NOTES OF THE WEEK

We wonder what Sir Edward Grey expected to gain by discussing the Conference last week. If we or anybody else had done so, he would have been the first to deplore talking lest the baby should wake and resume its crying. For our part, we have no inclination to discuss the Conference at this moment. Nor has Sir Edward Grey provided any material for the purpose. How could he, indeed, since of the famous Eight who Can Wait, the two principals have been separated by Can Wait, the two principals have been separated by their leaders, gone down by leaps and bounds. All we can say is that when November comes and the pie is opened, the rank and file will have no occasion to blame their leaders if there is nothing in it. Fortunately the leaders are quite aware that the mere absence of an occasion will not save them blame. Consequently something may be put into the pie after all.

* * *

We are more interested at the moment in speculating on the probable fate of the Labour party. It seems to us to be going the right way to its death; nor can we gather that anybody in particular is going to mourn. The "Nation" sobs through three columns this week, since we know that few of the proletariat deign to look at them. It is this: the governing classes are infinitely less afraid of the working-man's vote than of his strike. All these late years we have been assured the wretched wage-slaves that their votes were worth their weight in progress. It has been pretended that it mattered vitally and enormously to them, their children, their country, their king and their God, that they should vote for the right man. Well, they now begin to learn that it doesn't matter to any one of these things. During the last ten years the so-called political power of the working classes has gone up by leaps and bounds, while at the same time their wages have, proportionately to profits made by their masters, gone down by leaps and bounds. Has it altered the actual conditions of factory and workshop life that two and a half million unionists should have dabbled for ten years in politics? Are the hours of labour fewer or the rates of wages more? Is a sovereign less easily earned now than ten years ago? Will it buy more? Not one of these questions can be answered.
satisfactorily. Then what is the good of politics to the working man? * * *

Remember we are putting his case, and we are supposing him absent. Let us continue. Suppose the working man withdraws from politics, discovering that his vote is of no importance to himself, nothing particular would happen in the political world in consequence. But suppose him active in a different sphere, in the sphere from which, by singular adroitness, he was ten years ago diverted! We refer to the sphere of labour. It is plain that the governing classes can manage to grub along without working-men's votes, but they cannot grub along at all without working-men's labour. It is on the cards, we may say, that this lesson also will be learned during the present long recess. Nor need we imagine that the old clumsy and inefficient use of the local or trade strike as a weapon of social betterment will be employed when the time comes to boycott the ballot-box, in this sort of warfare involvements also have been made. In an interview reported in the "Times," Mr. Tom Mann, in discussing the threatened International Seaman's Union strike, discreetly hinted that strikes would not be undertaken in future unless on the largest possible scale. Like a modern European war, a modern strike will be all over in a fortnight at the outside; but there will have been engaged in it millions of men involving millions more. * * *

We have said before that we neither advise nor anticipate the use in England of the "general strike," but we shall be bound to modify our opinion if the present attitude of the Press towards the Labour party is maintained, and is followed by the political leaders. There is, in fact, no second alternative. Duty, not merely to themselves but to their country, demands that the proletariat of England should not remain satisfied with the conditions imposed on them by modern capitalism. And if the orderly intelligent method of reform by political means, fairly and squarely provided for them, is denied, we should regard it as their bounden duty to lift themselves out of barbarous poverty in some other way, in the only way left to them. The half-got unemployables of the Embankment, with two generations of casuals and loafers behind them, may be denied political action and still be trusted to sleep o'clock nights on seafronts overlooking the majestic Thames without disturbing the rest of any fat burgess. But it will be different with the stalled oxen of the factories and mines. Deny them the free use of the political weapon, and to their honour they will lay civilisation in ruins for a fatal fortnight. And what reader of The New Age would not do likewise in their place? * * *

Under these circumstances we ask the Press of England if they are wise in continuing their jubilations at the prospective extinction of the Labour party. Sprung as most journalists are from the governing classes, and writing as most of them do in the interests of the governing classes, it would certainly be good policy on their part to warn their employers of the probable effect of their present line. The rank and file of the Labour party can very well afford to ignore the press campaign against Socialism itself. Knowing as we do that the poor devils who run it are mostly Socialists desperate in their living, we can overlook the work in our pity for the tools. But the case is different in an attack on the one ewe-lamb of the proletariat's political field. We repeat and repeat the fact, so manifest to those who know the situation, that the extinction of the Labour party will mean the subjugation of industrial strife on the most gigantic scale. Politically it has, as everybody knows, been horses' work to organise the working classes at all; but industrially the task is infinitely easier. And since the results would be plain, immediate, and unmistakable we really do not see why the Press, who know this, should not warn their employers, who fear it. It is strange, by the way, to recall the fact that Mr. Tom Mann, who is now engaged in advocating the General Strike, was in 1895 advising unionists to 'strike—but only on the ballot-box.' But now it seems the hope of obtaining anything from the ballot-box is to be taken away!

IN TENEBRIS.
By Thomas La Mineur.

The ruthless Eons speed and spin,
And shatter with their laughter grim
Our towers of sanctity and sin,
To dust and ashes.

Old lamps of faith burn flick'ring dim,
There swells no loud exultant hymn;
While vice, with pearls and opals crowned,
Comes doddering to the miry ground,
And bellward hate.

The feet of men are baked in clay,
They have no steadfast "Yea" or "Nay,
Their minds run in the groove of rule,
They play meekly the fool.
As Time speeds faster;
They barge and bargain with their souls;
With purblind sight they seek those goals
That spell disaster.

The crowds that clamour against Fate,
The weary workers of all time,
Stand sick and sullen at the gate
Of dire oppression.

Their hands and hearts are thick with grime;
Bent, bruised and broken ere their prime:
Curt's the law that makes them slaves!
E'en of their souls, some purse-proud knives
Would claim possession.

Where shall they seek one glimmering spark,
To shed one ray to light their dark
And dismal lives, and cheer them on,
And bid them hope before 'tis gone,
That some may love them? . . .

Yet they, with all their harshest hate,
Behold some craftsmen from their state
Climb up above them.

What reeks it, who to loftier heights
Hath tooled amid racking pains and sweat?
His ankles shackled are with spites
That drag him under.

They, that to his 'hest are set,
Would snigger did his eye grow wet,
And grin grotesquely if he fell;
While rapturously they'd ring his knell,
To waste and ashes.

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

Apart from the Turkish loan, trouble is still simmering in the Near East. The Greek elections now in progress, the Chamber will be sitting, and, unhappily, a totally unexpected feeling of reasonableness prevails. We shall shortly be hearing more of the Cretan difficulty. By way of guarding their own interests the Turks have been making strenuous endeavours to get their army into proper trim, and preparations have been going on quietly during the summer months. Although the Cretans have been quiescent pending the next meeting of the Chamber of Constantinople, the position of the King of Greece becomes perilous (and he is related to our own King), while, if the Powers decide in favour of Greece’s taking over Crete, a Turkish army may cross the frontier. If shilly-shallying tactics are again indulged in, and the question shelved once more, there will be much dissatisfaction all round.

The threatened revolution in Portugal inspires me with a certain amount of interest. To all those who are knitting their brows and saying fiercely that there are several Cromwells among the revolutionary elements, I have only to reply, “Yes, Richard Cromwells, not Oliveres.” If there were even a John Wilkes among the Portuguese Republicans I should like to see Lisbon to-morrow. But there isn’t. Therefore, as unintellectual revolutions never amount to a row of pins, I shall not go. True revolutions are carried out in silence by men of determination—witness Abdul Hamid’s fall and the United States Declaration of Independence. The more talk, as a rule, the less fighting. There has been quite a lot of revolutionary talk in Portugal recently.

A perusal of the main leader in the “Observer” of August 7 leads me to suppose that it was written by a sentimental sub-editor in the absence of Mr. Garvin. The appropriate heading is, “Is it a Dream?” whereunto I answer heartily, “More than that, a nightmare.” Briefly, 1914 will witness the hundredth anniversary of the signing of a peace Treaty between the United States and this country. A committee is being formed in the States to celebrate the event. The “Observer’s” rhapsoodist hopes that the Mother-Country will respond; and we have the usual tittle-tattle about English-speaking Powers—long-standing difficulties liquidated—Panama Canal—interests substantially the same—unless fit of continental madness intervenes—the rise of Germany and Japan—the British Empire and the United States—peace not only for each other, but for mankind.

Bah! someone else, apparently, stands, in need of an ethnological primer. When will it be understood on this side that language is no criterion of peace, that the Americans are not our cousins, and hotly resent being described as such (they think, in fact, that they are our elder brothers), and that when the Hearst Press predicts a war with England the whole country is aglow with enthusiasm? Every patriotic Yankee, as I have said previously, looks as if he had the misfortune, for a short period, to be educated in an American school, and I was, for another short period, a student at the University of California. So I know how the American youth is brought up to regard England. Briefly summarised, the attitude is this: “England? That’s the country we licked in 1776 and 1812; and we can do it again to-morrow!” This information is fine, and I commend it to the young dreamer at the “Observer” office. (Fancy a dreamy young man being on the staff of any paper with which Lord Northcliffe is connected! Will wonders never cease?)
How the Rich Rule Us.

By Cecil Chesterton.

VI.—The Way Out.

Well, what are we to do? The disease which I have been trying to diagnose is of long standing, though some of its most acute and unpleasant symptoms are new. The rich, working in darkness, never showing their hand, never challenging an open fight, while they have succeeded in seizing every machinery of elections; they control the Cabinet, and, through the Cabinet, the House of Commons; they control the Press. How are they to be dislodged?

Bolingbroke, perhaps the acutest speculative statesman that England ever produced, thought that the remedy for corruption in Parliament was to revive and strengthen the prerogatives of the Crown. A Patriot King, relying on the general mandate of his people, was to choose his own Ministers as he pleased; Parliament would then return to its original function of a checking body, criticising and, where necessary, opposing the King's Ministers. There can be no doubt that, despite Macauley's shallow Whig sneers, this policy would have been effective as against the Parliamentary corruption of the eighteenth century, and, if it could have been enforced, it might be effective against the plutocratic power of to-day. For Parliament, confronted by a powerful Crown, could only keep its end up by continually appealing to and relying on the people. A checking body can be much more easily made democratic than a ruling body. But the time for such a remedy has gone by even if we wished to adopt it. The Crown, like every other British institution, has been caught in the slimy meshes of plutocracy, and only a Sovereign of quite extraordinary originality of mind could attempt to realise Bolingbroke's ideal of the Patriot King.

Forbidden this fascinating but impracticable policy, we must attack in detail the various supports upon which the power of the rich over our politics rests. I have summarised them already—the control of elections by the Party Caucus with the Party Funds at its command, the close secret relations between the two oligarchical cliques.

The point upon which in my view attack should be concentrated is the secrecy of the Party Funds. This is at once the strongest position of the oligarchy politically and the weakest controversially. Many plausible sophisms are possible in excuse of the servility of Parliamentary majorities and the unreal issues raised at elections. But in defence of the control of political issues by a group of rich men who dare not so much as publish their names there is simply nothing to be said. It is significant that nothing was said for it, when Mr. Boulton raised the question in the House of Commons. The Government got rid of it by a clever manoeuvre by thinly disguised corruption imposed by means of the power of the purse, and that the payment of members carrying with it the sound principle that a member should be responsible to no one but his constituents would liberate Labourites more than half their strength.

