NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are not surprised to learn that in face of the probable consequences of drift certain members of the Cabinet, as well as a good many of the Coalition rank and file, are in favour of precipitating a General Election in the early spring. There are, in our view, many good reasons why in fact a General Election should not be long postponed. From hints let drop by those who know, we may conclude that the celebrated Conference has failed and will fail to come to any agreement. How could it not, indeed, when the views of the two parties were diametrically opposed and neither had anything to gain, but a great deal to risk, by a compromise? It is possible that the eight personae dramatis may have themselves discovered terms of personal agreement; but this is very different from discovering terms on which their respective followers could agree. Nor, as we have many times reminded our readers, is the situation in point of the disposition of forces much changed from its configuration a momentous year ago. King Edward is dead, but the Irish party are still alive; and their support is still as indispensable to the Government as ever. Consequently with the announcement of the failure of the Conference the Irish party are in the position to turn their thumbs down or up with the certainty of commanding the event. Precisely to avert the appearance of being ejected by the Irish party the Unionist party is for the time being leaderless, torn asunder by factions and utterly at sea in regard to policy, with a programme of anything like promise? It is possible that the eight personae dramatis may have themselves discovered terms of personal agreement; but this is very different from discovering terms on which their respective followers could agree. Nor, as we have many times reminded our readers, is the situation in point of the disposition of forces much changed from its configuration a momentous year ago. King Edward is dead, but the Irish party are still alive; and their support is still as indispensable to the Government as ever. Consequently with the announcement of the failure of the Conference the Irish party are in the position to turn their thumbs down or up with the certainty of commanding the event. Precisely to avert the appearance of being ejected by the Irish party the Cabinet may decide to anticipate their fate and to dissolve themselves. * * *

Such a step, if it were taken to the accompaniment of the drums, would, we are convinced, carry the Liberals over the succeeding election. For in no respect have they anything to gain, but a great deal to risk, by a compromise. It is possible that the eight personae dramatis may have themselves discovered terms of personal agreement; but this is very different from discovering terms on which their respective followers could agree. Nor, as we have many times reminded our readers, is the situation in point of the disposition of forces much changed from its configuration a momentous year ago. King Edward is dead, but the Irish party are still alive; and their support is still as indispensable to the Government as ever. Consequently with the announcement of the failure of the Conference the Irish party are in the position to turn their thumbs down or up with the certainty of commanding the event. Precisely to avert the appearance of being ejected by the Irish party the Cabinet may decide to anticipate their fate and to dissolve themselves.
file, but for some time certain members of the Cabinet are reputed to have played with it. However that may be, it is clear, we believe, that the idea is not only not popular, but the idea cannot be made popular. At the very least, Mr. Lloyd George is conducting an attack on ancient economic privileges with the increasingly articulate approval of the masses of the electorate; it would be fatal to give the appearance of strengthening those very privileges by adding to their political power. Whatever else happens, the House of Lords, under that name or any other, with its present composition or re-composed, must not be allowed to increase its weight in the Constitution. On the contrary, as Mr. Balfour admitted at Edinburgh, point by point the power of the House of Lords is steadily decreasing. It is with these events that the electorate, it would be fatal to give the appearance of strengthening those very privileges by adding to their power, we think, when every other proposal has failed, that the old Campbell-Bannerman resolutions still hold the field. They are by this time fairly well understood by the electorate; their novelty has gone; and by comparison with the proposals dimly outlined in the mist surrounding the Conference they will, we confidently expect, be welcomed as a very moderate compromise of the question.

The problem of the Osborne judgment is, however, even more difficult to solve; and we do not wonder that Mr. Balfour declined to commit himself, while out of office, to any other proposal than a moratorium. Why should we, remembering Confucius' sage advice to politicians: When not in office devise not the policy. On the other hand, the declaration of a policy cannot be long delayed by the Liberal Cabinet. What else have they said enough in pressing issues to make our own view of the principles involved clear to our readers. Whether they are the views of the Cabinet remains to be seen. Several considerations may, however, be added. In the first place we doubt very much whether the attitude of the Labour leaders on this question is not largely bluff. Impressive bluff, no doubt it is, but we should beinclined to risk its turning out to be anything else. We know on the one side that the principles of representative government are entirely opposed to the admission of sectional delegates into politics; we know further that, however inarticulately, the will of the English people is set in the direction of representative government. On the other side, that will and those principles appear to the Labour leaders not to be opposed, and very violently opposed, by Labour leaders who claim, at any rate, to have the working classes behind them. In these circumstances what is to be done? If we abide by the presumably settled theory and convictions of the nation we shall undoubtedly be compelled to maintain the Osborne judgment and to deny to Trade Unions the right to enter general politics. But in doing so we shall appear to be doing violence to the very class in whose interest presumably democracy was established. As we say, however, the opposition is more apparent than real. We do not believe that the Labour leaders have behind them nearly as much force either as they imagine or as some Liberals imagine. We do not even believe that they are representative of the opinions of their class; and in any event, since the maintenance of political standards is necessary to save us from anarchy, we would cheerfully risk a few party losses for the moment, in confidence that the future would recompense us.

Those losses, moreover, would certainly be reduced to a minimum by the offer of Payment of Members in place of the Osborne judgment. That is, perhaps, the secret of the Trade Union leaders' lukewarm support of the principle. As the paid delegates of organisations held together, not by politics, but by economics, their control in the matter of politics is at present almost absolute. But if as candidates they were in free competition with other candidates their special "pull" over economic organisations would be gone. Like the rest of candidates, they would be compelled to consider the actual political opinions of the people who returned them. We will do them the justice of admitting that they are economically indispensable to their unions. As trade union leaders they are not doubt as honest, able and active as any leaders anywhere; but it is not fair that because they are indispensable to their unions in economic matters they should demand political autonomy as well. Members of Trade Unions might very well say to their leaders, "Yes, we gladly elect you as our economic spokesmen in conference with our employers; there and in that circumscribed field you are admirable; but in general politics, unconnected or only remotely connected with the business in hand, we deny that you necessarily have the right to speak for us, still less to be compulsorily supported out of our funds; outside union matters we claim the right to choose freely from among all the candidates who offer themselves."

If at this point of illumination by experience an Act for the Payment of Members is actually offered, the argument just advanced seems to us to be greatly strengthened. At present on mere grounds of expediency the Trade Union leaders can urge in reply that unless they can draw on the funds for political purposes there will be no representatives of working-class opinions in the House of Commons at all. But Payment of Members would obviously circumvent the policy of this plea. Precisely the same Labour members as at present could, if they chose, offer themselves for election, and the unions might return them. Is it likely that if such were the case there would not be called for the reversal of the Osborne judgment? If Mr. Asquith is wise, therefore, he will be slow to commit himself or his party one way or the other in the matter of the Osborne decision. It is really not necessary for him to make any public pronouncement on the subject. To affirm the judgment will inevitably give needless additional offence to Labour leaders whose amour propre has already been wounded. To oppose it and to promise to reverse it will just as inevitably give offence to thousands of democrats like ourselves who are set on perfecting representative government. Further than this, as we have pointed out, the establishment of Payment of Members would in all probability put an end for ever to the Osborne agitation by robbing it of even the appearance of justice.

Of the arguments for and against Payment of Members we shall take note as time goes on. But the essential thing is to seize the opportunity. The Osborne decision has nothing, or only little, to do with mere expediency. Expediency it happens that Payment of Members is a very excellent Ollendorfian reply to the demand for the reversal of the Osborne decision; but the enfilading of this demand is only the occasion and not the cause. In fact, Payment of Members has been both expedient and necessary in principle from the time when Cabinet government was established. We do not think it is sufficiently realised yet that we are governed in England by a Committee sitting in camera and exercising practically autocratic power. For the control of this omnipotent Executive the nation elects six or seven hundred representatives, whose main function under the existing order is not to legislate or even to assist in legislating, nor, of course, to administer or to assist in administering; but simply to reflect the judgment of the nation on the doings and proposals of the Executive Cabinet. In other words, the function of the ordinary Member of Parliament is to criticise the Cabinet on behalf of his constituents. Now, by what tortuous ways it has come about that this is almost the last function discharged by the ordinary member of Parliament is a subject which we propose to inquire in detail. Suffice it that the Executives, actual and prospective, have been able and not unwilling, like every other Executive, to purchase comparative immunity from criticism by the employment of party funds; and the efficacy of this purchase is determined by the simple fact that membership of the critical assembly has been made a costly business for the deliberate purposes of excluding the unamenable.
Democracy, we may say at once, offers no sort of objection to an Executive as strong as you please. It is quite wrong to assume that popular government means weak government. There is not only no desire that we can see to reduce the power of the Cabinet, but on the other hand there is no support for the democratic theory for those who look to reduce it. Democracy, in fact, implies a strong Executive acting with plenary powers, but with and without the consent of the people. It is the consent that is all-important in democracy; withholding it is an Executive that does, in fact, extend the machinery of popular consent as widely as its own powers must sooner or later drift in the direction of tyranny. And in what direction but in the direction of tyranny are we drifting now? Remove, as we maintain they should be removed, the delegates of interested unions from the House of Commons: and leave there only the class-friends of the Executive or their paid hacks, and the nation at large is absolutely cut off from the means of granting or withholding its consent to Cabinet government. And that is the situation from which Payment of Members would save us.

