except with a few persons whose English or French may not have been to his taste, or at least not very convincing.

But all this has nothing to do with the Treaty of Fredrikshamn, Mr. Verdad will reply. Let me show him above that no shifting or explaining away of this Treaty is needed nor was ever attempted by me. Nor can I deliver a lecture in the columns of The New Age without mentioning the main points on all the subsequent Declarations and Constitutional Laws issued by Finland's monarch. I must, therefore, give up trying to convince him, although he brings forth vague statements without corroborating facts.

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R. B. KERR.

NORTH AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Sir.—In one of your recent issues Mr. S. Verdad, speaking of the literature of North America, says: "Between San Francisco and New York, between Hudson's Bay and Hudson's Bay, all is barren." That seems hardly fair when we consider that Canada, with only seven millions of inhabitants, has produced the two boldest popular novelists of our time, Grant Allen and Elinor Glyn. Most of Grant Allen's novels are rubish, as he himself admitted, but that does not alter the fact that "Three Weeks" is a wonderful piece of humour and satire, and was more daring than any novel that ever preceded it. Elinor Glyn is even more admirable, because she is a woman. There is a great gulf between "Three Weeks" and the work of any European woman novelist. All the women writers of Europe are still object slaves of the men that have made for them. Those who cry out loudest against man-made law are the very ones that cringe lowest before man-made morality. "Three Weeks" Elinor Glyn has given us a real free woman.

As for the United States, I think it very likely that Mr. Verdad has never even heard of the best writers of that country. The finest American stories are never printed at all, but are handed round in the form of typeset manuscripts among very few select persons. They are too true to life and too vivid in imagination to be printed in any country. Even the best American essayists and historians of our time are almost entirely unknown. The conventional American Press is so absolute under the thumb of railway presidents and vice-societies that it will not tolerate the slightest originality of any kind. In 1906 one of the biggest American magazines (which is called "Our Millionaire Socialists." It made no allusion to the principles of Socialism, but merely gave an account of a number of women who made a tour in this country. In the next issue the magazine remained on the bookstalls an hour or two and then vanished. It two or three days it reappeared without the offending article. This kind of thing caused two entirely different literatures to spring up side by side in America. One of these is the popular literature of America, which is beneath contempt. The other is the most original and revolutionary literature in the world, but it is as little known to conventional people as the Christian gospels were to the respectable citizens of pagan Rome.

CHAS. H. FISHER.
confronted with the evidences of a mind which has already become mature. Such an attitude is typical of what, for want of a better term, I may be permitted to call a pseudo-democratic age—an age in which a thousand ducxes say to zoological expert: "You know too much, and it is not what we can right present for our readers to know, so and you must climb down to our level."

Now, it is true that, in the course of a busy life—busy, but with many intervals of the leisure necessary for culture—I have acquired a thorough knowledge of many languages and many sciences and many nations. In the opinion of thoughtful people this will seem a distinct advantage; and yet, it is not for myself, it is for those who have not been favored with the same opportunities. I have been acquainted with nations, the names of several of your correspondents, cannot even spell. Again, it may interest, say, Mr. Bax and Williams, to know that I have written books and articles on art, ethnology, philosophy, and international politics—books which, I wish to make clear, have not fallen dead from the press; but which are quoted as standard authorities. The close interrelation and mutual dependence of art, politics, religion, morals, and philosophy form the subject of my latest book, and I have no doubt that Mr. Bax and others will soon be quoting it, and possibly trying to quote it against myself.

Mr. Williams cannot accuse me of holding conventional opinions about American literature. Strictly speaking, or loosely speaking, there are no such opinions; for, as a close observer of the great bulk of the English people among whom "conventional" opinions of government thrive, I am not little known for them to form opinions on it; and the few people who do know American literature sufficiently well to form opinions on it, are not likely to be accused of holding what I call "conventional" opinions. Mr. Williams then proceeds to make out his case by quoting a number of names; and I can but ask myself, how he can write to say that these names, Mr. Bax and others will soon be quoting it, and possibly trying to quote it against myself.