I therefore suggest that our first demand should be for a law making it a "corrupt practice" and a criminal offence for any member of Parliament or candidate for Parliament to accept money either for his election expenses or for his maintenance while in the House without publishing the full particulars of how much he has received and from what source. Further, all political organisations should be compelled to publish a balance sheet with the names of subscribers and a full account of the manner in which the funds are spent. Any attempt to evade the law by using the names of nominees should be a criminal offence. The punishment in every case should be imprisonment without the option of a fine, as well as deprivation of all civil rights and privileges.

It is no answer to the demand for such a law to say that some criminals would by cunning and dishonesty escape its meshes. Some murderers escape, but we still insist on the law against murder. If the punishment for a proved attempt to evade the law be sufficiently severe few will attempt to risk it. The spectacle of a number of wealthy mine owners, brewers and cocoa manufacturers "doing time" would be not only without doubt pleasing to God and amusing to His creatures, but calculated to inspire possible imitators with "pity and terror."

Having made the present method of raising political funds so plainly disgraceful as impossible, we must consider from whence the necessary money is to come. This brings us at once to the payment of members and of election expenses by the nation—by far the most valuable and far-reaching democratic reform that has yet been proposed. It is significant that, though this has been a Radical demand ever since the days of the People's Charter, no Liberal Government has ever made the smallest attempt to deal with it. Liberal and Conservative Governments are quite willing to extend the franchise, for they know very well that they are merely extending a delusion, but neither will do anything that might make that delusion a reality. I can only hope that the decision of the Lords in the recent Labor Funds case may eventually force the Labour Party to make the question of the payment of members a live one. I do not propose to criticise the Labour Party here, but I would remark that the Liberal and Conservative Parties are not the only ones that tie up their members tightly by means of the power of the purse, and that the payment of members carrying with it the sound principle that a member should be responsible to no one but his constituents would liberate Labourites no less than others from a form of control which is the negation of democracy and of political purity.

Having checked the power of the rich over elections, we must turn our attention to the power of the Ministry over the House of Commons. The Government would be enormously weakened by such measures as I have already indicated, for a House, the members of which were responsible only to their constituents, would be far less ready to concur in unpopular laws at the bidding of the Party Whips than are the present members, who owe their position to the Party Caucus. But there is another influence which tends to keep the ranks of the parties disciplined—the fear of a General Election.

Let us be fair to the honest Liberal or Conservative member. Let us suppose him to be neither bribed nor intimidated. Yet he knows that, if by his vote he succeeds in defeating the Government which on general grounds he prefers to the only alternative Government, the result will be a General Election. Such an election will not only involve him personally in trouble and expense, but it may result in the return to power of men whose general policy he thinks highly dangerous to the country. It is not altogether unpardonable that he hesitates and perhaps ultimately votes for the Government against his personal convictions.

The solution of this difficulty would seem to be to make the duration of Parliaments invariable, so that the defeat of a Ministry should not imply a General Election. Parliaments should be short—let them sit for, say, three years—but let no dissolution be
possible until the specified time. The result of such an arrangement would be what it actually has been in France. If a Government whose general policy commands a majority in the House is defeated on a particular question, Parliament will not be dissolved. The Minister especially concerned will probably resign, and so, perhaps, will the Premier. The Government will be "reconstituted" under new leadership, the general policy which the House approved remaining the same, modified only by the objection of the House on the particular point on which the defeat had been incurred. Thus every member would feel that he could vote freely on each individual question without prejudice to his position on other questions.

Such a system would also make it possible to break the oligarchical constitution of Ministers. Ministers, still perhaps technically nominated by the Crown, would really be chosen by the House, for the majority of the House could by vote of censure or want of confidence secure the dismissal of an individual unpopular Minister without necessarily putting the opposite party in power.

Compared with these proposals, which really go to the root of the matter, mere electoral reforms are of little value. I have already said that, though I support Adult Suffrage, I attach little importance to the extension of the vote whether to women or to men. A good deal more may be said, I think, for Proportional Representation, which would do something to split up the two oligarchical parties and to make the House a fairer mirror of the electorate. I know that the New Aos has declared against this proposal, but the editorial arguments, though unquestionably ingenious, do not convince me. I also think that there ought to be some method by which disputable measures can be referred to the direct vote of the people. There are great difficulties in the way of the Referendum, but I cannot think them insuperable.

But still the obstinate question remains—how is all this to be done? Before these proposals can become law they must pass through Parliament, and it is the keys of Parliament that the rich at present hold. Before we can carry any such programme we must have a majority of the House of Commons pledged not only to vote for it, but to force it through the House in the teeth of the opposition of both Front Benches and of all their dependents. How can such a majority be obtained?

Well, I know of no way except persistent agitation, persistent efforts, the more frequent examples of hypocrisy and corruption which occur from time to time in party politics, persistent political education of the people. Already there is appearing in all classes a disgust with the sordidness and unreality of politics, a longing for a cleaner and more popular system.

If once this could be focussed and made effective we should furbish up anew those ultimate weapons upon which our security must rest at last. That is why I am in favour of a Citizen Army. The sacred right of insurrection must always be the final weapon of all political views who are determined to get rid of the sham fight has been swept away.

We need none of us abandon one jot or tittle of our weapons and armaments if they be clean and well made. But the People, without them, must be judges. The People are the People, as we have heard Sir Henry Roscoe say. We should not only go before the Wedgwood Injunction, but seek to win the right to use its weapons, officered by men of their own class, chosen from the ranks by the People. The People are the people armed and trained to use their arms, officered by the men who express their own opinions. Let us hold ourselves ready to fight for them in the future when we can fight for them with clean weapons and with the People for judge. The real fight can be fought out when the rubbish left by the sham fight has been swept away.

One thing in conclusion. If the new powers at the disposal of the rich have grown and the old powers at the disposal of the people have rusted, it would be well that we should furnish up anew those ultimate weapons upon which our security must rest at last. That would be better for the future, and in the meantime the right to starve their keenest interests and prevented from exercising their intellect to make any adequate provision for old age in the event of their never having the chance to marry. It can hardly be thought that the consciousness of such deprivation, the bitterness and discontent it must often breed, and the stultification of faculties, can suitably shape the characters of those who are later to become mothers. I would have you notice how low is the ideal of preparation for motherhood, though it is presumably thought to be woman's noblest work. The mothers of the race are to be merely man's ideal woman, that thing of womanliness and charm, mentally apathetic and undisciplined by any serious study.

But what of those women who never marry and from whom this sacrifice of education, of independent loved work has been in vain demanded? The veil over their future is never to be lifted by the men who express these opinions. If one could put the question doubtless the answer would be that there would be more mothers and nurses, and fulfill household duties in homes not their own. Is it ignorance, want of imagination, or want of heart that would seek to limit women to professions already over-crowded, and in which the wages are pitifully inadequate to allow of saving anything for old age? The truth is that men who can talk like this do not themselves feel acutely the economic pressure which forces other parents to send their daughters out into the world.

I might be accused of attaching too much importance to these opinions, if they were only those of one man, even though he be president of a section at the British Association; but the recent refusal of the Council of the Chemical Society to admit women as Fellows shows that others share them, and are prepared to act upon them even to aiming a blow at a defenceless class of women. I am of opinion that the Fellows should publicly protest against the rejection of this demand.

Early in 1908 a memorial was presented to the Council of the Chemical Society by a large number of the Fellows praying for an inquiry as to the views of the Society on the question of admitting women. In a letter to the "Times" of July 3, 1908, it was pointed out by Sir Henry Roscoe that those who desired admission were women chemists engaged either as lec-
turers or demonstrators in schools and colleges, that some of them were research assistants to professors of chemistry, and that one or two were chemists in industry. They desired to share equally with men chemists the advantages of being Fellows in a Society whose objects are defined to be the promotion of science and of those branches of science immediately connected with it, by the publication of original communications. The Council of the Society decided that the opinion of chemists the advantages of being Fellows in a Society made to them.

The Council of the Society decided that the opinion of the whole body of Fellows be ascertained. The result of the vote was a majority of about 1,000 to 600 in favour of permitting women, but in spite of this, a minority on the Council was powerful enough to refuse to act on the result of the vote. In the address at the British Association the President of the Chemical Section explained that he and many others on the Council of the Chemical Society resisted the application of the women in order to discourage them from taking up scientific work!

These facts have had too little publicity; the women who suffered this denial have never had recourse to any kind of agitation or violence, they have shown themselves entirely free from any aggressive or political spirit; and women will do well to remember that it was never a question of admitting more than duly qualified women.

There is the noteworthy case of the women at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1881, women were formally admitted to the Honours examinations at Cambridge, and in 1893 they were formally recognised at Oxford. Their policy has been from the very first to attract as little attention as possible, to be humble and quietly grateful for whatever concessions were made to them. Thus it was hoped that after establishing a character for perfectly good behaviour they would some day be admitted to the degrees on an equality with their fellow male students. Some day, no doubt, they will be, but when the question came up at Cambridge in 1897, scenes of violence and humiliation took place than which no worse could be imagined. If the policy of the women's colleges had been less humble and peaceful, their chance of being allowed to take the degree and quietly grateful for whatever concessions were made to them.

There need be no wonder that the militant movement for perfectly good behaviour they would some day be admitted to the degrees on an equality with their fellow male students. Some day, no doubt, they will be, but when the question came up at Cambridge in 1897, scenes of violence and humiliation took place than which no worse could be imagined. If the policy of the women's colleges had been less humble and peaceful, their chance of being allowed to take the degree and quietly grateful for whatever concessions were made to them.

It is fitting that an attempt to trace the Fabian Society to its founder should begin with a quotation. With insight more uncanny than usual, Emerson declared that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." The Fabian Society does not believe in great men, perhaps because it knows none, and it may be surprised to discover that one man in a lifetime included in his thoughts and activities all its prophylactic potency. "Man's ontogeny is the epitome of his phylogeny," say the scientists, and an outline of my hero's character and achievements will demonstrate that the Fabian Society is at least as advanced as the Renaissance, and that the life of Machiavelli summarises the subsequent history of Fabian propaganda and practice.

Niccolo Machiavelli was born on May 3, 1469. His father was a studious man, and his mother, Bartolommea, "a pious woman, evidently of some culture, since she composed certain religious verses and hymns to the Blessed Virgin, dedicated, as we find it asserted, to her son Niccolo," says Villari. It is perhaps significant that concerning her death, in 1496, we do not find a single word to enlighten us as to what she felt or whether her soul was tortured by pain on this occasion, but two years later he described Savonarola as "a weaponless prophet, . . . who coloured his lies to suit the times," so he must have known Greek; "Varchi, indeed, speaks of him as one rather not without letters, than lettered." He had some knowledge of law, "but he acquired all else by private reading, by meditation, and above all, by practical experience and knowledge of mankind." At the age of twenty-nine he determined to earn his living, rather not without letters, than lettered. He had some knowledge of law, "but he acquired all else by private reading, by meditation, and above all, by practical experience and knowledge of mankind." At the age of twenty-nine he determined to earn his living, and like a true Fabian, he sought employment in the Civil Service. On July 14, 1498, his appointment as secretary was confirmed by the Signory, and he was transferred to the Second Chancery, or the Ten, which "combined the functions of a War Office and, in part, of Ministry for Home Affairs, and consequently had an enormous amount of business to transact." A recent Fabian pamphlet says "the State can even now get into its service at moderate salaries men no less capable than the professions attract." In 1498 the State, or rather the Republic, secured Machiavelli at a salary of two hundred florins, which were by law worth only four in- stead of seven livres, and a further deduction of nine denarii from each livre reduced his actual salary to a little more than one hundred gold florins. The Fabian policy was triumphant before the Fabian Society was born.