We are by no means maintaining that Payment of Members might not bring evils in its train. Every bit of machinery in politics has to be paid for in one form or another. Moreover, modern thinkers have emancipated themselves from the notions either that national happiness can be obtained by a single simple device or that the theoretically ideal device in political machinery is necessarily ideal in practice. As Lord Morley says, in politics it is always a choice between second-bests. There is and can be no perfectly working innovation in politics which a few individuals might retain their the status of a given class; and this requires an amount of reading and experience that nobody who does not give himself to the subject is likely to possess. What the system would tend to lower the tone of the House of Commons and with its tone its status. But why? The tone and status of a great public body are not determined by the methods of its election, still less by trivial questions as to the means of its members. Both depend entirely on its past and present achievements in the discharge of its duties, and we have to consider whether they are paid or not paid. Payment simply enables a class hitherto disabled to send its most powerful individual to the House of Commons and with its tone its status are thereby fixed on a high plane. Moreover, so long as the House of Commons has real power over the Executive, it will attract to itself the most powerful men, and this whether they are paid or not paid. Payment simply enables a class hitherto disabled to send its most powerful individual to the House of Commons is any decline or diminution of its actual power. Exactly as the House of Lords has declined in status with the decline of its members, so too would the House of Commons. But there is no immediate danger of this except at the hands of the Executive; and as we have shown, the only effective check on the Executive is free criticism by freely elected and independent representatives, that is by members who are dependent on their constituents and not on their party caucus, which is the Executive's tool.

How little reality lies in the objection is obvious from the fact that, as Mr. Lough has pointed out in a letter to the "Times," over two hundred members of the House of Commons are already being paid by one means or another for their parliamentary services. The forty odd members of the cabinet have under Payment of Members to assist them in their doings make it impossible, we should have extended the machinery of popular consent to Cabinet government. And that is the situation from which Payment of Members would save us.

We do not need at this moment to dwell on certain other advantages arising from Payment of Members, such as, for instance, the partial dissolution of the party系统 and the equalisation of the party funds. Party, we are convinced, will never be destroyed; but its rigours can at any rate be mitigated. Payment of Members, we believe, would mitigate them to the extent at least by which a few individuals might retain their independent position without being dependent on the party. This would bring some liberty even into a Labour party; and at worst would leave things no worse than they are now. On the other hand, we gather that the serious argument against Payment of Members is that
Three weeks ago one of my friends among the Portuguese Revolutionists informed me of the coup which has just been mounted at Lisbon, but at that date I understood that it was timed for November. Owing to hurried journeys to and from Finland and the Salisbury manoeuvres I missed one or two important cables, and the strain on Dr. Bombarda brought matters to a climax. As I write at the last moment before going to press, I can do little more than correct a few of the misleading impressions which have been brought about by the meagre reports.

In the first place, much stress need be laid on the "escape" of the Royal family; the Revolutionists were not hunting down King Manoel and his mother and uncle like a pack of wolves. They knew very well that outrages on the King or his relatives would inevitably have necessitated the interference of other Powers, and this they wished to avoid. Young Manoel was never trained for kingship; and his enemies, and the assassins of his father and brother, were the Monarchist professional politicians who held off the rotation and were prepared to go to any lengths rather than have this convenient arrangement upset. The King's flight leaves the few loyalists in the country without a rallying-point, and makes the Republic almost a certainty. The Spanish Government, which has lost its strong hand, has somewhat raised the tone of the coup on the Republican elements in Spain; but King Alfonso has a personality (which Manoel has not); he is very popular with his subjects, especially the middle and lower classes; and the Army is intensely loyal to him.

For years the Portuguese islands there.

It is now about eight months since I was last in Constantinople; not a very long time, especially for Turkey, although a superficial observer, or a reader of the newspapers, might be led to imagine from recent events that the Ottoman Empire was beginning to move more rapidly. And I know from trustworthy reports which have since reached me, and from a few items which have appeared in the Press here and there, that matters are in much the same condition still.

Like most men who have witnessed the old and new régimes in Turkey and Asia Minor, I could not help being struck at the time by the extraordinary fanaticism of the population—when I say this I refer not only to cities like Constantinople and Salonika, but to the country towns. Where religion is concerned, of course, the Moslem differs considerably from the representatives of the other great world religions, the Jewish, the Christian, and the Buddhist. The Jew has always had the good sense to keep his race as pure as possible, hence he does not proselytise. The Buddhist and the Christian, on the other hand, are at all events peaceful. The Moslem stands apart in that, by a fundamental law of his faith, he must propagate Mohammedanism at the point of the sword, exactly as the great Founder of the religion did some twelve centuries ago. Those who have taken the trouble to make a deep study of biology and ethnology will not need to be reminded of the great benefits which accrue to a race as the result of war, and, although of late years Mohammedanism has ceased from overspreading the non-Moslem countries and offering the Christian dog the alternative of Islam or death, the feeling that religious propaganda by the sword is highly desirable still remains.

It is this conviction, combined as it is with a feeling of contempt for the more effete and humanitarian morality of Christianity, which accounts to a great extent for the "outrages" in Macedonia and elsewhere by the Turks against the Christian population. I put the word "outrages" in inverted commas to draw the reader's attention to the fact that it is purely a relative term in this connection. If bands of Turks raid a Christian village in Macedonia and massacre the inhabitants, the Christians call it an "outrage" whereas the Moslems look upon it as a matter of course, a mere outrage—as compared with the quiet penetration and penetration of Abdul. Kept practically a prisoner for years, his Imperial Majesty is a mere toof in the hands of his Ministers. About the history of Europe during the last two decades the present Sultan's knowledge is very poor. He speaks a little French; but there is no foundation for the glowing accounts, published in certain of the snobbish newspapers, to the effect that he is an excellent linguist and has consistently followed modern political and sociological movements with the deepest interest, etc.

Now, the Young Turks, in order to consolidate their position, endeavoured from the first to stir up the more fanatic elements of the population and to win their favour. They succeeded. But the country, nominally united previously, now became sharply divided. In Turkey-in-Europe there are nearly as many non-Moslems as Moslems, and there is no ground to lose. The Faithful must be on their guard. Well, then, the Young Turks have encouraged the military spirit of their Moslem subjects, which needed little encouragement. They are forming a good army and navy. But they are doing practically nothing for the internal administration of the Empire, nothing to amend its chaotic finances, its poor legal administration, its means of communication, its industries. Since 1874 the Turks have existed by means of loans, partly English, principally French. Apparently the new régime intends to continue this method, spending too much of the borrowed money on armaments and hardly enough on other directions. Then, too, the new Cabinet has not been nearly so successful as Abdul Hamid single handed in playing off the Powers one against another. Since the new Cabinet took up office certain provincial authorities, such as the governors of villages, have been compelled to lose their offices. The negotiations over the loan, too, were bungled. For years to come Turkey must look to France or England for money, and it is a mistake to "huff." In the long run the money markets of Vienna and Berlin can do nothing against the money markets of London and Paris.
The Uses of Osbornity.

By Cecil Chesterton.

I.—The Impossible Demand.

No one has a right to be surprised at the outburst of indignation which has greeted the Osborne decision in Labour circles. That indignation was natural and, up to a certain point, justifiable. The broad facts of our political system must be taken into account in explaining it. I have already endeavoured to make it clear to readers of The New Age how completely the rich have captured the political machinery of this country, how they control the Ministry, the House of Commons, the Caucus, the choice of candidates and of programmes. Yet it seemed to many that one small breach had been made in the high smooth walls of privilege. There was just one way in which a poor man might hope to get into Parliament without seeing himself to either of the two rich parties. That way was by the use of the Trade Union funds for political purposes. And now the narrow side door by which a few workmen had managed to make their way into the House of Commons is sharply slammed in their faces and a notice board is exhibited, "Trespassers will be prosecuted by order of the House of Lords." No wonder the Labour man is angry. No wonder he calls on Parliament to reverse at once what he regards as a monstrous act of class injustice. He knows very well that the object of the rich men who financed the attack upon the unions is to keep him and his class out of Parliament. He knows that the judges who gave the decision are the ever-ready tools of the class to which they themselves belong. He knows that nineteenth of the ordinary politician's defence of the judgment is pure hypocrisy, while he professes a wish to protect the workman from the tyranny of the Union, he really wishes to subject him unprotected to the tyranny of the capitalist, that while he declares that members of Parliament must be independent of Union levies, his real desire is that they should be abjectly dependent on the party funds. No wonder, I say, that he raging with impotent anger and cries that at all costs the Osborne judgment must be reversed. And yet he is wrong. Wrong, not in his diagnosis (which is only too accurate), but wrong in his remedy. In demanding the reversal of the judgment he is, I am convinced, at once pursuing a hopeless will-o’-the-wisp, and letting slip a real chance of doing something to democratize our politics.