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It is, I think, hardly worth while examining the names suggested by Mr. Williams—only youthful enthusiasm could have induced him himself exhibits a decided trait of provincialism—the "my-country-right-or-wrong" spirit—if he thinks that the next century is going to know more than those realities which are, to the best of my knowledge, the place allotted to them by fame will be much lower than your enthusiastic contributor imagines. And an old-fashioned man like myself, with his notions of Homer and Aeschylus, and his philosophy by Flato and Aristotle and the great Germans, may well be excused for smiling broadly when he sees names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not. The names of Alice Brown, Mary Austin, and Benjamin R. Tucker. The shallow Pragmatism of William James is derived from Kant, whether through the intermediary of Bergson, or not.
closets and drains, concerning ourselves merely with the broad essentials of administration; but, to judge from some recent legislation, a Liberal Government is almost prepared to declare how often, how much, and how much, and how much. I hope I have succeeded in making the two systems of government clear to Mr. Ervine; they are certainly clear to me.

Mr. Ervine talks about theories of liberty; but Hindoos do not find it necessary to theorise about liberty (how truly natural that they should, their real need being for grammar or more centuries of civilisation. The Massinghamites confuse liberty with votes; the former, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton has pointed out, does not necessarily imply the latter. No; believe me, Mr. Ervine, 90 per cent. of the Hindoos have much liberty as they desire; Heaven help the man who is too free with others’ property, and whose population want liberty merely for their own selfish ends, with which object they induce 0.00033 per cent. of the British as, roughly, three hundred millions, Mr. Ervine and those interested may calculate the figures for themselves.

As to Finland, I think that most of Mr. Ervine’s points were covered by my letter of last week. Perhaps on some subsequent occasion, when I find the N.L.C. more than usually Bonomvolent, I may take an opportunity of penning some further remarks on “theories of liberty”—and then, to quote David and the Roman Missal, timorem Dei docebo, Mr. Grierson has particularly imported Dr. Haeckel’s ethics to replace the fallacious dualistic religions. The second sentence quoted above denotes the psychic part of man would be a manifest absurdity, but to deny its existence as a separate entity, not inextricably bound up with the brain, is a totally different matter. I think Mr. Grierson would find it difficult to give chapter and verse from the writings of any scientist or philosopher whose “deed of the psychic part of man” can be made to bear any but this latter construction.

Sir,—Is the world to understand that the writer of this curious article has up his sleeve a specific against disbelief in the immortality of the soul? If so, he has done so much for comparative psychology as the Jena school has done for the advance of mankind. They would regard it as the triumph of Christianity, which, too long mis-directed by the churches has yet had so profound an influence that, even now, when men reject the religious form of the so-called Christian Church with its bloody-minded bishops—they retain the teaching of the Christ, and practically more than was ever preached of His humanity.

Mr. Grierson says: “We are growing used to horrors.” What horrors are these we are growing used to? The inquisition, the auto-da-fé, the boiling bath, the public executions: or is it solitary confinement and flogging and imprisonment of murderers, and when the epileptic is about to be treated with at least as much consideration as any other invalid or temporarily insane person.

Mr. Grierson appears to deplore the fact that men may refuse to believe in such an authority as the court on the battlefield in the name of patriotism. Most other crimes and punishments are advanced for the advancement of mankind. They would regard it as the triumph of Christianity, which, too long mis-directed by the churches has yet had so profound an influence that, even now, when men reject the religious form of the so-called Christian Church with its bloody-minded bishops—they retain the teaching of the Christ, and practically more than was ever preached of His humanity.

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a better quality of life. We need those who will be convinced, and hence we need those who are convinced. This truly religious spirit is not vanishing, as Mr. Grierson seems to think. It was never so manifest as in these days. The denial of the essential spiritual nature of man and of the meaning of the material world is a new valuation of men and things and institutions. Because he himself accepts the pure unequivocal Monism of Spinoza, the light shines we see the darkness. The growing sensibility of psychic enlightenment. Surely the spiritual nature of theologians does not destroy them, for if they are not more materialistic, how is it that we see in personal survival after death need not be bound if there be no strong belief in personal immortality? Are all things added, supposing this belief? But can we know until we are there in that future existence? The belief in personal survival after death need not be bound up with the consciousness of life, of selfhood, of the soul and spirit of the material world? It is the fact of self-consciousness, personality, human nature, which demands attention. This is the near and the urgent problem. May change of this conception of the essential spirit we shall discover something more about its continued existence in another form after death. Besides some one who is a belief in immortality is needed to prevent all sorts of crime.