At this time, Machiavelli was "of middle height, slender figure, with sparkling eyes, dark hair, rather a small head, a slightly aquiline nose, a tightly-closed mouth: all about him bore the impress of a very acute observer and thinker, but not that of one able to wield much influence over others. He could not easily rid himself of the sarcastic expression continually playing on his lips. To the passionate love for humanity which fires many of the militant suffragists is added the terror of those who through economic conditions have to be independent workers, and who seek in the vote a weapon of defence. It is a fight for freedom, but in the light of facts like these it is also a struggle for existence.

THE SECOND MURDERER.

If I were a Judge of that selfsame King
And my own child's murderer doomed to try,
If any man from a rope should swing
The hanged man would be I.

Does he not fly that was wont to trudge?
And the hanged has forgot that he ever has been
While his rope is choking his Judge.

Norreys Connell.
money on his various commissions, and was always in financial difficulties when away from Florence.

I regret to say that Machiavelli's morals were not worthy of the Father of the Fabians. He seems to have been "much given to gay living, and to various affairs, of which the two (Machiavelli and his friend) wrote to each other in a style that is far from edifying." We may rejoice that the lapse of time and difference of climate preserve the Fabian Society from the temptation to mere sensuality, but Machiavelli must not be too harshly condemned, for it will prove that progress is not confined to the male sex. "She complains of the infrequency of his letters, and reminds him that he well knows that she is a woman who, after being loved for half a lifetime, and less than ever now that she hears that there is much sickness in Rome. 'Imagine if I can be happy when I can rest neither by night nor day. The baby is well and beautiful, but he must not be allowed to cry, for his knees are like a bit of black velvet, and he is as hairy as you are. And his resemblance to you makes me think him beautiful, and he is as lively as though he were a year old, and he opened his eyes before he was quite born. By voice he heard as soon as all over the house. Our little girl is not at all well. Be sure to come back.' All the family letters still extant clearly prove that Marietta remained an affectionate wife and mother, and when she died in 1553, Machiavelli never one of Machiavelli's letters to her yet it is plain from the tenour of those written to his children that, notwithstanding a few infidelities, some real and some merely imaginary, he, who loved his wife to the last, and was a much better man in his own home than he wishes us to suppose. Villari, we see, is inclined to be sentimental, but no modern Fabian dame would tolerate infidelities in a husband, particularly in one whose domestic felicity depends on continual separation from his wife by business, and the impossibility of corresponding with her. For the benefit of those Fabian ladies who are interested in eugenics, I may mention that this child had been concubine by Machiavelli, with equal contempt, thus describes the formation of a citizen army will make war impossible, and an army that never fights can never be beaten. Machiavelli, with similar prescience and power, wrote "The Prince" as a有价值的 Fabian; and his "History" abounds with pre-Shavian sneers at soldiers. In "Arms and the Man," Shaw declared that the casualties in a cavalry charge were mainly injuries of the knees, caused by the horses cannoning together. Machiavelli, with similar contempt, thus describes the battle of Molinella in 1466. "They came to a pitched battle, that went on for half the day without either side giving way. Never in war has there been such a duel; the horses only were wounded and some prisoners taken on either side." The fact that other writers estimate the killed variously at 600, 800, and 1,000 will not destroy the relish of this early Fabian jest.

The Fabian Society has long been known as the dictator of the political policy of this country; by permutation or by persecution its will has dominated the administrative machine, and nothing has been done until the Fabian Society has debated it. As the Society contains the best debaters in London, it is not surprising that people are singing to the Revolution; 'Ay, but we've bin' lang in comin'." Machiavelli, with similar prescience, wrote "The Prince," which he dedicated to the Medici in the art of unifying and governing Italy: he erected an ideal Superman by glorifying Caesar Borgia beyond recognition, and his dream, says Villari, "was so thoroughly inspired by truth, reality and political necessity, that it became a prophecy of the future. Then, as regards Italy, all that he wrote in his exhortation appears an almost exact description of that which, after an interval of three centuries and a half, we have seen accomplished under our own eyes. Only, therefore, after facts had proved the truth of the dream was it possible to grasp the whole conception of the Florentine Secretary, and appreciate the prodigious originality of one who believed that 'the abstinence from sin should be the praise of posterity. Although Machiavelli was a Monarchist in "The Prince," he was a Republican in the "Discourses," and the paradox is not surprising in a Fabian. He was discharged from the Civil Service when the Medici returned to Florence, was, indeed, arrested on an unfounded charge of complicity in the Medici conspiracy, imprisoned, and tortured. On his release he retired to his villa and wrote "The Prince," which he dedicated to the Medici in the hope of obtaining employment. "Never," says Villari, "was there a less Machiavellian man than Machiavelli," who wrote that it was possible to do these two works in one year, dedicated one to the Medici, and the other to his friends Zanobi Buondelmonti and Cosimo Rucellai, the latter a friend and kinsman of the
Medici. Cosimo’s predecessor, Bernardo, built a palace in Via della Scala, and laid out a garden which became famous as the Orricellari Gardens. Here the first meetings of the Fabian Society were held, and of the visitors Villari says that “the majority were friends of the Medici; and even those who afterwards conspired against them had long been on excellent terms with them and were first alienated by motives of a strictly personal nature. Then, and then only, politi-
cal passion came into play.” It was to this audience that Machiavelli, who by this time was in the employ
crowned with laurel when next I
have prevented my mentioning many things that would
have made clearer the relation of Machiavelli to the
poli-
tical passion came into play.” It was to this audience
enough, he was taken seriously by some of the visitors,
but as they were young and poetic, and the conspiracy
failed and two of the hot heads were struck off, and
Machiavelli did not lose favour with the Medici, we
can only rejoice that the young lions of the modern
Fabian Society have learnt wisdom and patience and
the art of debate, and pass on.
The last thing that identifies Machiavelli as a Fabian
is the fact that he wrote what Villari insists on calling
“indecent” comedies. The word of course ought to
be translated “advanced,” but as Machiavelli wrote
only one masterpiece for the stage, it is not worth
while to be precise in the matter. Strange enough, he
was taken seriously by some of the visitors,
so on. But enough has been said to identify him as the
Fabian
of the Medici, read some of his “Discourses,” and
enjoyed, “that music is our only heritage from the
old musician,
It is either a stimulant or a narcotic—nothing
else, if it is good; neither, if it is poor.
"That's it," exclaimed the poet, "I am a calling.
"It is purely subjective—that's the phrase. Otherwise,
can you possibly explain why a Beethoven symphony played
on the bagpipes and the same symphony rendered by
an orchestra differs so much in its effects?"
"I cannot give you any such explanation," said the
old musician, "since I have never had the good fortune
to hear Beethoven interpreted through the bagpipes.
I can but quote the words—"
"The man that hath no music in himself—"
"O, don't, please," peevishly interrupted a fantastic
old lady. "After all these years!"
"Then I may say," went on the musician, a little
annoyed, "that music is our only heritage from the
illimitable."
"You forget," said a wrinkled old man, with near-
sighted eyes and a dazed expression—a proclaimed
Hegeian, and called Ag—"we have also received
limitations."
This remark, coming from a philosopher, seemed
to give the musician an idea. With the air of an arch-
bishop crowning an emperor, he said :
"Music, Sir, with the capital M, is the hymn of the
Ding-an-sich."
There was a pause in the conversation—a pause of
the particular kind that is the surest sign of either a
triumphant epigram or a fatal faux pas. And this was
a triumph for the musician. Half of the company were
engaged in translating the German; the others, in-
cluding the poet, who had grasped his meaning, were
obviously overwhelmed by the concept.
"But the Noon," said the weird maiden, after the
pause. "How it fills one with emotion—an emotion
so impossible of analysis.
"Ah, my mistress," said the poet, "you are a true
poetess."
"You do me great honour," she said, sweetly. "But
I fear it is not true. What is a poet?"
"A thinking emotionalist," answered the poet, with
precision.
"Ah, there you are!" exclaimed the weird maiden,
"I am not a poetess, for I am an emotional thinker."
"Now you don't mean to tell me there is any differ-
ence between the two," cried the young-fellow-of-no-
calling.
"O, yes, very much," said the maiden, who had
really worked it all out that morning in her room.
"When I felt the emotion of the Noon, had I been a
poetess I should have yearned to describe it, to make
other share it. As it happened I grew faint with an
effort to analyse it, to explain it."
"What have you done?" grunted the philosopher,
with mild disgust. "You have proved the validity of a
hysterion-protocerebral expression, by describing a
particular instance in which the cart was before the horse.
The group smiled uncomfortably, as people do when
age, the recognised musical genius of the Rookery,
ventured the reply direct.
"No man can interpret it," he said impressively.
"Only sound. Music alone can express such emotion.
Thus it fell out. The poet of the community, a young
Rook with a long neck, a big head and a drawl, felt
that his whole ideal was being challenged.
"Music, Sir," he drawled, loudly, for he knew his
position was strong. "Music, Sir, can express nothing.
It may, by its associations, recall to the mind a past
emotion; in its perfect attainment, it may perhaps of
itself evolve an emotion, but it can neither explain nor
describe.
"Exactly," interjected a singular young fellow of no
known calling, who, through a nervous affection, was
always jerking his head. "No one in his senses would
whistle a tune in an envelope and send it to his lady
love."
"Music is merely a nervous irritant," continued the
poet. "It is either a stimulant or a narcotic—nothing
else, if it is good; neither, if it is poor.
"That's it," exclaimed the poet, "I am a calling.
"It is purely subjective—that's the phrase. Otherwise,
can you possibly explain why a Beethoven symphony played
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with mild disgust. "You have proved the validity of a
hysterion-protocerebral expression, by describing a
particular instance in which the cart was before the horse.
The group smiled uncomfortably, as people do when

Crows.
By Stewart Caven.
1.—An Intellectual Fantasia.
It is a rather stunted oak, a little apart from the others,
are built a dozen or so nests, which, to mere human
eyes, appear much the same as ordinary Rook's nests,
but which appeal to the mind of a Crow as being a
trifle fantastic, though in many ways quite admirable;
the sort of nest that would like to look at, but could not bear to inhabit.
The occupants of these nests are all highly individualistic in appearance,
yet although no two are in any way alike, they are all of the community that they are usually classed together under
a heading, which changes periodically, according as one or other of their many peculiar aspects comes prom-
minently into public view. They are always found to-
gether, not because they are fond of each other's society
—the very opposite to that would, in fact, be nearer
the truth—but because their interests are so absorb-
ing, so restricted, and so uncommon, and because particularly true of the strangers offensively condescending,
and the worst class positively rude.

Most of the colony are at this moment gathered
together in a thickly-twirged corner of their oak. The
centre of interest is apparently a sweetly-delicately
but weirdly-masculated young Rook-maiden, who is re-
clining along a branch at a graceful but dangerous angle.

"Ah! the Noon!" she murmured. "Who will in-
terpret it for us?"