Why do I say this? Well, I will try in this article to explain why I think the present Labour policy impossible and undesirable, and shall then in subsequent articles endeavour to indicate what seems to me the true path of Labour statesmanship.

First of all, I think the Labour men are making a grave miscalculation in supposing (if they do suppose) that they can get the judgment reversed. It is obvious that neither of the great political parties is likely to reverse it willingly. The Tories will not do so because they regard the Labourites as their enemies. The Liberals will not do so, because they know that the more straitened the financial position of the Labour members the more obedient they will be to the Liberal whip. Did not Mr. Ramsay MacDonald avow at the I.L.P. Conference that the reason why the Labour Party deserted their own motion on the grievances of Government workers was because they dared not face another election with an empty war-chest? The Liberal politicians are quite astute enough to see the power which the bankruptcy of the Labour Party places in their hand. Moreover, as a Liberal organiser admitted to me recently, they are hoping that their bankruptcy will at length force the Labour men to accept Liberal money and so part with the last rag of their boasted independence.

But can the Labour Party force either of the capitalist parties to give in to its demands? I do not think it can. The parallel of the Trades Disputes Bill, which the Labour leaders are fond of quoting, is not a parallel at all. The Taif Vale decision hit every individual Trade Unionist throughout the country; the Osborne decision hits only the leaders. In fighting for the Trades Disputes Bill the Labour members had behind them the effective backing of the whole rank and file of the movement irrespective of their politics. Can they count on such backing now? I mean effective backing, angry, combative backing, such as alone can carry legislation in the teeth of a hostile plutocracy? The question answers itself. If it were so, the Labourites would be able to raise all that they need by voluntary levies. Notoriously they can raise nothing, or next to nothing. And if the ordinary Trade Unionist will not pay for his politics, we may be sure he will not fight for them.

I say that this is so; I do not say that it need have been so. I think that if from 1906 onwards the Labourites had really shown themselves an effective People’s Party, if they had been tireless in the cause of the workers, tireless in their criticism of capitalist Governments, really independent, really democratic, they might now have appealed to their class for support with some hope of response. But now? For myself I say frankly that I cannot much blame the working man if he has been wronged and he will refuse to take off our coats to achieve such a fifth of his time in championing Labour, and four-fifths of it in championing Pacifism, Free Trade and Compulsory Teetotalism, and in the thick and thin support of the “Liberal” team in the silly and corrupt game of Party Politics.

I know that there is a suggestion of intimidating the Government by a sensational display of law-breaking to be followed by imprisonment and martyrdom. I am not, at all averse to law-breaking, but I cannot say I look forward to this demonstration with either hope or relish. If the Labour members had been revolutionists from the beginning it might have been impressive; as it is I fear it will be very much the reverse. The bitter cry of the unemployed could not move them to the faintest display of rebelliousness. When Mr. Victor Grayson broke a paltry rule of procedure in order to protest against the neglect of the workless and the starving, they repudiated and maligned him. I do not think they will gain anything by raising, at this time of day, the Red Flag with the device "Hands off our salaries!" The contrast between their tameness on behalf of others and their ferocious zeal on their own, will, I am afraid, strike the public mind in quite the wrong way. I am sometimes accused of hostility to the Labour Party, but I really am enough their friend to hope they will avoid challenging such invidious comparisons.

The second reason why the demand for the reversal of the Osborne decision is a weak demand is that it really means no more than a reconstitution of the status quo ante; and the status quo ante was itself highly unsatisfactory. If the only end of all our agitation is to be to place the Labour Party where it was in 1906 and enable it to repeat all the ignominious history of the last four years, there are many of us who will refuse to take off our coats to achieve such a
result. Whether it was wholly the fault of the Labour members themselves, or partly or wholly the fault of the conditions with which they were faced, it is certain that their presence at Westminster did practically nothing to mitigate the control of our political system. The conditions with which they were faced, it is certain that a member should be paid openly by a Trade Union than that paying him. It is better that a man should be responsible only to his constituents.

Again, the case of the dissentient Trade Unionist is a valid one. It would be weaker if the Labour members concluded exclusively to Labour politics. But the position of the member might be represented as a mere branch of Trade Union activity. But they do not do this; perhaps they cannot do it. As a matter of fact the Labour members devote most of their energies to the defence of causes to do with Trade Unionism than with flying. It is not in any sense a Trade Unionist principle that the Navy should be weakened or that public-houses should be closed. A man may be a perfectly loyal Trade Unionist and detest these things as much as the average Englishman detests them. Such a man seems to me to have a real grievance in that he is compelled to choose between abandoning his Union and helping to support a political propaganda which his conscience repels.

Do not let the Labour Party suppose that they get rid of these objections by abolishing their pledge. I have no objection to that action on their part; on the contrary I welcome it as tending to make Labour politics more popular. But the position of the Trade Unionist who dislikes the political policy of the Labour Party remains unchanged. He knows very well that what Mr. MacDonald calls "loyalty to the party" (plus the control of the purse-strings) will still keep the Liberals and Conservatives from whom no written pledge is required.

Nobody acquainted with Labour politics can doubt that the dependence of the Labour members upon a party fund has hampered the action of individuals just as the same cause hampers the action of members of the two capitalist parties. Everyone will recall how an attempt was made to intimidate Mr. Grayson by threatening his salary. Mr. Grayson was unfortunately in a position to despise such a threat; but there are other Labour members who are not in that position. And it is painful to think of how much more effective might have been the action of several members of the Labour Party, if they had been free from the kind of pressure which the party organisation knows so well how to exercise, and were responsible to their constituents alone.

I conclude then that in demanding the reversal of the Osborne judgment democrats are quite on the wrong tack, and that they are losing a chance which may never recur of striking a real blow at the control of politics by the rich. The right policy is to face the situation created by the judgment and see what we can make of it. I think that we shall find that we can make a great deal.
perseverance that robbed my poor friend of the play-wright's crown which he coveted, for no galley-slave ever toiled harder at his compulsory pursuit than Shav at the pastime of his choice. Neither was it want of vulgarity, for no man of letters ever suffered less from self-questions and self-doubts—^all this fatal modesty which frustrates the endeavours of so many writers was totally foreign to him. His faults, such as they were, were quite on the other side. It was to these faults that his lamentable failure must be traced.

Shav persisted in attributing his phenomenal non-appreciation by the public to the stupidity and malignity of his critics. The critics, he said, were not clever enough, or generous enough, to recognise the intellectual excellences of dramas describing real men and women; depicting the clash of human passions, interests, and opinions; candidly interpreting the serious problems of actual life. He could expound this view without much effort, for his experience and his expostulations sounded convincing. Yet the fact remains that his dramas failed, not through any external opposition, but through their own intrinsic badness. It needs no abnormal ingenuity to detect a drama devoid of sympathy with the real men and women; depicting the clash of human passions, interests, and opinions; candidly interpreting the serious problems of actual life. Every man and woman born on this planet spend their whole existence among these things, these things that make up their lives. The truth is that Shav did not give us plays dealing with these things, though he imagined that he did. His practice, quite unconsciously to himself, was diametrically opposed to his own theories. His men and women were not real men and women. Their passions, interests, and opinions were not real passions, interests, and opinions. The problems that convulsed them were not problems of actual life. His plan in truth, were nothing but presentations of Shav himself in his varying phases of moody perversity. Therefore, it is small wonder, or blame to the critics and the public, if they failed to recognise themselves or their neighbours in them.

Shav was also fond of denouncing other playwrights as men whose sympathies were cribbed and confined by the artificial walls of the stage, and to compare their works to houses haunted by imaginary ghosts in which no one believed. Yet he himself was singularly devoid of any sympathy with the world in which he lived, and his own works could justly be described as houses haunted by imaginary ghosts in which no one except himself believed. He united the beliefs of his persons and the prejudices of the people around him and loved only his own pursuits and prejudices. His plays were written without any other aim except that of affording the writer an opportunity for giving vent to his own individual ideas, whims, fancies, and outbursts of spleen.