F. R. SWAN.

Sir,—While scarcely agreeing in too with the views set forth by various contributors, I usually find myself refreshed by the remarks of Mr. Francis Grierson. It is some time since England had such a far-sighted and implicit declaration of faith in God and of duty to man as is contained in Mr. Grierson's article on "Materialism and Communism". Will the socialist bring our civilisation to an end, or will crime and insanity compel our civilisation to get rid of materialism? With our national churches empty, and the congregations falling week by week it may surely be submitted as a question worthy of State consideration—whether moral pressure ought not to be put upon the men of our Christian country in the place of heathen sports and amusements? People are forced to obey the laws made by great and wise authorities, and the law of God is not any better. People should be imprisoned, or even fined, for non-attendance at divine worship. But some great influence will have to be used if Engaged is to retain a Christian country. We need wise writers like Mr. Grierson to say plainly that a man who disbelieves in the immortality of the soul is a potential criminal. This is the note of the great religious preachers and prophets. Let us hear, we who have ears! A Curate.

THE DICKMAN CASE.

Sir,—Just in case it should escape their notice, it may be as well to the readers and writers of THE NEW AGE who are employed in the game, according to Coleridge and Co., was played against the unfortunate Dickman right up to the moment of his death.

It was reported in the "Newcastle Evening Chronicle" of the 9th inst. "that during the procession from the condemned place of execution, the Rev. Mr. Lumley, read to the prisoner the 5th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles."

Mr. Chesterton will expect to afford a man to die any consolation by reading the story of Ananias and Sapphira? I think not. His sole object, I imagine, was to explain the situation. Dickman so as to justify the hanging. This is all the more apparent when we are told that at the last moment, instead of reciting the prayers for the dying, this alleged Christian minister was clamouring at Dickman to "confess—confess."

Of course, this paean, like the judges, has a vested interest in the hanging, but he is the one to support the traitor by which he earned his living. But the work of young writers, C. H. Norman and Mrs. Hastings, will have its effect, and hasten the day when the whole machinery of which judges and pardons are part, will be unmasked to atomism.

* * *

F. J. OSBORN.

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

Sir,—Mr. Cecil Chesterton may have been favourably impressed by Dr. Citing attacks upon the united efforts of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill; but most fair-minded people think they were somewhat discreditably made. Democracy will not be weakened in its place of force, nor be weakened, but it will be strengthened to the contrary. The other anti-liquor movements an oligarchic fad is sheer sociological blindness. Mr. Chesterton is so obsessed by the Drink of Traditional Drink that for its sake he scorns a million votes. He will never concede this, I fear, because it runs counter to the dogma that all ordinary men are innately good. That is the apparent at the moment. From the Socialist point of view it has the merit of being democratic and confiscatory. To call the anti-teetotal movements an oligarchic fad is sheer sociological blindness. Mr. Chesterton asserts that the reason why the Liberal party abstained from the Conciliation Bill made of the Nonconformist and temperance groups are strongly organised and carry votes. The Liberal party cannot be given under the libel law). But the general truth is that the Nonconformist and temperance groups are strongly organised and carry votes. They do talk about temperance legislation at elections. No doubt at meetings of Mr. Chesterton's kind of ordinary men they talk about other things. So far as the official rings are concerned, they want office, and they are prepared to provide that minimum of legislation, or conspicuously at- tendance, which will secure them the necessary votes. I submit to Mr. Chesterton that the Liberal temperance policy is a bait rather for vote-catching than for money-catching. He will never concede this, I fear, because it runs counter to the dogma that all ordinary men are human beings, "puritans" like poison. It also indicates that there is something more this country should know. It is submerged, it is true, by clamour, and delayed by friction and false hopes, a foundation of positive democracy. And this is precisely what Mr. Chesterton has set out to do.