This form of question, though not strictly speaking
"rhetorical," is yet better left without a direct answer. A
remark, ecstasically vaginal, is the usual resort. But
age, by deadening the sensibilities, renders reckless
both men and Rooks. A patriarchal Rook, gray with

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a much-travelled man makes a pun in Coptic; the maiden made a note in her pretty little book.

The great clock of the Baronet’s Hall struck twelve.

"Ah, the Noon," said the weird maiden again, when the last stroke had sounded. "Who will say—is it a symbol or an allegory?"

"Or an arbitrary distinction of the clock-makers," muttered the wrinkled philosopher. "I can’t see much to be enthusiastic about—this noon particularly," and she shivered.

"I love the Noon," answered the weird maiden, though it wasn’t a direct reply to the question, "because at this moment the whole of Nature is at its zenith, and the mind that has abandoned itself to Nature’s will—the mind that is truly nympholept—at this moment reaches its zenith also.

"Who is this Nature? What is her Christian name?" asked the young-man-of-no-calling-who-jerked-his-head.

Nobody seemed to be in a hurry to answer.

"I have written a book on it," remarked Ag the philosopher, cleaning his claws.

"Oh, a book," said the young man, with vacuity.

"To me," said the poet, "the noon is the saddest moment of the day. The sunset, indeed, has its melancholy, and the night its gloom, but the noon is full of serenity, and the mind that has abandoned itself to the Zenith, and the mind that has abandoned itself to the mind that has abandoned itself to Nature’s will—the mind that is truly nympholept—at this moment reaches its zenith also.

The Dawn, the awakening, the uprising of all things, is indeed beautiful," responded the weird maiden, "but exhausting. It has the beauty of movement, but lacks the beauty of repose."

"I prefer the sunset," said the artist, a stout, middle-aged man with a fatuous expression and a deep bass voice. "When the immense red-gold sun sinks into a sea of blood and orange, while an iridescent, protein glow of phosphorescent hue moves in the Eastern heavens. Unfortunately no painter has yet succeeded in painting both the western and the eastern sky on the same canvas, so this remarkable effect usually escapes notice."

"I must say I have never noticed it," said the young-man-of-no-calling.

"And then to catch the rich variety of decay," went on the artist, warmly. "The tints that fade into a thousand shades. How unlike the crude simplicity of the Spring!"

"Now you’re talking about Autumn, surely," remarked the aged actress, viciously.

"I—"I believe I am," faltered the fatuous artist.

"Yes, the Sunset is beautiful," said the weird maiden. "This hastening away of beauty is itself beautiful—but too oppressive with melancholy. And here again the beauty is that of movement, but lacks repose."

"I prefer the night—when people are asleep," said old Ag, who was evidently a little ruffled over something.

"Night," said the maiden with a very effective awe. "Night is Death beautiful. Complete repose, awful and sublime; beautiful, but not The Beautiful, because lacking movement."

A hush fell upon the assembly. Four or five rooks who had formed naturally into a separate group came quietly and joined the main gathering. The weird maiden drew herself to her full height and reminded her listeners strongly of Salambo addressing the moon.

"But the Noon transcends both," she said, in thrilling tones of awe. "It is the meeting-place of movement and repose. It is the Stillness of the Keystone in the Arch of Eternity.

There was a moment of intense silence.

"What can represent that Stillness," whispered the poet in a hushed voice. "Not Music," he said, and spoiled the effect.

"Nor words," said the musician, fiercely.

"A painting," suggested the artist.

"Marble—alone," said a sculptor, one of the newcomers.

"No—Philosophy," answered Ag, with a calm certainty. "The Philosopher knows of that stillness; he has found it in the Night within him—the Dark Night of the Soul, where the darkness is not due to gloom, but to the light that has gone out."

The nervous Rook-of-no-calling uttered an inarticulate cry, and looked as though he were about to ask a series of questions. Unfortunately he refrained.

"That Stillness of the Ultimate Synthesis is the Goal of all true Philosophy," continued Ag, with majesty.

"It will happen when Objectivity is received back into itself, and everything goes out in the unshaded brilliancy of The Absolute Idea."

Epigrammata.

By Beatrice Hastings.

Comedy is the pivot of the universe. When anything comical happens, the aspects are about to change, and the change may be for the worse.

DESPAIR is the last support of the house of life.

YOUTH is prepared to commit itself irrevocably to an opinion; but, also, it is not ashamed to change its mind.

SOME people are accused of obscurantism whose skins are really too healthy to take a wound.

STRETCH your friend who is about to betray you, a fingerful of justification and you will have the satisfaction of seeing him accept your magnanimity.

SATAN walks indifferent to temptation.

It is demoralising to have to destroy a thing in which one has once seen beauty, or, to abandon that to which one has ever given sympathy.

WHEN man and woman get to the cliff edge of Boreomn, the man, preening for flight, is vexed for the poor woman and tries to prepare her. The woman answers—from across the gulf.

A LOVER’s self-estimate—one vice and all the remaining virtues.

POPULAR pathos: Folly awaiting the return of opportunity.

THE same woman who cannot be dragged one step may lead over a precipice with equanimity.

No woman should have the vote until she is able to end a quarrel by going out and giving herself a treat.

SCRATCH anything ugly, and you will find something painful.

In our mortal mishaps we can usually trace our downfall to the worship of beauty. We dote on a finely-coloured eye, and are blinded to the villainous features; or, a person with one sweet trait, even the vulgarest lassiness, may be our friend; or, most fatally, one with an exquisite voice always passes for an angel.

I WOULD sooner rot die than be celebrated by certain fools.

SOME minds can no more harbour dates, decimals or revenges than a machine can register false coin. They will give a year either way to the date of creation and this moment of intense silence."

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The "Go-as-you-please" Actor-Manager.

A Dialogue.

By William Poel.

Scene.—The Actor's study in Palace Mansions.

[The Author is seated in an arm-chair near to a table. He holds loosely in one hand a tortoiseshell paper-knife, and in the other a society journal. He is in an attitude of reflection, his face expressing overwhelming seriousness. After a short pause, he mechanically raps the table twice with the paper-knife. Two slight raps are then heard on the outside of the door.]

Author: Come in!

[The Author enters; he wears gloves and spectacles; his frock coat is buttoned up.]

Author: At last!

Author (bowing): At last!

Author: I expected you.

Author (bowing): You expected me.

Author: What is the good of a theatre in the midst of the town? Our stage system is altogether hollow nonsense.

Author: I have been complimented on the parts I have played, but if you had only seen me in the parts I have not played.

Author: What about our theatres?

Author: Then there is Muffins. Well, he's con-'

Author: Has the word damn.

Author: I have been complimented on the parts I have played, but if you had only seen me in the parts I have not played.

Author: It is not everyone who can act the part of Hamlet. The papers said I didn't look like the part; but if I did not look like the part, what did I look like?

Author: I've a chair; I adjust my spectacles, and in the other a society journal. He is in an attitude of polite attention.

Author: There's that fellow Puffins. Well, he's con-'

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To begin, management without money would be rather worse than to, er—

Author [off his guard]: End it without money?

Actor [offended]: You were saying?

Author [alarmed]: Forgive me. [Rises.] Please continue.

Actor: Let me see, you are—?

Author: I am a writer of plays.

Actor: Be seated, sir. [Author sits.] In fact, the more money, the more good; the less money, the less good. Can you keep a secret?

Author: A secret? [Nods assent.]

Actor: Positively?

Author: Positively.

Actor: Is your wife not in town?

Author: No in town.

Actor: I intend to build a theatre. I am desirous to establish a theatre upon such principles of dramatic perfection and social respectability as shall be agreeable to those good friends of ours, the London County Councillors.

Author: The London County Councillors.

Actor: Now you are a dramatic writer, a man of ability, an intelligent man, a worthy person of sound common sense.

Author: Sound common sense.

Actor: Your experience is a recommendation for your success, and your abilities a guarantee for them.

Author: A guarantee for them.

Actor: Without any very great wrench of the veracities I may say that either I understand nothing about men, or that you are destined to accomplish a great work.

Author: A great work.

Actor: Now! I have told you that I am about to build a theatre, but I have not told you that you are about to write a play.

Author: You are about to write a play.

Actor: No! You.

Author: I said you.

Actor [pointing at him]: Y O U.

Author: Spells ‘you.’

Actor: You were saying?

Author [alarmed]: Forgive me! [Rises.] Please continue.

Actor [motions Author to be seated]: You are about to write a play for me.

Author: For me?

Actor: No!

Author: No!

Actor: I must ask you please not to be unnecessarily discursive. Now you must understand that although the public care nothing for plays that are not pervaded with the practical ideas of the actor, it is not my intention to take upon myself the responsibility of authorship. No! Let everyone adhere to his own vocation. I am the actor, you are the author. We are approaching a profound subject. It was long before I was able to obtain clear ideas about it. I want a play that shall be something unlike anything that has ever been seen or heard of before. I have overflowing ideas as to the hero. He should be a compound of enthusiasm, talent, and melancholy. The man should permeate the stage as it were for the good of the stage. But here comes in the difficulty: where shall we find an actor capable of doing justice to so exacting a part? I don’t know who could act the part of your hero. Puffs too trivial, Muffins too loud, Stuffins too affected, Duffins too inconsequential.

Author: Yourself?

Actor: I ! ! !

Author: Ay.

Actor: You think?

Author: I think.

Actor: But you have never seen me act.

Author: Never!

Actor: And can form no idea of my abilities.

Author: Except your natural ones.

Actor: Ah! true. But then I have had but little experience. Still, I suppose I must not object to being temporarily inexperienced if by so doing I can be permanently useful. It is you who have the right to decide. I must adapt myself as far as possible meekly and modestly to the requirements of the author. Very well, then, that is settled. I take the part of the hero myself. Now what shall we call the play? Suppose we call it—eh? Yes! You were saying—?

Author: Call it ‘Solitude’! That is an appropriate title, I think, because the audience will then expect to see as much of the hero and as little of anyone else as it is usual for them to see on the stage. Besides, this title will enable us to make use of those exquisite lines of—er—my favourite couplet. We will insert it in the programme.

“Enshrined in some diviner mood
Of self-oblivious Solitude.”

Author [repeating]: “Of self-oblivious solitude.”

Actor: Words that at once suggest to us the posture of mind most congenial to our hero, who is a man in delicate health and knickerbockers. And, by the way, the play should be a library, for the true object of all decoration is to express character, and what more appropriate to solitude than the bindings of old books? And then the internals must all be in character. The cast of Venus of Apollo, and of the Graces—Ah! what a possibility to have the marbles themselves—must all be in character. The river, that is seen from the library window, wandering along the peaceful dale, must murmur in character. The nightingale must sing in character, and the patient ass, in the meadow below, must bray in character. I suppose we shall be able to have a live ass?

Author [off his guard]: Oh! there are enough of those and to spare.

Actor: I should prefer a live ass. And I shall want your hero to shed tears, for I was born with every capacity for tenderness. And I always declare that I will die like a gentleman in the middle of the stage, on a decent pillow, with my face illuminated by a green light, while an innocent and graceful girl is heard playing on an old piano in an adjoining room. There! now I must leave you. [Rises and puts on a handsome fur-lined coat.] We will discuss the other situations to-morrow. You understand my views perfectly. I am confident you will give us a masterpiece.

Author [rises]: What a handsome coat!

Actor: You like it. Made in Bond Street, the fur chosen by myself. So that is decided—I am to write the play, and you——

Author: And you are to act the hero.