From all this it will become plain that Shav's dramatic work laboured under the same limitations as his "philosophy." On the stage, as off it, Shav was an Ego-manic, who liked to pronounce judgment on the human race entirely from the poor premises of his own span-wide personal experience. He wrote about himself and said it was life.

This lack of sympathy with his environment would in itself suffice to explain why Shav's plays did not appeal to the general public for which they were ostensibly written. But they might still have appealed to that small section of the public which could understand and appreciate a gospel even when it does not agree with it. Shav failed to capture even that small public. His plays told us nothing either about life as it is, or about life as Shav wished it to be. They neither constituted a picture of the actual world, nor did they convey any coherent impression of an ideal world. Why?

The reason is this: Shav's moral deficiencies were accentuated by intellectual defects equally disastrous to anyone who wishes to make his mark on the minds of his contemporaries.

Some men seem to be predestined to failure, whatever their line of activity may be, because they cannot recognise the necessary conditions, or natural laws, which govern that line of activity. They are men who mistake the lines of natural necessity for the lines of nature. Shav was one of these men. In spite of its restless vivacity, in spite of its pitiless perspicacity, in spite of its fearless unconventionality, it was easy to see that Shav's mind was odd rather than original. In his dramatic compositions, as in his everyday conduct, he was a rebel; and his rebelliousness was not of the positive kind that aims at bettering something, but of the negative kind which derives its being entirely from dissatisfaction with everything. The first kind of rebelliousness, in certain circumstances, prove fruitful; the second is bound, in any circumstances, to waste itself in barren opposition. Shav's rebelliousness belonged to this latter category. Impatience, not mercy with particular things, but with the whole constitution of the universe, was his habitual attitude. His intellect was critical and destructive, not at all constructive or creative—and the dramatist must be supremely a creator. His faculties were of the active rather than of the contemplative order—and in all expression of thought, even in dramatic expression, contemplation must precede, inform, and control action, otherwise the upshot is, not an architectural monument, but an amorphous and incoherent mass of crude material—πλάνα καὶ μηθοὶ καὶ ζάλα δεδομένα τροπογράφου.

Now, Shav was born without any of the qualities that go to make an architect. He had no conception of any of the necessary functions of his calling. He loved only his own pursuits and prejudices. His plays were written without any other aim except that of introducing into his work his pet crotchets—in order, as he said, to express himself. He never realised that the most effective form of self-expression can only be achieved through well-considered self-suppression. The result was that through everyone of his characters, male and female alike, might be seen protruding the author's heretical head trying to let the world see how clever Shav was, and, alas! only succeeding in letting his critics see how clumsy he was.

These limitations of my poor friend's moral and intellectual equipment were so fundamental that they nullified all the midnight oil which he so unsparingly lavished upon his work, all the painstaking industry with which he endeavoured to apply to it Aristotle's rule of the necessities (as he understood them). The two are not the same. The one is the earnestness with which he strove to belabour his audiences into wakefulness and to bully his critics into kindness. It was all to no purpose. His persons remained lifeless mouthpieces of their maker's irresponsibility; his plays barren, rate and disconnected records of his arbitrary caprices; his plays altogether masterpieces of artistic decomposition.

I did all that I could to correct the constitutional deficiencies of my friend's mind. But with small success. Shav neither had any artistic education nor did he suspect that such education was necessary. He was both ignorant and obstinate. I do not say this in disparagement of Shav, but only in order to fail to instruct him. Having himself so little of the scholar, he naturally could not appreciate the value of
scholarship. His extensive ignorance, encouraged by his equally extensive arrogance, rendered him as contemptuous to true art as to every other quality that he lacked. It was one of his most fondly nourished hallucinations that writing is a spontaneous function, and I never could persuade him that it is a matter of conscious art—a thing of consciousness, of discretion, of taste, of technique—in other words, a craft; and that, like every other craft, it can only be mastered after a long and arduous apprenticeship. In vain did I point out to him that all artists of repute have achieved their best work by the greatest effort, and inasmuch as they have found success difficult, they have found it durable. He dismissed all that as a stupid academic superstition.

"Art," he declared, "is not a matter of education but of inspiration—a thing that happens. Its constituent elements are force, imagination, invention, sincerity, strength of conviction, virility, vitality, originality." In vain did I strive to make him see that these are mere subsidiary qualities whose value depends on eternal necessity. He considered the kind of work which the age demanded from them. Thus time was when the English public expected from its writers nothing but spontaneity, originality, virility, sincerity, strength; and it got its Marlowes, Beaumonts, Shakespeare, and other barbarians of genius who split their infinitives and perpetrated puns, errors of grammar, and eccentricities of spelling for which a modern schoolboy would be ignominiously caned. We have advanced beyond that primitive stage. The public now demands form, rhythm, assonance, elegance, proportion, correctness—in one word, style; and so it got its Tennysons, its Matthew Arnolds, its Ruskins, whose works, including those of the past for men; those of the present day must write for bookmen."

All these valuable precepts were completely thrown away on Shaw. Not less fruitless proved my friendly animadversions regarding his egoistic habit of writing about himself and calling it life.

"This kind of writing," I told him again and again, "is not literature, but journalism. The really great writer aims at producing, not his personal preoccupation, or, at most, of the experience and aspiration of some part of every other person; but the fundamental and universal truths which are for all time.

"All the highest literature," he retorted with characteristic assurance, "is journalism. Nothing that is not journalism will live for twenty years. The man who aims at producing the platitudes which are 'not for a generation,' has his reward for being unreadable in all ages. He can only live among the dust and ashes of thousands of academic, punctilious, incomprehensible, yet infinitely logical pedants who spent their lives haughtily avoiding the journalist's vulgar obsession with the ephemeral. The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and all time. And so, let others cultivate what they call literature; journalism is for me!"

"But, my dear fellow, don't you think it is the height of egoism to magnify yourself and your private circumstances into mankind? It seems to me that this is nothing less than an infatuation. The greatest and the most admirable of individuals is, after all, only an individual—the representative, that is, of a single person's experience and aspiration, or, at most, of the experience and aspiration of a single period. To maintain the opposite is to convict yourself of unpardonable immodesty and presumption. I am modest enough to believe that in expressing my own views I give expression to the thoughts of millions, or who will ever live ought to this world, even if I wanted to do what you advise me, how could I do it? As a dramatist I have no clue to any person save to that part of him which is also myself. Therefore, in writing about myself I write, at all events, for some part of every other person."

I could record many other discussions of the same sterile sort; but what would be the use? They all ended in a cordial recognition of each other's error. They wrote essays in cacophony which made me think of a primitive tom-tom beating an accompaniment to a pianola of the most highly finished pattern. Shaw was absolutely impervious to academic influence. Despite all my efforts to save him, he remained as unfit for the ideal world of the stage as he was for the real world of the schools. The result, of course, would have been equally deplorable had he adopted any other literary form of self-expression. His mind, utterly incapable of self-control, was in conflict with the mind that controls the world, and so it could never have worked in that voluntary subjection to rules which is necessary to produce anything durable and valuable. He had some instinctive love of truth, but since it was not allied with the truths which govern all art, as academic tradition defines art, it would have never found any certain and lucid manifestation, but could only have revealed itself in spasmodic flashes and splashes.
"Epicure!" said M. Cheunus, absorbing half the glass of anisette and clicking his tongue. He lighted his pipe, took a puff or two, and started again.

"Yes, there I shall be buried. I shall have cemeteries, where one becomes the prey of worms, or where one mixes with unknown dust, or serves as food for imbecile willows or the romantic pines, and, for an ending, where the grave-diggers stir one up with a shovel."

M. Cheunus started to laugh.

"Am I gruesome?"

"No! no!"

"My tomb," went on M. Cheunus, who was determined to confess all, "will be pure and light. I shall sleep my last sleep in the sands, among the fragments of shells and roots of fragile plants. I want to be hidden in the earth without a coffin or a shroud that will may feel the caress of the soft damp earth. There I believe that I shall still breathe—I shall hear the sound of the bells, and I shall hear the sound of the sea and guess the coming of the tides. Sometimes the whistle of the sirens and the cry of a fisherman, or the shivering of wind in the rushes will reach me; all the noises of my solitude and the voice of the petrels bringing me tidings from the skies will tell of the passing seasons and the flight of years.

M. Cheunus seemed very excited. But he became silent again. Then trifling with emotion, ashamed of his sentimentality, he asked:

"Shall I not be well-off in my little corner?"

"Very well-off. But put off dwelling there as long as possible, for life is very full of joy."