F. J. OSBORN.
named as the performance of jugglers masquerading as democrats.

Since men in England do not get their Parliamentary vote by their income, but are usually, in the social scale, of laissez-faire, and their high morality, I fail to see why Mr. Cecil Chesterton should be dismayed that old maids, prostitutes, and divorcees, who have voted on the same Bill; but he might recollect that widows could qualify, and that the women who now vote are not in the same classes he mentions. Women take a different view from Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill on this point, and consider that the matrimonial morality suddenly affected by these Pecksniffian divorcees would possibly get the vote under the Conciliation politicians is about the last insult that can be offered to women.

FLORENCE A. UNDERWOOD.

NIETZSCHE AT BAY.

Sir,—Mr. Ludovici, in his best pontifical manner, assures us he could easily prove most of what I have said to be irrelevant if he tried. I wish he had tried. Evading the main line of attack, he takes a single sentence of mine and concepts of virtue and vice of a people must be dismayed that old maids, prostitutes, and their high morality, I fail to see why Mr. Cecil. Chesterton should be demolished the science of the nineteenth century, but he has not obliterated the experience of the ages.

Sir,--Your contributor pictures is a hater of Nietzsche. When I compare the sentiments in "Zarathustra," it was Dr. Levy's writing that brought to mind Mr. D'Auvренge in demanding higher credentials before accepting him—at his own valuation—either as a promising superman or a reliable exponent of the superman's creator. Just as the "survival of the fittest" has been made the justification of the privileges of complacent wealth, so will the hard and noble ideal of the superman be used for the same ends. Thanks to his well-meaning but foolish disciples, Nietzsche has already become the patron saint of financiers, imperialists, and prize-fighters.

E. ROGERS.

TORIES CONTRA MUNDUM.

Sir,—I refer to Mr. Anthony Ludovici, for whom I have a great admiration, but I should like to ask whether it is possible for any who call themselves Nietzscheans really to understand Nietzsche. And why snub Tories? Only Conservaties and Liberals ask. I understand Mr. Kennedy better in his appreciation of Toryism. Wasn't Nietzsche seeking the aristocratic element in life, as a critic wrote in the "Daily Express," in which he urged that our sal-

Sir,—Your contributor, "A Typical Sentimentalist," must be an Innocent Abroad who is Byronically posting as a dreadful dynamitard disguised as a sentimentalist. He is probably innocence and amiability itself. He started the cult of the "sentimentalist" your contributor pictures is a hater of Nietzsche. When I compare the sentiments in "Zarathustra," it was Dr. Levy's writing that brought to mind Mr. D'Auvrenge in demanding higher credentials before accepting him—at his own valuation—either as a promising superman or a reliable exponent of the superman's creator. Just as the "survival of the fittest" has been made the justification of the privileges of complacent wealth, so will the hard and noble ideal of the superman be used for the same ends. Thanks to his well-meaning but foolish disciples, Nietzsche has already become the patron saint of financiers, imperialists, and prize-fighters.

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Sir,—Is not Nietzsche suffering from the same monstrous misrepresentation at the hands of his too zealous and too easily satisfied admirers that the hands of the "smugly wealthy and large numbers of the Tory party"? Mr. A. Ludovici has at length attempted a vindication of Nietzscheanism by expounding his celebrated excommunication of Shaw from the holy body of Nietzscheans. When I compare the sentiments in "Zarathustra," it was Dr. Levy's writing that brought to mind Mr. D'Auvrenge in demanding higher credentials before accepting him—at his own valuation—either as a promising superman or a reliable exponent of the superman's creator. Just as the "survival of the fittest" has been made the justification of the privileges of complacent wealth, so will the hard and noble ideal of the superman be used for the same ends. Thanks to his well-meaning but foolish disciples, Nietzsche has already become the patron saint of financiers, imperialists, and prize-fighters.

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Mr. Bernard Shaw. These misrepresentations of your contributor, James A. Huston, or to add to the many sorrows of your correspondent, "F."