Actor: No! No! I don’t mean that. But you know——

Author: Yes, I know.

Actor: What do you mean by that?

Author: Something of your superior intentions, and a good deal about your personal ambition.

Actor: You were saying?

Author: Forgive me! I was wondering why authors never go to see their own plays acted.

Actor: You are——?

Author: I am still a dramatic writer who requires a theatre for his play, players for his men and women.

Actor: Why, what is the matter with you?

Author: If I told you, you would laugh, and that would be a most tragic laugh.

Actor: Come go with me. I will take you to my club, where we will lunch together, and then I will once more explain to you my intentions.

Author: Ah! that’s an excellent idea. To digest the play after the lunch.

Actor [at the door with a motion]: After you, please, you are such a clever man.

Author [motioning the Actor to precede]: But you wear the best coat, and everyone can see that.

“[Both attempt to leave the room at the same moment, and knock up against each other in passing through the door.]”

(The right of translation and representation is reserved.)
The Woman that was Comely.
By Stephen Andrew.

It was the Inspector who knocked at the door. There were four of us—a Justice of the Peace, an Inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a Policeman, and myself. Our business was to visit certain little children who were said to be suffering unnecessary pain—and to do something. What we were to do, how we were to do it, and why there were so many of us, was not apparent; but there we were, waiting for the door to be opened.

It was not a nice door. It was battered and splintered; it did not fit properly; and there was no paint on it. The house to which it belonged was not a nice hovel. The walls were crumbling, and the roof was manifestly leaky. The windows were broken, and stuffed with dirty rags. The court in which the house stood was not a nice court. There was an ash-pit in it, and two—shall we call them places of retirement?—and one water tap, all of which were for the common use of the inhabitants of the six houses in the court.

It was evident that they did not suffice; for the courtyard—a muddy, unpaved courtyard—was littered with cabbage stalks and tea leaves, and fishes' heads, and worse things; and it stank distressingly, she checked herself. "Look at them, then," she muttered, "there they are.

"What do you want?" asked a voice—a woman's voice.

"You know what we want," answered the Inspector, pushing open the door; "we want to see the children.

The woman turned on him with a swift scowl; but she checked herself. "Look at them, then," she muttered, "there they are.

She was tall and swarthy. Her long black hair, fastened in an untidy knot, was dusty. Her face was powdered with dust, as was her torn and draggled clothing. Her bodice, open down the front, revealed a neck that was dusty. Yet the dust could not hide the beauty of the woman—beauty that, in another class, would have led to homage, and photographs in the fashionable illustrated papers. She moved across the room with a proud, sweeping stride as we entered.

The room was almost bare. On the broken table were the remains of a meal—half a loaf, a lump of lard in a paper wrapper, a smoke-blackened teapot, a cracked basin containing brown sugar, and some dirty cups. The bed, the floor, to be opened were grey with a film of greasy moisture—the usual evil-smelling greasy moisture of the homes of the very poor.

Before the fire squatted three children, half naked, dirty, viciously swishing through the air, down across the quivering backs of the boys and young men who had just gone into the mountain to school.

"Are these your children," asked the Justice of the Peace—and there was kindness in his tone.

"Her husband has left her, sir," interrupted the Inspector. "That child—pointing to the eldest—"is his. The others are by other men.

"Oh—" the Justice of the Peace looked severe.

"Then you——"

"She's a prostitute," put in the policeman, pleased defantly, "that's what I am. Do you suppose I can keep those children on six shillings a week—or even on eight shillings? What else I earn, I earn——"

She broke off, turning from us with a red flush of mingled shame and anger on her face. For a minute she mechanically picked up the tea cups one after another, and put them into a cupboard.

Suddenly she faced us once more. For a moment she stared sneeringly at us—a look of contempt burning in her eyes. Then, with a proud sweep of her draggled skirts, she turned her back, and asked in a tone of scorn:

"Do you suppose I like it?"

My Black Boy.
By Richmond Haigh.

The woman suddenly lit up. She stretched out her arms—shapely, well rounded arms—bare to the shoulders:

"Every day I pick up my file," she cried—and there was bitter passion in her voice—"I push with these bloody arms, and I push with these bloody arms, and I push with these bloody arms; and at the end of the little children's week there is plenty of work.

The Doctor was watching her narrowly. "By gad," he was saying to himself, "I wonder what is her story."

It was evident to him that she had been a person of refinement once. Her present method of speech could not hide that.

"Yes," she went on, "six shillings in bad weeks, and eight shillings in good ones.

"Where is your husband?" asked the Justice of the Peace—and there was kindness in his tone.

"Every day I pick up my file," she cried—and there was bitterness in her voice—"I earn seven shillings, eight shillings, some days.

"And how much can you earn at that?"

"Yes," she answered bitterly, drawing herself up defiantly, "that's what I am. Do you suppose I can keep those children on six shillings a week—or even on eight shillings? What I earn, I earn——"

She broke off, turning from us with a red flush of mingled shame and anger on her face. For a minute she mechanically picked up the tea cups one after another, and put them into a cupboard.

Suddenly she faced us once more. For a moment she stared sneeringly at us—a look of contempt burning in her eyes. Then, with a proud sweep of her draggled skirts, she turned her back, and asked in a tone of scorn:

"Do you suppose I like it?"

The blows fell heavily and thick.

"Koa kagos! Koa Tatago!" Hearken to your chief! Hearken to your father!

With lusty goodwill the tall, strong men stretched their arms and brought the tough and supple wands, viciously swishing through the air, down across the quivering backs of the boys and young men who had just gone into the mountain to school.

Perfectly naked the boys sat with their hands clasped across their shins and their jaws well set. Before each youth stood a man, in most cases tall and well built, holding in his left hand three or four long green sticks, from which, as the one he was wielding with his right arm gave way, he would select a fresh one for use.

It was an amazing scene, and a stranger coming suddenly over the ridge and looking down upon the great circle of figures in this crater-shaped hollow in the mountain might well have thought he was gazing upon an undescibed part of the "Inferno."

But no stranger ever can happen upon a native school at this stage. Upon every prominent peak in the neighbourhood are guards placed, and warnings are issued to people in that part that they are to keep away from the school place. One has to be much more than merely intimate with a tribe before an invitation is given to go up with the men to the place of teaching.

Swish-zup! fell the blows accompanying the half-chant of the men. The boys gaze steadily before them. Never an appealing face is raised to the teacher. The pain must have become excruciating, yet nothing more than a quiver passed through the air, as they marked their appreciation of this time-honoured method of impressing the tribal precepts upon their memories.
"Hearken not to your mother." With a flourish of the muscular arm the lath sings through the air and raises a fresh, thick, purple welt across the others upon the beautiful black skins. Never a grunt or a backs

three months, and the instruction would be delivered which the native African character is built, and the tests are often of the most drastic description. This applies to the women as well as to the men. One of the simple tests of the young girls when they are going through their school training for womanhood, is taking them at, perhaps, two or three o'clock in the morning into pools of water, where they are kept during an exceptionally long rite. The training is given in winter; it will probably be freezing at the time, and the only covering they are allowed during their schooling is made of river reeds, so that when at last they are allowed to come out of the water they find little in the way of encouragement. Off they are driven at once to their camping place that the rising sun shall bring no man's eye upon them.

I have seen hundreds of women facing each other in line, on certain occasions, stripped to the waist, giving and taking from each other the most unmerciful lashing with whip-like laths. Belonging to different kraals, though of one tribe and chief, they would advance upon each other, making a terrific din with the greatest fury, slashing over the head and face with the greatest possible vigour, and the only (I beg of you, chief!) when the master is here he is pleased to see you, but he is not here, and has told me to let no one in." This was not only daring of the boy, but, to his chief, must have been sorely against the grain.

Makuni gets a start. "What is the key?" he shouted. Tremblingly Otai took the key from his pocket and held it in his hand. "Now open the door." "Kgos! ki rapela, ki rapela!" (Chief! pardon, pardon,) said the boy. "Here is the key; take it, but I cannot open the door," and he held the key out to the chief.

Now whether Otai's bearing had brought some sense of shame to the chief or whether, as I suspect, he was actually afraid to open the door himself, I cannot say, although he preferred not to speak against his chief. Yet they could not get him to open the door, and the quick-witted little chap guessed there was more to come, and was on his guard. I got all this from him the next day by close questioning, although he preferred not to speak against his chief.

"Aoa, Kgos!" (No, chief). "The master told me not to let anyone into the house while he was away." "Mosaka!" (Brat) "You know that I and your master are friends, and that I always go in and have coffee when I come here. Open the door, quick!"

"Ki rapela Kgos! (I beg of you, chief!) When the master is here he is pleased to see you, but he is not here, and has told me to let no one in." This was not only daring of the boy, but, to his chief, must have been sorely against the grain.

Makuni suddenly agreed, and, telling Otai to look sharp, strolled round behind to the kitchen.

Against the kitchen wall my large bath was standing, and when he saw this a brilliant idea struck the chief. I was angry, but grinning to think how beautifully the young chief was caught. I sent down word at once to open the door myself, and Makuni sent Otai's attendants and told them to take the bath down and fill it. Otai made the coffee, and when he heard the bath was ready Makuni went down to the stream. Now by the happiest bit of fortune before the boys saw Makuni go out while the chief was having his bath. As the boys came forward to greet me and take the horse I saw by Otai'ssigned, and when he saw this a brilliant idea struck the chief. I was angry, but grinning to think how beautifully the young chief was caught. I sent down word at once to open the door myself, and Makuni sent Otai's attendants and told them to take the bath down and fill it. Otai made the coffee, and when he heard the bath was ready Makuni went down to the stream. Now by the happiest bit of fortune before the boys saw Makuni go out while the chief was having his bath. As the boys came forward to greet me and take the horse I saw by Otai's

"One word at once that I had arrived, and would be pleased to see the chief before he returned home."

"What I said to the young chief in the presence of his attendants and my own boys need not be recorded here, but the old men of the tribe would have been delighted to hear it, as one or two of them remarked to me afterwards."

A few minutes later they had given me greeting and left and I had gone into my room, there was a tap at the door. "Come in," I said, and in walked the young chief. He carried a small parcel, which he laid upon the table, and before sheeplishly retiring again he said in English, "I brought a present; some boiled eggs, sir. I don't know if you like it, because I think he have chicken, but not quite."
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

The second volume of the "Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Eino" (Heinemann, 10s. net), is the first, for it contains practically nothing about English manners and customs. Moreover the flight of time had evidently sobered the sprightliness of the Duchess, who after all was not a Mary Montagu. Still, it is true that for the biographical index at the end of the volume, compiled by the Princess Radziwill, is amusing, though perhaps quite contrary to the intention of the Princess; some of the items in it are like great pink pearls. I like the Duchess more and more, I find, but in the matter of this second volume she has really been a little too negligent of the library reader. It is well acquainted with it. The volume ends with the second funeral of Napoleon, which the Duchess did not even see. A sufficient proof that the dear, sparkling thing did not take seriously her vocation of memoir-writer for posterity, in any case, her bits of second-hand information about the said funeral are good, and they historically illustrate the marked difference between the journalistic accounts of the funeral of Edward VII. and the personal observation of eye-witnesses who were not journalists, and who therefore were at liberty to see what was really there instead of what ought to have been there. We still await a full and true account of the second funeral of Napoleon, one of the supreme theatrical spectacles of the last century. Thackeray, it need scarcely be said, made an appalling mess of the thing. The third and last volume(23,198),(934,868) of the Duchess d'Eino is to appear shortly. Let us hope that she will have at least acquired the agreeable causticity of advancing age. These books, by the way, are admirably printed and produced.