M. Cheunus cried:

"Yes, life is very full of joy: but down there, in the shelter of the dunes, I believe greater joys will wait on me."

M. Cheunus became very serious. He spoke with a grave, confidential voice:

"I shall live again in the grains of sand, and in the silver of the thistles, heart of their blue flowers. I shall live again in the sweet heather, and my blood will be the blood of the plants, and I shall gather them into the whirl of the waters and the vibrating air; so I shall share in the fury and cajolery of the waves—I shall give a spark to the universe. The love in me will go to the insects and birds, shared by the thousand butterflies that chase one another through the spring, and by the curlews and gulls and swallows. One day, perhaps, the birds of passage, or the tempest wind, or the sea itself will snatch at one of my atoms. And I shall go to the countries of my dreams, across the ocean to the golden islands. I shall become the soul of a great passionate flower, heavy with perfumes, or I shall mingle with the perfumes that cling to the mouth of some Java dancing-girl."

M. Cheunus seemed very excited. But he became calm again quite suddenly, and he told me phlegmatic:

"There are my plans for the future."

"They are charming. You can enjoy many posthumous travels that way: a voyage to Nippon—you are so fond of bric-a-brac; or to China—you may perhaps be able to introduce yourself into the celestial family."

"Mock's and gibes."

Yet, I was moved by the confessions of my friend.

I wondered:

"Does he believe himself to be dying?" But I would not show my trouble, and I tried to give our conversation a genial turn. And really I found no way.

"Smoke, smoke," said M. Cheunus, seeing that I allowed my pipe he had lent me to go out. He added:

"Another glass of anisette?"

"Willingly."

Sipping the sweet liqueur I thought of a suggestion that would tickle M. Cheunus.

"And if one of your atoms fell in England?"

M. Cheunus detested the English. He cried out:

"That atom would become belladonna, or some poison, or more vizcacha."

Then he struck the table with his fist, and at once started to laugh so much that this time the spectacles fell off his nose.
more I reflect upon their verdict, the more overwhelming grows my belief that they are mistaken. . . . How can I be a normal man, seeing that from my earliest childhood I have found myself at every point in antagonism with the normal world? . . . Is it conceivable that any of my views can ever be generally accepted? Take, for example, my assertion that the preservation of virginity as a marketable commodity is immoral. Can that ever be accepted as the utterance of a sane mind? Henceforth, he says, he will aim solely at maintaining his own personal freedom. Publicity, recognition, notoriety—these are only forms of tyranny. The world is sane. So be it. He will remain a free madman.

There is grim satire in this, but the grimness of all is yet to come. A circus manager calls, with an offer. He will pay Hetmann five hundred marks a night to appear in his show as "dummer August." "Dummer August" is the clown of the German circus. His characteristics are that he "falls over every obstacle that is put in his way, always arrives just too late, always wants to help people who understand things ten times better than he does himself, and, above all, that he never knows why the audience is laughing at him." In Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehearsals will be necessary.

Hetmann accepts the offer, signs the contract, shows in Hetmann's case, the manager thinks, no rehea
Meditations and Reflections.

By Francis Grierson.

Intuition without experience in worldly affairs is a trap which sentiment sets for the inexperienced.

Failures are forced events; successes come spontaneously.

Eccentricity and affectation are twins who think alike but act differently.

In youth we are hemmed in on one side by superstition, on the other by prejudice. The rest of one's life is passed in combating the first, and recovering from the effects of the second.

A writer who has been discovered by some literary Columbus is fortunate if he can shake himself free from the effects of the second.

The spirit and the body experience sensations of joy and may dance together at life's banquets, but the soul reaction precisely like those that have too much vice.

The nations possessing too much morality undergo a reaction precisely like those that have too much vice. Nature refuses to supply more virtue in one country than in another.

To each intellect belongs a special power. We belong to ourselves, and we lose control of our own when we try to be someone else. The original mind is a magnetic centre for the attraction of other minds.

The figure of John Bull with his cannon-ball head and frog-like corpulence has a pendant in the figure of Jonathan with his nut-cracker jaw and peau de chagrin beginning to contract. No other countries in the world are afflicted with such abortive attempts at human nature. Just in proportion as John Bull is fat and tubbish, Jonathan is long and flinty. Nature keeps her wits sharpened by trying to strike a balance between these two.

If the world contained no poetry but that of England, it would suffice to expel every sentiment of the heart; if the world contained no prose but that of France, humanity would possess sufficient philosophy to guide it in every walk of life. England is a practical nation given to commerce, yet her dreamers out-number those of any other nation; France is renowned for her frivolity, yet her thinkers surpass in lucidity and judgment those of any other country. Nations, like individuals, are composed of paradox.

There is a certain narrowness of mind which is commonly allied to sentimentalism. This is why devotees are so often malicious.

To-day no one speaks of Rivarol, whereas Rousseau is continually discussed. "Bon sens" often means just the contrary—egoism united to routine, and mind without heart. The superficial applause facile wit, and for a good reason—for them the bons mots are the expression of the highest genius. People who cannot think for themselves require others to think for them; in their passions and prejudices they are fastidiously and contradictory, and the day that the witticisms are no longer forthcoming they forget their idol.

Wise men change their opinions by a process of mental evolution; fools and fanatics change theirs by fits and starts, to suit the caprices of fashion and the follies of the epoch.

The laws that govern genius are mystical in that every obscure man of genius is followed sooner or later by another who is inspired by the former and who finally propagates his works. For the laws of Nature are not to be shaken by the artifice, envy, and ambition of man; and if the ordinary events and accidents of life are followed by other manifestations of a like nature, this is yet another reason why genius—the most important manifestation of all—should encourage others, the later ones born of those preceding, and so on in perpetuity.

The youth of a man of genius is commonly marred by incongruous or adverse conditions—too much luxury with Tolstoy, too much agitation with Hugo, too much ease with Goethe, too much misery with Wagner, too much adulation with Byron.

Love, vanity, mystery: three tyrants which in every age change their dress but never their character.

Ignorance and indifference are twins nourished by optimistic parents.

A penchant for the mysterious and the romantic engenders illusive notions and dangerous ambitions, which work together to lure the senses and deceive the judgment.

The thing we call Progress has its rhythmic movements like music. A frivolous age corresponds to the tempo of the dance, a sentimental age to that of the adagio, appassionato, a heroic age to the tempo of the march.

There is something elemental about genius. It controls humanity as much as heat and cold, rain and sunshine; it is not a question of liking it or not liking it. People who offer the greatest opposition to it are those who fall before its onward march. Indeed, it seems to be, from all historical accounts, no better than a car of Juggernaut to those who oppose it. And this is not surprising since it is the greatest power of which man has any personal knowledge, created and supported by the fundamental forces of the whole material and spiritual universe. Thus it crushes every opposing object mechanically, like the car of Juggernaut.

Music, poetry, the theatre, all those pleasures that dispel ennui and make one forget daily cares, are the stamp of infidelity in their faces.

People who are inconstant in their affections carry the stamp of infidelity in their faces.

Bad books are talked about when they are sensational, good books when original.

In Nature the influence of mystery is manifest in its eternal suggestions of the possible and the probable.

How old and how new are all the moods and manifestations of Nature! With what mysterious majesty the glories of the past are revived and quickened in new forms, faces, and phenomena. The seasons come and go; they seem new, but they are old as the foundations of the world; strangers arrive and seem to bring with them new influences, but we discover in them something that we recognise from the vague and distant background of slumbering ages. Every single thing is related to every other thing. Time is a miracle of perpetual transformation. Men of genius are the periods that separate the manifestations, but not the laws, of human progress. It is the form that is new; the principle and the power remain unchangeable and eternal. Solomon was unique in all his glory, but Athens had a Pericles, imperial Rome a Caesar, modern Europe a Bonaparte, and the New World a Lincoln.
Useless Lessons.

By Anton Tchekhov

It is a great drawback for an educated man not to know the French language. I felt this keenly when, after leaving his university with a degree, he wanted to occupy himself with scientific work of a minor kind.

"This is dreadful!" he said, painting and blowing. In spite of his twenty-six years he was corpulent and buckle suffering from difficulty in breathing. "This is dreadful! Without languages I am like a bird without wings. I shall have to give up the work."

He decided at any cost to conquer his innate laziness, and began to look around for teachers of French and occupy himself with scientific work of a minor kind.

It is. . .

A young lady entered dressed fashionably and elegantly. She introduced herself as a teacher of languages—Alice Enquête—and said she had been sent by one of Vorotov's friends.

"I am delighted; sit down if you please," said Vorotov, panting for breath, and covering the collar of his pyjamas with his hand. So that he might breathe more freely he accustomed always to work in his pyjamas and dressing-gown.