May I be permitted to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Justice Joyce, after due consideration, recently refused to grant an injunction to restrain the annoyance caused to a plaintiff by a firm of builders who commenced their operations at an early hour?

The editor goes on to reiterate the principles by which he governed his paper.

Mr. E. Wake Cook.

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Mr. E. Wake Cook.
“IMAGINATION AND ITS WONDERS!”

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to the review of the above in your issue of August 4th. As the author of the book, I must request you to immediately withdraw the suggestion with reference to the music-hall chorus which your reviewer asserts I had in mind when writing. I prepared to state on oath in a Court of Justice that I had never seen or heard in my life the verse your reviewer quotes till I read it in your review.

Without prejudice to any future action I may consider necessary to take, I must request you, sir, to give this letter as much prominence as you gave the review.

ARTHUR ROVELL.

[I must apologise for having credited Mr. Lovell with a more extensive knowledge of popular art than he possesses. It did not occur to me that “blood-curdling melodrama” might be offended by the frivolity of a music-hall chorus; but Mr. Lovell is evidently a connoisseur in sensations, and there are depths of vulgarity to which he will not descend. The phrase, “Lost, stolen, or strayed,” which he used with quotation marks, is also incongruous with the Omnific Word as the ballad strayed,” which he used with quotation marks, is also noisseur in sensations, and there are depths of vulgarity to which Mr. Lovell denies knowledge. If the phrase has force for Mr. Lovell neither of these associations which he owes readers an explanation of its significance to him and a demonstration of its connection with the Ineffable Name.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Sir,—The interesting case of two Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, who have taken an action against the Board, consisting of the Provost and five Senior Fellows, all well over seventy years of age, has been the source of much amusement in Dublin, and it is proposed to the reformation of Trinity College brought about without further procrastination and meaningless friction from within. It appears that the plaintiffs, Messrs. Geo. Lambert Catcorth and Thomas Thompson Gray, were determined to resist to their utmost a proposed petition, on the part of the Board, to the establishment of a separate Council of the Divinity School, which is at the present under the supreme control of the Board. The matter has been decided in favour of the petitioners, and the petition will no doubt be presented in due course. The decision of the Court will be received with approval by all who follow with interest the awakening of that famous institution to the needs of the times.

It appears that the Provost also can claim such a power of veto over all proceedings of the Board itself, as well as those of the Councils and the Senate; and the late Provost, the illustrious Dr. Salmon, died, as we know, two days after the King had cancelled his power of veto in the case of the Almighty, for the establishment of the Board of the Senate. Then it was the Provost who caused all the trouble, now it is two Senior Fellows. Tomorrow it will be the other fellows. But then dons will be dons, even the Senior Don of Trinity. Och! Father O’Flynn, what have ye to say to that? Cannot the fellows be Irishmen, too?

THE GREATNESS OF CæSAR.

Sir,—When reading the article, entitled “The Greatness of Caesar,” which appears under the name of Mr. J. Stuart Hay in the last number of THE NEW AGE, I had an impression that I had read something very similar before.

On looking up Mr. Edgar Saltus’s book, “Imperial Purple,” I was astonished at the resemblance between the first chapter of that book and the article of your contributor, many sentences being identical.

In the circumstances I think some explanation is due from Mr. J. Stuart Hay to his readers, and, lastly, to that distinguished author, Mr. Edgar Saltus.

GEO. FACER.

Articles of the Week.

ALDEN, PERCY, M.P., “Capital for Labour; Co-operative Credit Banks,” Morning Leader, Aug. 9th.


BRENT, CHRISTIAN, “Idealism in Modern English Art.”

BROCKWELL, MAURICE, “Turner and the Trustees of the National Gallery,” Times, Aug. 10th.


MOORE, FREDK., “The High Hand: China and the Opium Trade,” Morning Leader, Aug. 9th.


PEARSON, PROF. KARL, “Alcohol and Efficiency,” Times, Aug. 10th (letter to the Editor).


ST. JOHN, Capt. ARTHUR, “My Visit to Borstal,” Humanitarian, August.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

40.—BARRY PAIN.

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