I am indebted to Mr. Murray for sending what is to me a new manifestation of the entirely precious activity of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. Mr. Benson, in "The Thread of Gold," ministers to all that is highest and most sacred in the Mudie temperament. It is not a new book; only it has been getting better-hand. It was first printed in 1905, and it seems to have been on and off the printing-presses ever since, and now Mr. Murray has issued it, very neatly, at a shilling net, so that people who have never even been inside Mudie's may obtain it. I have read the book with intense joy, hugging myself, and every now and then running off to a sister-spirit with a "I say, just listen to this!" The opening sentence of one of the various introductions serves well to display Mr. A. C. Benson at his superlative:—"I have for a great part of my life desired, perhaps more than I have desired anything else, to make a beautiful book; and I have tried, perhaps too hard and too often, to do this, without ever quite succeeding." Oh, triple modesty! The violet-like beauty of that word "quite!" Thus he tried perhaps too hard and too often to produce something beautiful! Not that for a moment I believe the excellent Mr. Benson to be so fustious as these phrases, like scores of others in the book, would indicate. It is merely that heaven has been pleased to deprive him of any glimmer of honesty, is really disorderly, loose, inefficient and traitorous. His pages abound in instances of the unfaithfulness of his style, which is continually giving him away and making him say what he does not in the least want to say. For example:—"Such traces as one sees in the chapels of the Oxford Movement... would be purely deplorable from the artistic point of view, if they did not possess a historical interest." As if historical interest could make them less deplorable from an artistic point of view! It might make them less deplorable from another point of view. Three times he explains the meaning of the book. Here he presents it, and, at present, the last version of the motif:—"That whether we are conquerors or conquered, triumphant or despairing, prosperous or pitiful, well or ailing, we are all the same. Him that we love and on whom we may seem to remember that the late Frances Ridley Havergal burst into the world with this information. I recommend her works to Mr. Benson. In another of the introductions he says:—"I think that God put it into my heart to write this book, and I hope that he [not He] will allow me to persevere." Personally (conceited though I am), I never put myself to the trouble of formulating hopes concerning the Infinite Purpose, but if I did I should hope that He just won't. Mr. Benson proceeds:—"And yet indeed I know that I am not fit for so holy a task." Here we have one of the most diverting instances of Mr. Benson's trick-playing style. He didn't mean that; he only said it. Much, if not most, of "The Thread of Gold" is merely absurd. Some of it is pretentious, some of it inept. All of it is utterly banal. All of it has the astounding calm assurance of mediocrity. It is a solemn thought that tens of thousands of well-dressed mortals alive and idle to-day consider themselves to have been uplifted by the perusal of this work. It is also a solemn thought that God in His infinite mercy and wisdom is still allowing Mr. Benson to perpetrate this so holy task, thus resounding to Mr. Benson's hopes.

By Vincent O'Sullivan.

Like Everybody Else.*

FOLLOWERS of modern French literature have heard of Madame Delarue-Mardrus as a poet, and those who have read "Occident" and "Fervour" know that she is an exceptionally good poet. Nobody, therefore, will be surprised to find that she has written a novel dealing with the most dreary and sorrowful aspects of human nature, wherein the only poetry is such poetry as arises from a contemplation of the wretchedness and futility of life. Such is often the way of poets when they turn to prose.

The main interest of her book is that it is written about a woman by a woman who has chiefly women in her eye as readers. We are at some distance here from the female novelist who calls herself George Somebody-or-other. Most female novelists, even when they set out to do otherwise, end by coinciding with the literary tradition, and more or less completely adopt the man's point of view. The literary tradition is as inevitably masculine as "he" in the language is a stronger pronoun than "she." But Madame Mardrus reacts against this tradition: if she has to use a general pronoun she uses "she" and not "he." She even reacts too much, for at times her attitude seems rather strained, as though she were keeping it up by an effort of will. Still, what you do get out of the whole book

is a new effect—an intense effect of having travelled concealed in the compartment for "ladies only." It is as though you have overheard a conversation among women when the male is absent and forgotten; and this conversation turns out to be incomplete, sterile, vague, trivial. Mme. Mardrus, who has so many fine and subtle observations, might have remarked that women are much more susceptible to the presence of men than men are to that of women. A company of women in the pavilion day after day, sitting up late at night, a woman coming to a company of men does not always, or even often, have the same effect. And another observation worth making is that women, even when they are intimate, seldom trust one another whole-heartedly. And another observation worth making is that women, even when they are intimate, seldom trust one another whole-heartedly. Her life unwinds itself in a small town, a charming garden; and there the rest of her life is spent. Then one day she goes by herself. The marquis, a handsome man with grey hair and tired eyes. She embraces her, and asks her to come to him at a certain pavilion in the park.

We are not, however, marching into an adultery, and it is at this point that begins the real value of the book. So far she is, indeed, in the role of the marquis's mistress, but the marquis does not go. The method she adopts to drive the thought of him away is heroic: she decides to have another child. The child is duly born and is called by her mother, sometimes even—as the authoress in a flash discovers all the beautiful poetic devotion to herself of this dull lad who, shoved away to school, snubbed and scorned, was really the inheritor of the best part of her nature and the true "child of dreams." Modern French literature is certainly deficient in passion, but anything more poignant than the death of "le petit lion" it would be hard to find in any literature. The death of "Colonel Newcome" and other celebrated set pieces are mere stagy, mere empty, the virgin's pavilion in the park. Then begins for her months and months of those terrible tears which spring from crimes against the dead. But the tragic dignity she gains from sorrow casts no ameliorating reflection on her domestic life. Always the petty squabbles, suspicions, meannesses. One day, on one of her frequent visits to the cemetery, she discovers that her elderly husband is in the habit of meeting an elderly mistress at a house situate only a few paces from her son's grave. After that hour the husband's temperament. She finds herself arrived at a good house with a charming garden; and there the rest of her life is spent. Soon she organises her days in the dreary rhythm of the well-to-do in a little town. She has a poetic nature, nearly dead, and a good singing-voice, but by cold patient analysis. She is travelling in the railway carriage with her husband, a respectable commonplace attorney, and her two little children to the country town where the attorney has just bought a practice. She finds herself arrived at a good house with a charming garden; and there the rest of her life is spent. Soon she organises her days in the dreary rhythm of the well-to-do in a little town. She has a poetic nature, nearly dead, and a good singing-voice, but by cold patient analysis. She is travelling in the railway carriage with her husband, a respectable commonplace attorney, and her two little children to the country town where the attorney has just bought a practice.
Respected, and good health. With a tithe of the good things she has in her life, thousands of poor creatures would esteem themselves happy. Stirred in her deepest conscience, she hurries homeward through the rain, resolved to throw herself on her husband's neck, to tell her she is cursed of sadness and repining, to show him that life is kind to them and they should love one another, because they are, after all, among the fortunate of the community.

Solved to throw herself on her husband's neck, to tell him he has acted like an idiot, simply accuse her of the community. She swears she has never thought of, but the husband flouts her and the husband, from long use, thinks she is going to begin her old recriminations. Both husband and daughter leave the room in turn, banging the door, and she is left staring at a point on the floor, moveless and black in her mourning veil wet with rain, as she faces the bitter truth that an impulse of high emotion can never remold lives which have been shaped ignobly by the passage of years.

This history is related with endless resources of art by Mme. Mardrus. It is a poet, and might, therefore, be expected to write a flexible and coloured prose; but the composition, in the large sense of management of material, is equally remarkable. It is as if Mme. Mardrus has conveyed the impression of an uneventful life of fifty years in three hundred pages. If you dwell unduly on the salient incidents, you put the rest out of gear and destroy the illusion of the slow lapse of time. Mme. Mardrus has so arranged that the conjunctions are scarce perceptible. This, I suppose, she has managed, at least in part, by keeping in mind the melancholy and uncontrolable truth that such as we are are twelve we are essentially still at sixty. Custom may modify, urdence may conceal, but what there is there. The unhappy and perverse boy or girl is, one may say, never a happy and normal man or woman. Your commonplace child, who surprises all by turning out brilliant, and your clever child who turns out an idiot, simply accuse a flaw in our observation and our standard tests. The commonplace child, properly observed, was never commonplace, the clever child never clever. All this Mme. Mardrus brings out in one part or other of her book.

The lady known as "Colette-Willy" is probably the most original female writer of modern times in France or anywhere else—by far the most capable of giving an account of all the physical processes of woman. She can outdo any of Mme. Marionner when there is question of depth and seriousness, and from an ethical standpoint, of course, Colette is nowhere, while Mme. Mardrus is very emphatically there. Dreary, even discouraging, is her work; but still take from it a refreshing sense of wide sympathy with "average" people and of pondered serious thoughts.

Now Mme. Mardrus has chosen to apply all these gifts of hers to furthering a certain central purpose. Briefly, her book is an indictinent of the institution of matrimony. She looks round her and sees all these no one anywhere happy married. She impales with a perfectly deadly aim the little things that madden a woman in the man she lives with—a habit of biting the ends of the moustache, of low whistling, of breathing through the nose—things mean enough to make you laugh, yet material for the direst tragedy. Every marriage in her book, from the richest to the poorest, is a misery and a shame. But she suggests no alternative and save the wealth of incidental ironies and malevolences of human life.

There is no room here to discuss the position very ably and plausibly occupied by Mme. Mardrus. All we can say is that her book is a pretentious essay in local colour, atmosphere and so forth; it is usually entitled Devonshire Idyll, Suffolk Rhapsody, Maxx Symphony, Slavonic Serenade, Japanese Overture, or Californian Something-else. Not a season passes without several fatuous effusions of the kind being performed for the first time. Mostly they emanate from the brains of accompanied young men of ours which impel gifted young writers to make the pretense of creating a work of art.

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This is the pseudo-national art which after a few hearings generally suffers the punishment it deserves: oblivion. My objection to this form has always been wise and able British composers—Stanford and Vaughan-Williams, for instance—and it is a class of composition which must give great joy to the composer working upon it. I work as far as I can for good tunes, for it is pleasant to listen to. Still, I feel it is often a very clear pronouncement of an imperceptible imagination. Of course the riches of foreign countries. The logical development of the national music which is so irritating, for it is anything of Persian music? To what extent (to state the case) Mr. Easthope Martin knows Egypt and the banks of the Nile I am not informed. His name looks well done indeed, but everybody does this nowadays, and it is very probable he has had an English education; at all events he has studied music in the Trinity College of Music, London. While congratulating Mr. Martin on his skill in the use of the orchestral instruments, I do not recognise any sign of his authority upon Egyptian music. His two Eastern Dances, performed for the first time last week at a promenade concert, the Queen's Hall, showed all the usual devices for suggesting "barbaric"—drone fifths in the bass and an abundant use of "flattened" sevenths. It was very well done indeed, but everybody does this nowadays, and everybody is clever in the manipulation of orchestral colours; we all learn these things as we learn how to use a knife and fork. Admitting the manner as effective enough, we now come to the matter itself. Even in their inevitable mutilated condition, being tailored to the particular talents, they are as beautiful as the melodies, and the whole music is beautiful, fascinating. But what else is there in the composition? Nothing but padding (i.e., "development") in the intervals. One moment you're waiting for them to come round again, yawning to pass the time. This sort of thing happened in both these dances of Mr. Martin, and the obvious conclusion is that the Eastern tunes upon which he based his compositions were more distinguished than his treatment of them. The composer's taste in melodies is fastidious and admirable, but it is a pity he has not given us a chance of judging his ability as a creative artist. 