"Ah! You were sent by Ivan Ivanovich. Yes! I remember now. I had asked him. . . I am glad indeed—very pleased.

After he had come to terms with Mdlle. Enquête he examined her shyly and with curiosity. She was a typical Frenchwoman, very elegant, and still very young. Her delicate complexion and languor, her short curled hair and unnaturally slender waist gave her the appearance of not being more than eighteen. But glancing at the broad well-developed shoulders, the beautiful back, and the serious look in the eyes, Vorotov thought she was indeed, very pleased.

"Will this do?" he asked.

"Very well, then, we'll begin at the title page."


For a full quarter of an hour he occupied himself with the word "mémoires," and with the word "les" for the same time. This bored Mdlle. Enquête. She answered his questions languidly, became confused and evidently tempted to understand him. Vorotov put questions to herself. Wonderful! She works from morning to night and yet has time to curl her hair.

Exactly at eight she got up and went away with a frigid "Au revoir, Monsieur." She left behind her the same faint, delicate and disturbing odours. Vorotov could not bear her. . . .

The pupil again sat for a long while unoccupied. On the following days he became conscious of some real emotion, and the cold, business-like look disappeared. She coloured slightly, and he inquired of a friendly manner who she was, where she had finished her studies, and how she lived.

Mdlle. Enquête replied in her cold, business-like way that she had finished her studies at a private school, and that she was qualified to give lessons; that her father had just died of fever, that her mother was still alive and made artificial flowers, and that she, Mdlle. Enquête, was occupied in the mornings at a boarding school for young ladies, and in the evenings, after dinner, gave private lessons.

She went away leaving behind her a faint and delightful odour of feminine attire. Vorotov could not work for a long time after, and as he sat by the table nervously smoothing the green cloth he said to himself:

"Yes! It is very good to see young girls working for their living. But it is not good to know that want does not spare such a refined and beautiful creature as this. . . ."

Vorotov, that even she has to fight for an existence. That is not good at all!"

However, as he had never met a rigidly virtuous Frenchwoman in Russia he thought that possibly this elegantly-dressed Mdlle. Enquête, with her well-developed shoulders and preposterously slender waist had some other means of living besides teaching languages.

Next evening, on the stroke of seven, Mdlle. Enquête arrived, flushed with the cold air. She opened her French manual which she had brought with her, and began without any prefatory remarks.

"The French language has twenty-six letters, the first A, the second. . . ."

"Excuse me," interrupted Vorotov, smiling, "I must warn Mdlle. that in my case she must alter her usual method. I have a good knowledge of both Latin and Greek, and some acquaintance with comparative philology. I think we might dispense with the grammar and begin on some book." And he thereupon explained to the young lady how an educated man sets about learning a language.

"One of my friends had to learn two modern languages. He set before him a French, German, and Latin copy of the Gospels. By reading the parallel texts and carefully comparing each word, what do you think? In less than a year he knew the two languages. Let us work in the same way! We will take some book and read through it."

"I am delighted; sit down if you please," said Vorotov, panting and blowing.

"I am greatly surprised, and I am indeed, very pleased.

After a little while she again seemed to be only eighteen. The expression on her face was cold and business-like—the expression of one who had come to discuss money matters. Not once did she smile or attempt to understand him. Vorotov put questions to herself. Wonderful! She works from morning to night and yet has time to curl her hair.

Exactly at eight she got up and went away with a frigid "Au revoir, Monsieur." She left behind her the same faint, delicate and disturbing odours. Vorotov could not bear her. . . .

The pupil again sat for a long while unoccupied. On the following days he became conscious of some real emotion, and the cold, business-like look disappeared. She coloured slightly, and he inquired of a friendly manner who she was, where she had finished her studies, and how she lived.

Mdlle. Enquête replied in her cold, business-like way that she had finished her studies at a private school, and that she was qualified to give lessons; that her father had just died of fever, that her mother was still alive and made artificial flowers, and that she, Mdlle. Enquête, was occupied in the mornings at a boarding school for young ladies, and in the evenings, after dinner, gave private lessons.

She went away leaving behind her a faint and delightful odour of feminine attire. Vorotov could not work for a long time after, and as he sat by the table nervously smoothing the green cloth he said to himself:

"Yes! It is very good to see young girls working for their living. But it is not good to know that want does not spare such a refined and beautiful creature as this. . . ."

Vorotov, that even she has to fight for an existence. That is not good at all!"

However, as he had never met a rigidly virtuous Frenchwoman in Russia he thought that possibly this elegantly-dressed Mdlle. Enquête, with her well-developed shoulders and preposterously slender waist had some other means of living besides teaching languages.

Next evening, on the stroke of seven, Mdlle. Enquête arrived, flushed with the cold air. She opened her French manual which she had brought with her, and began without any prefatory remarks.

"The French language has twenty-six letters, the first A, the second. . . ."

"Excuse me," interrupted Vorotov, smiling, "I must warn Mdlle. that in my case she must alter her usual method. I have a good knowledge of both Latin and Greek, and some acquaintance with comparative philology. I think we might dispense with the grammar and begin on some book." And he thereupon explained to the young lady how an educated man sets about learning a language.

"One of my friends had to learn two modern languages. He set before him a French, German, and Latin copy of the Gospels. By reading the parallel texts and carefully comparing each word, what do you think? In less than a year he knew the two languages. Let us work in the same way! We will take some book and read through it."

"I am delighted; sit down if you please," said Vorotov, panting and blowing.

"I am greatly surprised, and I am indeed, very pleased.

After a little while she again seemed to be only eighteen. The expression on her face was cold and business-like—the expression of one who had come to discuss money matters. Not once did she smile or attempt to understand him. Vorotov put questions to herself. Wonderful! She works from morning to night and yet has time to curl her hair.

Exactly at eight she got up and went away with a frigid "Au revoir, Monsieur." She left behind her the same faint, delicate and disturbing odours. Vorotov could not bear her. . . .

The pupil again sat for a long while unoccupied. On the following days he became conscious of some real emotion, and the cold, business-like look disappeared. She coloured slightly, and he inquired of a friendly manner who she was, where she had finished her studies, and how she lived.

Mdlle. Enquête replied in her cold, business-like way that she had finished her studies at a private school, and that she was qualified to give lessons; that her father had just died of fever, that her mother was still alive and made artificial flowers, and that she, Mdlle. Enquête, was occupied in the mornings at a boarding school for young ladies, and in the evenings, after dinner, gave private lessons.

She went away leaving behind her a faint and delightful odour of feminine attire. Vorotov could not work for a long time after, and as he sat by the table nervously smoothing the green cloth he said to himself:

"Yes! It is very good to see young girls working for their living. But it is not good to know that want does not spare such a refined and beautiful creature as this. . . ."

Vorotov, that even she has to fight for an existence. That is not good at all!"

However, as he had never met a rigidly virtuous Frenchwoman in Russia he thought that possibly this elegantly-dressed Mdlle. Enquête, with her well-developed shoulders and preposterously slender waist had some other means of living besides teaching languages.

Next evening, on the stroke of seven, Mdlle. Enquête arrived, flushed with the cold air. She opened her French manual which she had brought with her, and began without any prefatory remarks.
gazed at her small curly head, at her neck and soft white hands, and inhaled the odour of her attire.

Certain thoughts that came involuntarily to him brought a flush of shame to his cheeks, and at times he found her amorously; then he was annoyed with her for being so business-like, and treating him as a pupil. She seemed afraid of his touching her. All the time he was thinking how he could gain her confidence and become intimate enough to let her know, poor girl, how bad was her method of teaching.

A little later Mdle. Enquête appeared at her pupil’s in a delicate pink gown cut rather low in the neck. She diffused an aroma that enveloped her as in a cloud. To Vorotov it seemed that too vigorous a puff of wind would blow her gown. She was going to a ball and wished to be pardoned for not staying longer than a half-hour.

Gazing at her neck and uncovered back he thought he could understand why Frenchwomen in Russia are supposed to be very easy in matters of virtue. He sank in a delicious cloud of perfume, beauty, and nudity, and she, not knowing his thoughts, and probably very little unintelligent translation:

‘He went into the street and met a gentleman of his acquaintance. “Where are you going,” he said. “Seeing that your face is pale it makes mine pale also.”’

The Mémoires had been finished for some time, and Mdle. Enquête was working on some other book. Once she came an hour earlier, telling her pupil that she had to be at the theatre by seven. After the lesson, when he had shown her out, Vorotov put on his coat, took his hat and gloves, and went also to the theatre. He explained to himself that going to the theatre was only amusement, and that he had no thought of meeting Mdle. Enquête. He would not admit even to himself that a serious man preparing for a scientific career, a man of sluggish temperament, could leave his work to go to the theatre merely on the chance of meeting there a girl who was neither intelligent nor clever, and of whose plans he knew absolutely nothing.

All the time his heart was beating wildly, and in the interval he was surprised to find himself running up and down the corridors impatiently looking for someone. At last he caught sight of the pink gown and pretty shoulders covered with tulle, and his heart sank with a presentiment of happiness. He smiled joyfully, and for the first time in his life felt a pang of jealousy.

Mdle. Enquête was attended by two unattractive students and an interested. She was laughing and talking loudly, and apparently flirty. Vorotov had never seen this side of her. Evidently she was happy, serene, contented, warm. What could be the reason? Perhaps these people had more in common with her, belonged to the same set, and Vorotov felt the wide gulf between him and them. He bowed to his teacher, but she acknowledged his salute coldly and passed by. Evidently she did not wish her companions to know that she had pupils, that she was so poor as to be obliged to give lessons.

After his meeting at the theatre Vorotov found himself in love. During the lesson he devoured his teacher with his eyes, and no longer struggling gave a loose rein to his thoughts, pure and impure. Mdle. Enquête’s features still kept the same cold expression. Exactly at eight every evening she uttered her icy “Au revoir, monsieur,” and he felt that he had no interest for her—that she would always be cold—that his case was hopeless. Sometimes during the lessons he would begin to dream, to hope, to make plans. He would silently compose a declaration of love, remembering that Frenchwomen are fine yielding: but it was enough for him to glance at his teacher’s cold face—his thought vanished like the flame of a candle in a gust of wind.

One day, influenced by love, he lost control of himself—he protested his passion for her. “You are everything to me. I love you. Let me speak.”

Mdle. Enquête turned pale, evidently frightened by the thought that his explanation would make it impossible for her to give any more lessons at a roulette an hour. A look of fear came into her eyes, and her voice was louder than usual.

“You mustn’t tell me, I beg of you. It is impossible!” Vorotov could not sleep all night. He was tormented with shame. He reproached himself for his stupidity, and a thousand thoughts passed through his brain. He imagined he had hurt the girl by protesting his love, and that he was certain not to see her again.

He decided to find out her address in the morning—write her a note of regret. But Mdle. came before the letter was written. At first she seemed very uncomfortable, but once she had opened her book she translated with her customary fluency.

“O, young gentlemen, do not pluck these flowers from my garden; they are intended for my daughter who is sick.”

She is still giving lessons to her pupil, and has now translated four volumes, but Vorotov knows nothing except the word “Mémoirs” and when he is asked about his scientific work he waves his hand deprecatingly and changes the subject to the weather.

(Translated from the Russian by Helen Brayne.)

A Grand Pretender.

By Alfred E. Sandall.

IV.

“Constitutions can be built, even constitutions à la Siéyes, but the frightful difficulty is that of getting men to come and live in them,” said Carlyle. The General German Working Men’s Association proposed the establishment of productive societies financed by State loans, and to be able to bring pressure to bear upon the Government it demanded universal suffrage. But if Bismarck toyed with both ideas when Lassalle urged them upon him, the masses seemingly were in no greater hurry to gain their political and economic freedom. After an existence of three months the association numbered only 600 members, and it began with 600. “Like most of the workers, most of the advanced democrats and middle-class Socialists, whom Lassalle invited to join the association, kept away from it,” says Bernstein. Lassalle found that by accepting the presidency he had become the head of a propagandist society, and he wanted to be the leader of a popular movement. He wanted to overthrow the existing Government, but instead of urging the masses to demand universal suffrage, he urged Bismarck into denying the expediency of its immediate introduction. When it was introduced, after Lassalle’s death, the Government was not overthrown: Bismarck practically became Emperor Napoleon III., who had gained his presidency and his crown as the apostle of universal suffrage.

Lassalle did everything to make the association powerful, except, as Bernstein says, “the main thing, the agitation among the masses, and that he left severely alone.” As he had allowed Helene to slip from his grasp, and become betrothed to another man, so he now offered what he believed to be the means of gaining his political prize to Bismarck, who used them for what they were worth.

That Lassalle should have been “disappointed and annoyed with the apathy and indifference of the working classes” is surprising; for although he was accused of trying to overthrow the Government by his agitation in favour of universal suffrage, his defence shows that he had scarcely appealed to them, and certainly did not regard them as the means to his end.

“Young gentlemen, gentlemen, although I am a private individual, I can tell you this. Not only do I wish to overthrow the present Government, but I shall do it within a year. Perhaps, before a year is over, universal suffrage will be granted. It is a bold game, gentlemen, and cards must be on the table. Matters have gone too far for secret diplomacy, for they are based upon iron necessity. Here in these historical surroundings, I prophesy to you all that perhaps before a year is over Herr von Bismarck will have
played the rôle of Robert Peel, and general and direct representation will be granted.'

It was natural to Lassalle to call Bismarck "his delegate," as he did once when talking to Countess Hatzfeld; but events showed that Bismarck, like all men who know the secret of power, was his own delegate. For him, in any way the tool of Lassalle, Herr von Dönniges a little later demanded Lassalle's banishment from Switzerland as a political agitator and a tool of Bismarck. Lassalle had turned from love to politics, but the auguries were not more prophetic of success.

Lassalle's incessant activity resulted in a nervous breakdown, and he went to the Rigi-Kaltbad for a cure. I cannot better describe the inscrutable working of events than by quoting a passage from Helene's letter to Holz:—

"Just look at the extraordinary sequence of events. Why did the doctor order me a change of air just then? Why did it so happen that my parents could not accompany me, and that I had to go with a friend? Why did that friend suggest a tour on the Rigi, instead of the Bernese Highlands? Why was Lassalle on the Kalbad instead of the Scheideck, and who chose the most difficult route, instead of taking the one over Kühschacht or Gersau? why should Lassalle, who is hardly ever at home, be occupied just at that moment in writing to you? Enfin, you see, Papa, I had to be!"

The lover who, sixteen months before, had proposed to her on his knees, was at last asking for letters of introduction to her parents. If Helene had become pro-voked at the insignificant, it is possible that Lassalle, who had been very near transferring his allegiance to a Jewess in Vienna, at the suggestion of his sister. It was probably of this woman that Lassalle was thinking when he wrote to the Countess Hatzfeld:—

"In love with another woman, such a state is beyond my comprehension; that, so far as the captivation of the senses is concerned, the woman alluded to is more attractive to me than Helene, but I look for something more in my wife, and in Helene I find a sympathy of tastes and purposes I have never met before."

A poet in the age of Swift had written:—

"Ye Gods, annihilate but Space and Time.
And make two lovers happy!"

Whether the gods noticed the bard's appeal I know not; but if the Princess is to be believed, Heaven and Earth, and perhaps Hell (for she calls Lassalle "the demon") conspired to bring these loth and laggard lovers together. That they were happy in each other's company we must believe; but the "sympathies" of which Lassalle wrote is not so credible. Various sentences of imprisonment had accumulated against Lassalle, and he was seriously thinking of expatriating himself rather than serve them to the detriment of his health. It was probably for this reason that he proposed an elopement, to which she refused to consent. After all, I could not understand this sudden and violent attack. I tried to explain to this enraged couple that the man they were attacking was a writer of philosophical and scholar, but they gave me no chance of speaking. They used expressions which I would have deemed impossible in people of their station, and which I was not surprised to think that the insulting language that at last I felt the Viking blood of the "Tönniges" (the old Norse name of my family) rise in my veins, but I was not surprised: "You can do as you like! I mean to marry Lassalle."

"I would rather shoot you down like a mad dog," my father shouted, and thus punished a third woman, such a state is beyond my comprehension; that, so far as the captivation of the senses is concerned, the woman alluded to is more attractive to me than Helene, but I look for something more in my wife, and in Helene I find a sympathy of tastes and purposes I have never met before."

Helene returned home to find her family rejoicing over her sister's engagement to Count Kaiserling, and confiding the news of her own engagement to her mother. The heavens fell! Frau von Dönniges brought her husband, and the romance was shattered.

At first, I could not understand this sudden and violent attack. I tried to explain to this enraged couple that the man they were attacking was a writer of philosophical and scholar, but they gave me no chance of speaking. They used expressions which I would have deemed impossible in people of their station, and which I was not surprised to think that the insulting language that at last I felt the Viking blood of the "Tönniges" (the old Norse name of my family) rise in my veins, but I was not surprised: "You can do as you like! I mean to marry Lassalle."