Apart altogether from the problem of translating folk-tunes from an untempered to a tempered scale I put it as a general truth that an orchestral composition based on folk tunes is bad art. There is one colossal exception to this principle: the now popular Capriccio Espagnol of Rimski-Korsakov. The difference between that thrilling composition and the afore-mentioned dances is simply the difference between creative genius and the skill of a chauffeur. It is perhaps unfair to compare the young student's compositions with the creations of a Sir,-It is a well-known fact that a chemist in a poor district sells many more "patents" than a chemist in a wealthy quarter. The number of patents consumed by a district is in direct ratio to the size of its working-class population. There are many cases of medical treaty another; and when at last medical aid is called in, the case may be beyond proper treatment. Many deaths can, of course, be laid at the door of the trade.

One may think these patent medicine devises equally stupid, for instance, the sales of "patents" across the counter. The situation is absurdly complicated. One or two particular kinds of patent-medicine fraud are particularly heartless. Powders for drunkenness, to be given them to come round again, yawning to pass the time. This sort of thing happened in both these dances of Mr. Martin, and the obvious conclusion is that the Eastern tunes upon which he based his compositions were more distinguished than his treatment of them. The composer's taste in melodies is fastidious and admirable, but it is a pity he has not given us a chance of judging his ability as a creative artist. 

I had travelled many miles to the Queen's Hall that evening, and, arriving late, I heard only about half of the wonderful little Prelude and Fugue by Järnefelt. The second thing I heard was immensely skillful, but dull and charming, and for the moment I thought I was listening to Bach in a frisky mood. Järnefelt is one of the youngest men of the new Finnish school, and evidently has a very precious talent. I hope Mr. Wood will look up some of his work.
patent-medicine would be to compel the manufacturers to the policy of its predecessors.

Nothing would induce the capitalist press to say a word against the patent remedy trade; it is a source of a very large part of their advertising revenue. Pan-charlatanism raised by the "Daily Mail" group of journals against the proposed soap trust proved how fiercely a paper can fight for its advertising revenue.

Practically the whole of the patent-medicine traffic is a sordid, cruel, contemptible swindle. It is a disgrace to a civilized and powerful, but a law could easily be framed to suppress it. Will not some member of Parliament take the matter up?

A MANNUFACTURING CHEMIST.

S. VERDAD WEEK BY WEEK.

Sir,—May I be permitted to add a twack to the trouncing Mr. Verdad is receiving? In his letter headed "In Re Verdad" he makes the remarkable statement that "The people have been led to the conclusion that it is the Rajputs." I have a large acquaintance among prominent men, civil and military, who have been associated with the Rajputs for many years. I have known a number of Rajput Maharajahs. I have never heard a single man cast any doubt upon the fidelity of the Rajputs until now. The answer invariably given is:="We can trust the Rajputs more than any other race in India." Those who know them best know it to be true.

Sir,—Mr. Massingham has recently revealed his ignorance of India to be abysmal. In this same letter he remarks that "the village communities are not interfered with at all by the agitation against British rule will merely end in talk." Sedition is not generated in the villages, but in the great cities, whence it spreads outward. The present Liberal Government, which I abhor, has done nothing to interfere with the actions of the villages beyond following the policy of its predecessors.

I should like to add a word about Mr. Verdad's attack on Mr. Massingham. But Mr. Massingham is very well able to take care of himself. I dislike his views, but I think he was assailed upon preposterous grounds. I, too, am not in the habit of 'boasting of my travels' to have ventured out into the open since he was criticized. Doubtless my critic is right in saying that Mr. Massingham is receiving? In his letter headed "In Re Verdad," he makes the remarkable statement that "The travelled man is only entitled to be dogmatic upon foreign nations more than any other place, without having been there."

But very few writers on foreign affairs seem to have done so. Mr. Verdad, I think it is quite time for a word of appreciation of your readers to too severe a strain. I suspect that if the veil of anonymity were drawn aside, the familiar features of Sir John Mandeville would be revealed.

I write this from the private cabinet of my friend the Khan of Tartary.

EDMUND B. DUVAUGERE.

S. VERDAD.

Sir,—Baiting "S. Verdad" has become such a popular exercise among our readers that I feel it is hardly fair for your much-travelled and badly-belaboured foreign correspondent to make claims to original experience and advantages superior to other people's over a pseudonym. If I claim to have travelled more in Grim Tartary or Patagonia than has (say) Dr. Oscar Levy, any one who cares to look up entirely by petulant and somewhat childish attacks on his anonymity were drawn aside, the familiar features of Sir John Mandeville would be revealed.

The proper place in a socialistic journal, apparently because their correspondence column threatens to be taken up entirely by petulant and somewhat childish attacks on "S. Verdad," I think it is quite time for a word of appreciation of your foreign editor's articles, for I feel sure that those of your readers who have any knowledge of foreign affairs, beyond that of the President, or of any writer who cares to look up our records for himself and verify my statements. "S. Verdad" is subjecting the credulity of your readers to too severe a strain. I feel that if the veil of his anonymity were drawn aside, the familiar features of Sir John Mandeville would be revealed.

I write this from the private cabinet of my friend the Khan of Tartary.

J. L. BEHREND.

THE DEPOSITION OF POPES.

Sir,—We are all indebted to Mr. Lunn for his interesting letter regarding the deposition of popes. I should like to add, however, that when I mentioned that an attempt was being made to induce the present Pope to resign I meant something quite different from deposition, as which, Mr. Lunn remarks, I have already said. Yet such a case has been heard of. While several Popes have been deposed, I still think I am right in saying that only one resigned voluntarily. I refer, of course, to Pope Lunn remarks, was at one time a common enough practice. The Pope was elected Pope in 1204, but resigned after having held office for only five months. The reference I made to Dante is found in the Inferno, Book IX., lines 180-182.

Vidi e conobbi l'ombrà di quel Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto.
Cary's version is well known—:

And knew the shade of him, who to base fear
Yielding, abjur'd his high estate.

* * *

"TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL." (L.)

Sir,—It is high time the public were made to realise the "Russianised" methods by which we freeborn Englishmen are gradually and insidiously being forced to live. The freedom which is an Englishman's birthright, and for which so many myriads of his ancestors have fought and died, is not to be a thing held in light esteem; it is not a watch and chain, or a purse, to be meekly handed over to the first high-priced and Deliver-us-Mercy兼顾 such lengths as it will. If the "cheap and nasty" virtue of a society woman really exchanged in payment of her debts at Bridge! No, sir, it is a priceless and precious heirloom, as precious and priceless to the lady Britannia herself as her honour and chastity.

Speaking as one who has had many years of experience in what goes on "behind the scenes," and of the "wheels within wheels" in the machinery of police and politics, I have so many myriads of his ancestors have fought and died, to what the Devil himself. In this my first contribution I don't intend to illustrate my statements by any reference to cases fewer than those already known to the intelligent and observant readers of newspapers. We have seen Dickman condemned to death by the strength of evidence that was perjured and otherwise insufficient to meet the strict requirements of our English law—that is to say, the law as it was intended to be based on the principle of proportion to the private and personal benefit of lawyers and police; we have seen the judges of two Courts of Justice (so-called), and the Home Secretary, actually allowing themselves to be unduly influenced by the private reports of the police. This appears to be an age of "private reports." In the Army, in the Navy, and in the Police subordinate officers as well as the rank and file are constantly finding their careers spoilt, or ruined out-right, by "private reports," and by the abominably un-English system of secret espionage which has been introduced into England.

In the good old days "peaching" on a schoolboy was no unpardonable crime; "peaching" on a schoolgirl was an unpardonable crime; so were "peachers" and informers in the employ of our statesmen and police were formerly regarded by their employers themselves for such "peaching" and "informing"—and often with or without solicitation. In those days, too, newspapers would sooner have defiled their pages in a pigstye than insert the advertisement of a private inquiry agent. To-day, the newspapers swarm with advertisements of private spies and informers—male as well as female.

To-day "peaching" is not only not considered an unpardonable crime, but it is even encouraged and offered prizes; still, I flatter myself there are vast numbers of Englishmen who regard it as un-English and un-patriotic; such as the suppression of the American war. But to return to our mutons; we have seen Howard, an innocent man, within an ace of being condemned to death and executed for murder (in what was known as the Gorse Hall Mystery), thanks to the frantic and desperate efforts of the police to fasten the crime on the first scape-goat they could find; the annals of crime abound in stories of similar "regrettable mistakes." On the other hand also, we have seen lots of cases where, as in the Sevenoaks and Camberley mysteries, desperate efforts have been made—and so far successfully—to cover up the tracks of the real murderers.

We have recently had the public confession of a former Chief of Scotland Yard that he deliberately tampered with correspondence passing through the Post; now the Post is one of the pet projects of an Englishman who always made it his boast that, whatever may be the practice in other countries, a man's letters are sacred in the English Post Office. It is not the first time that it has been proved that a man's letters are not sacred, but frequently tampered with, and that, too, when he is neither a Revolutionary nor an Anarchist, but a loyal subject of his King and a devoted patriot. It is not the first time that his letters are tampered with because he happens to know too much about certain aristocrats and plutocrats, whose tools and abject slaves "officialdom" are always willing to be; it is not the first time that not only does the man who knows too much get his letters tampered with, but also the servants of his household, and sometimes his relatives and dependants also. The writer generally sits behind his fence and adopts a_red herring_ to cover up the tracks of the real murderers.

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DICKMAN DECEASED.

Sir,—I have been watching attentively for some practical suggestions to be evoked from the article "Are our churches healthy?" and, as nobody has advanced anything tangible, I beg once more to submit the proposition I made in your columns earlier in the year regarding the transferance of the education income of the Roman Catholic Church to the provinces. This is a practical suggestion which should be organised on the "Crime Trust," and particularly on the barbarous and revolting institution of capital punishment.

Is it not possible to arrange a systematic canvass of every man on the jury-lists prior to the opening of each and every assizes? The assizes presided over by such proved incompetents as Silverstone (with his fercious and stupid pomposity), Coleridge (with his weak will, and fatuous Latin witticisms), and Phillimore (with his cantingly righteous outlook on men and things in general), should be especially singled out for attention.

No decent minded man or woman will knowingly associate with the filthy animals who earn their living as hangmen, to renew the demand, and to press for the appointment of a Royal Commission, as a necessary preliminary to the restoration and undemocratic administration of those great endowments which have been stolen from the poor.

W. THORN.
In conclusion may I challenge Mr. Francis Grierson to...

Sir—Someone, I think it was Carlyle, has laid it down that an atheist does not exist. I therefore comfort myself with the assumption that Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner, who says that an atheist does not exist, may think that she exists, and probably does think so. At any rate, one must choose between Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner and I. Do not believe in Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner.

The truth is, that reality alone exists, effects, creates, inspires; and reality is God. Reality is the “piece of divinity in man.” Reality is the “divinity which shapes our ends, roughs them how we may.” Reality is the “Not Onyia, which makes for righteousness,” which makes for love, freedom, power, beauty. Reality is that which teaches Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner that the first and highest duty of humanity is the same in kind as that on the lower level of physics. As Francis Grierson has said, electricity is mind in a lower form. It used to be believing it on the contact of the positive and negative (male and female) poles.

Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner contends that the first and highest duty of humanity is the same in kind as that on the lower level of physics. As Francis Grierson has said, electricity is mind in a lower form. It used to be believing it on the contact of the positive and negative (male and female) poles.

In an electric battery copper, zinc, and sulphuric acid do not unite as sand and pebbles in the sand and...
inferred causes of those phases of consciousness. Huxley saw this. Science is now leading us into wonderlands more marvelous than those of fiction; that is, making every greater demands on our powers of belief. They picture the "atom" now as a miniature planetary system, as the Scientifics told us 50 years ago. This is the physical branch of science, the advances in experimental psychology are even greater, more startling and significant. Mill years ago stated that the evidence for and against an after-life was equal; but he ignored the omissions of evidence given by Theosophists, Spiritualists, Psychical Researchers, and the Mystics of all ages. This evidence is overwhelming in proportion to the gross and ostentatious falsity of the so-called Reincarnationist, who, in the absence of the Prince, and can no longer be called sceptical, they are in this matter indifferent; as Schopenhauer said of disbelief. Delphi saw the whole question thirty years ago that the facts of Modern Spiritualism were as clearly proven as any facts in science. The science of verification of facts is no longer only his going on apace. Sir W. Crookes manfully sticks to his thought-revolutionising facts of Spiritualism, which have been verified over and over again by eminent scientific men. The "Father of Modern Spiritualism," an uneducated young man of 22, produced in trance the grandest, most scientific philosophy of the universe and of existence that ever got through the mind of man; he united Religion, Philosophy, and Science as no one was ever big enough to do before. He went straight to the heart of the Social systems of his day, and formulated 70 years ago the associative, co-operative systems the saving value of which is now being demonstrated. The study treats religious, philosophical, scientific, and socialist thought is towards the position taken up by this youth, who, using the us all, anticipated the thought of the thinkers of his time. This is only one of the myriads of stupendous facts which our writers ignore when discussing their "criticism." Through which they share the history of the struggle of new thought against the, "respectable" orthodoxy of the time—and Materialism is of this character—should have taught us that when any system is despised and rejected, vilified and ridiculed as Theosophy and Spiritualism have been it the surest sign that they are in advance of the rest of the world.

It is time to have done with this nineteenth century foolishness and cowardice: a man could not facefully face these vital facts, as to ignore them is to nullify our systems of thought. We should do this even if we run counter to the fashionable current and be he or she a saint, that is to hold a larger, fairer, and fuller belief than our neighbours. Writers for The New Age should above all things aim at being what Bailey calls Omnists, those who take the good of all creeds, and the narrowness of none. That is the working motto of E. W. AKE COOK.

** HOW THE RICH RULE US. **

Sir,—Much that Mr. Chesterton writes on the above subject is true—"The State has become a vast police force, Political assassins, and the people the thing to be devoured." But Mr. Chesterton does not tell his readers that our politicians are a salad, in which office is the oil, opposition the vinegar, suggestions is only too true. As another cynic observed, "Suggestion" is all that he has actually succeeded in doing is to display his own ignorance of the subject. Mr. Chesterton opens a vigorous fire upon the "Rule of the Rich," but his bullets fly off at a tangent. He demeans Conservatives, and kill Socialists. His pen is a boomerang.

S. SKELHORN.

** IMAGINATION AND ITS WONDERS. **

Sir,—I am away on my holidays, and a cutting from your issue of August 18th has been forwarded. I see your reviewer's intention is to be not only unfair but grossly unfair to you, Mr. Editor, as well as to him, that this will not answer its purpose in the present case. Fortunately there is in this country the law affecting libellous publications, and I think, if you peruse the printer of your paper not to forget that there will be an opportunity of hearing both sides from an impartial standpoint. As the review of my book is not "fair criticism" within the meaning of the Act affecting libellous publications. It not only misrepresents the book as a whole, but distorts certain passages selected, and suggests ideas that I never suggested the content of my book in that to the last degree unfair and wholly unscrupulous.

To deal with a few points briefly.

I. The answer to the first section of the review is that there is a main thread of argument running through the book, that is, the recognition of the phenomena called "Magic" and "Sorcery" to be found in the action of Will and Imagination upon a fine natural substance.

2. I have made quite clear in this book, as well as in "Ars Vivendi" that Nerve-Force, the instrument of Will and Imagination, is not identical with Electricity and Magnetism. Hence your reviewer's remarks on "positive" and "negative" are entirely wide of the mark and exhibit his own ignorance of the subject.

3. Touching the point raised about "sound," the context makes it plain that his reference to the real experience of the substance, of which all matter, air included, is a mode of motion. In my book dealing with Voice-Culture I analyse sound.

The first section of the review shows the malicious desire of your critic to hold me up to public ridicule as an ignoramus: what he has actually succeeded in doing is to display his own ignorance of the subject and courtesy. He is welcome to his short-lived triumph.

Your paper is termed The New Age—a good title. But your reviewer is incapable of writing but what suits The Old Age. His style is that of the savage who mistakes an insult and a libel for fair and honest criticism, willful misrepresentation for impartial judgment, wanton falsehoods and scurrilous innuendoes for brilliancy of wit! Truly, a fine specimen of The New Age of Progress, Reason and Truth!

At this juncture I will give him one word of friendly warning—not to run away in future with the stupid delusion that "Suggestion" is all-powerful. Suggestions not based on Truth and Justice sooner or later come home to roost. He will find that not only his costermonger "suggestions" will come home to him sooner than he bargained for.

I have taken the precaution, Mr. Editor, of having a duplicate case of this letter before me, but as I am away on my holidays, in case your reviewer may think fit to distort it for purposes of his own.

ARThUR LOVELL.
Mr. Bell's Protest.

Sir,—Mr. Hilaire Bellac wrote a note to a suspected Indian whose correspondence has been rifled by the Indian police, naturally seizing the opportunity to proclaim his undying loyalty to his adopted country. He writes to the Press: "If I am to retain my reputation for honour, my loyalty to this country, which claims my allegiance, should be unquestioned." This proclamation somehow reminds us of a lady protesting her virtue.

S. G.

Little Pictures for Little Patrons.

Sir,—Your readers may be interested to know that there is in existence a society of painters which especially considers the "small patron." The Gilbert-Garret Sketch Club, which was founded by Sir Walter Pater, John Addington Symonds, and others who have written on the same subjects; this admission any one can read for himself in my preface where I acknowledge the debt and thank the authors for their kind permission.

Due notice of the actual date of the exhibition, which is usually in February, may be found in the Press.

* * *

Anthelmintic Progress.

Sir,—If Mr. Titterton in his article of August 18 means by the words "Kings are beheaded, not for their crimes, but because they are kings," that good and efficient rulers had been good and efficient they would not have been "burked"—and can mean nothing else—he has history right up against him. True, Charles I. was beheaded, but Charles II., Louis XIV., and George IV., and in their behalf—not to mention those who, though not bad, were certainly not good—there seems to be so many exceptions to the rule that he would have done better to reverse the statement. Caesar, the King of the Jews, Henry IV., and Napoleon are all cases in point—all were "removed" for their many as opposed to the few. That always agree with his critical position any more than I do with that of Suetonius or Lampridius.

In succeeding articles I hope to deal with his most admirable historical paraphrases, and even translations, by me always agree with his critical position any more than I do with that of Suetonius or Lampridius.

The question whether this fair is the question whether law ought to exist.

* * *

Answers to Mr. Donisthorpe's Problem.

Sir,—At its best law exists to impose the prevailing standard of decent human feeling. When our prevailing standard rises to the pitch of saying, "Sarah ought to help Jane," our law must say, "Sarah shall send an assassin to France in a man-of-war to murder the King." This is the bitterest piece of irony on record.

Surely Mr. Donisthorpe's "Problem" is easily solved. If "Sarah" of "Sans Gêne" fame puts her savings in the Post Office Savings Bank, in 40 years, as your correspondent says, she has saved £1,000. At two and a half per cent. this must bring her in £25 per year. Now is your correspondent pulling our leg when he asks, "Is this fair?" Surely he must know that anyone can claim abatement under £2 per annum. Now Sarah claims abatement, but what about poor old Jane, who for forty years has been keeping Mr. L. George to the tune of something like 600 per cent. or over on every pound's worth of beer; she of course can claim nothing, and if by chance she has once been on the rates not even an old age pension. I should say she ought to be fined for tax, Jane having paid for 40 years. Am I right?

* * *

Sir,—"Wordsworth Donisthorpe" submits a problem which I will repeat in slightly varied form: Two young women of twenty, Sarah and Jane, equal in all respects in health, strength, industry, etc., begin life as washerwomen. Each leads exactly fifteen shillings a week on the necessaries of life. Each earns £1 a week. There is this difference only between them: Sarah drinks water; Jane spends eightpence halfpenny on beer. This goes on for 45 years. Jane having consumed her well-earned £1 every week has nothing left. Sarah has put by £285. As a matter of fact (unless she puts her savings in a stock) she would have more than double that sum, say £1,000. But let that pass.

Up comes the wise and just State and takes away some of Sarah's money—I do not care how much or how little. This is FAIR.

About 20 or 30 per cent. of Jane's hard-earned money has been contributed to the wise and just State, the remainder purchased beer. About 3 or 4 per cent. only of Sarah's boarded money and unearned income is applicable to the State. Obviously, then, it IS NOT FAIR. The tax on Jane's little luxury should be reduced; that on the money which Sarah does not earn should be increased.

In answering "Wordsworth Donisthorpe" I have only guessed the rate of taxation, but have no doubt I have understated Jane's donation and overstated Sarah's mine. As your correspondent says, it does not matter how much or how little.
Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "For Love of Lovely Words," Morning Leader, Aug. 25.


BRERETON, Mrs. CLOUDESLEY, "Home Life and Higher Education," Westminster Gazette, Aug. 27.


LANG, ANDREW, "Two Tedious Tramps of 1801," English Review, September.


"LANG, ANDREW, "Two Tedious Tramps of 1801," English Review, September.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

42.—AYLMER MAUDE.

1901 TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS. Ten Essays. (A. Constable and Co. 6/- first edition, 1/- second edition.)

1905 A PECULIAR PEOPLE: THE DOUKHO-BORS. A History and Description of a Russian sect now settled in Canada. (A. Constable and Co. 6/- net.)

1908 THE LIFE OF TOLSTOY: FIRST FIFTY YEARS. Written with the co-operation of the Countess Tolstoy. The 2nd vol., Later Years, to be ready 1910. (A. Constable and Co. 10/6 net.)

TRANSLATIONS OF TOLSTOY.

1908 WHAT IS ART? Shows the connection between Art and Life. (Walter Scott, Ltd. 3/6 First edition, 1/- Fourth edition.)

1909 THE SLAVERY OF OUR TIMES. A sequel to What Then Must We Do? (Free Age Press. 6d.)

1993 ESSAYS AND LETTERS. A collection of some of Tolstoy's best Essays. (World's Classics, Oxford University Press. 1/- to 4/6 net, according to binding.)

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