"I would rather shoot you down like a mad dog," my father shouted, and thus punished a third woman, such a state is beyond my comprehension; that, so far as the captivation of the senses is concerned, the woman alluded to is more attractive to me than Helene, but I look for something more in my wife, and in Helene I find a sympathy of tastes and purposes I have never met before."

A poet in the age of Swift had written:—

"Ye Gods, annihilate but Space and Time.
And make two lovers happy!"

Whether the gods noticed the bard's appeal I know not; but if the Princess is to be believed, Heaven and Earth, and perhaps Hell (for she calls Lassalle "the demon") conspired to bring these loth and laggard lovers together. That they were happy in each other's company we must believe; but the "sympathies" of which Lassalle wrote is not so credible. Various sentences of imprisonment had accumulated against Lassalle, and he was seriously thinking of expatriating himself rather than serve them to the detriment of his health. It was probably for this reason that he proposed an elopement, to which she refused to consent. After all, I could not understand this sudden and violent attack. I tried to explain to this enraged couple that the man they were attacking was a writer of philosophical and scholar, but they gave me no chance of speaking. They used expressions which I would have deemed impossible in people of their station, and which I was not surprised to think that the insulting language that at last I felt the Viking blood of the "Tönniges" (the old Norse name of my family) rise in my veins, but I was not surprised: "You can do as you like! I mean to marry Lassalle."

"I would rather shoot you down like a mad dog," my father shouted, and thus punished a third woman, such a state is beyond my comprehension; that, so far as the captivation of the senses is concerned, the woman alluded to is more attractive to me than Helene, but I look for something more in my wife, and in Helene I find a sympathy of tastes and purposes I have never met before."

A poet in the age of Swift had written:—

"Ye Gods, annihilate but Space and Time.
And make two lovers happy!"

Whether the gods noticed the bard's appeal I know not; but if the Princess is to be believed, Heaven and Earth, and perhaps Hell (for she calls Lassalle "the demon") conspired to bring these loth and laggard lovers together. That they were happy in each other's company we must believe; but the "sympathies" of which Lassalle wrote is not so credible. Various sentences of imprisonment had accumulated against Lassalle, and he was seriously thinking of expatriating himself rather than serve them to the detriment of his health. It was probably for this reason that he proposed an elopement, to which she refused to consent. After all, I could not understand this sudden and violent attack. I tried to explain to this enraged couple that the man they were attacking was a writer of philosophical and scholar, but they gave me no chance of speaking. They used expressions which I would have deemed impossible in people of their station, and which I was not surprised to think that the insulting language that at last I felt the Viking blood of the "Tönniges" (the old Norse name of my family) rise in my veins, but I was not surprised: "You can do as you like! I mean to marry Lassalle."

"I would rather shoot you down like a mad dog," my father shouted, and thus punished a third woman, such a state is beyond my comprehension; that, so far as the captivation of the senses is concerned, the woman alluded to is more attractive to me than Helene, but I look for something more in my wife, and in Helene I find a sympathy of tastes and purposes I have never met before."

A poet in the age of Swift had written:—

"Ye Gods, annihilate but Space and Time.
And make two lovers happy!"

Whether the gods noticed the bard's appeal I know not; but if the Princess is to be believed, Heaven and Earth, and perhaps Hell (for she calls Lassalle "the demon") conspired to bring these loth and laggard lovers together. That they were happy in each other's company we must believe; but the "sympathies" of which Lassalle wrote is not so credible. Various sentences of imprisonment had accumulated against Lassalle, and he was seriously thinking of expatriating himself rather than serve them to the detriment of his health. It was probably for this reason that he proposed an elopement, to which she refused to consent. After all, I could not understand this sudden and violent attack. I tried to explain to this enraged couple that the man they were attacking was a writer of philosophical and scholar, but they gave me no chance of speaking. They used expressions which I would have deemed impossible in people of their station, and which I was not surprised to think that the insulting language that at last I felt the Viking blood of the "Tönniges" (the old Norse name of my family) rise in my veins, but I was not surprised: "You can do as you like! I mean to marry Lassalle."

"I would rather shoot you down like a mad dog," my father shouted, and thus punished a third woman, such a state is beyond my comprehension; that, so far as the captivation of the senses is concerned, the woman alluded to is more attractive to me than Helene, but I look for something more in my wife, and in Helene I find a sympathy of tastes and purposes I have never met before."

A poet in the age of Swift had written:—

"Ye Gods, annihilate but Space and Time.
And make two lovers happy!"
Ardt, her relative, had been telling her parents "dreadful stories about him and the Countess; calling her an immoral woman—even worse; and this had enraged her father more than his politics," he dismissed it as nothing. His motives are mere petty vengeance; only a few courtier's nonsense. It turned out, however, that a universal union for working-men on account of his narrow-mindedness and want of tact; "as though the diagnosis of a man's motives made his actions of no account!"

If ever a man had been myself, she implored him to take her away, and her maid added her entreaty. "For heaven's sake, fly at once. I have brought a carriage with me. Everyone is looking for you at home, and the train starts in a quarter of an hour." Arndt replied his answer, saying, "Come, I will take you to your friends, and you must stay with them until your mother and Holtoff arrive."

So he led her to a scene that is one of the most farcical in literature, and I must transcribe it in full.

My friend received me most kindly. She promised I should see no one but Thérèse, and Lassalle said, quite Arndt, her relative, had been telling her parents "dreadful Madame R., who was standing at the window, called out, "Your mother is coming." I was terribly frightened, but an immoral woman—even worse mindedness and want of tact made his actions of no account."

He took my mouth and hands passionately many times, and then left. It was the last time I ever beheld him. He had hardly left, when my mother poured a volley of invectives on me, in the midst of which my father entered, brandishing an old rifle and exclaimed, "Where is this insubordinate daughter? Let me kill her!"

My friend tried to pacify him, but he seized me by the hair, which I wore in flowing curls, and dragged me across the street into our house. Here my window and door were nailed up, and I remained a prisoner.

Lassalle's action in this scene would be incredible if one forgot his political methods. He looked to education of the masses in political economy for his revolution, and imagined that he could prepare a Socialist state in twelve months. Helene's parents were to be educated also, into the belief that he was a gentleman, and therefore worthy of their daughter's hand. Scholar, poet, orator, politician, and gentleman: the mere mention of these words, if he were allowed to mention them, must have a miraculous effect on people who hated him as a Jew, a demagogue, and an immoral monster. His will was matched at last with "the brute force of the rusty Middle Ages," in a conflict provoked by himself, and he opened battle by giving the prize to the enemy! (To be continued.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

The new monthly, devoted to original creative literature, "The Open Window" (Locke Ellis, 15.), is now out. It contains two poems, by Vivian Locke Ellis and Keith Henderson; three drawings, by Maxwell Armfield, Keith Henderson, and Claude Shepperson; two stories, by Stephen Reynolds and Hugh de Sélincourt, and something between a sketch and a story by Harold Child. The best thing in the number is undoubtedly Mr. Vivian Locke Ellis's poem "The Old Herdsman's Verse." It is poetry, Mr. Harold Child's study of a mystical crisis in the emotional life of a bookman, and its resolution, is charmingly accomplished, with a touch of sentimentality in the "mastery of the woman" in the "mad week," and the common pillow under the beeches, do not convince me. Mr. Shepperson's drawing "The Lark" is pleasing and unexceptionable. All the three stories are good. Mr. Stephen Reynolds's is a straightforward tale of a village idiot, very well done, full of first-hand observation, and perfectly convincing. Mr. Harold Child's study of a mystical crisis in the emotional life of a bookman, and its resolution, is charmingly accomplished, with a touch of sentimentality in the "mastery of the woman" in the "mad week," and the common pillow under the beeches, do not convince me. But there is an idea in this sketch, and it is developed. Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt, in his story of the death of a very old man, has exercised real imagination; the passages describing the talk after dinner and the thoughts of Mr. Venables thereupon are admirable, decidedly better than Mr. Venables's vision before death. Indeed, little fault can be found with the first number of "The Open Window." * * *

And yet I am disappointed with it. I believe I am disappointed with it because I have discovered nothing in it to shocked me. I know the difficulties which surround the production of a new periodical—especially one which is entirely new. I maintain nevertheless that the editor ought to have

OCTOBER 13, 1910

THE NEW AGE 567
succeeded in shocking me. The fact is, there is nothing in this number which might not have found a place in ‘Blackwood’s’, ‘Cornhill’, or ‘The Nation’. There is no deficiency of the older, or even of the middle-aged generation; none of the brutality or cruelty of youth; no sign of a new technique or a new creed of any sort. The whole thing is too respectable. ‘The Open Window’ will not have a single bad Press notice. Draughtsmen will not gather together and dare to call the result poetry. Nor will the short stories make ‘Q’ sniff from his southern eyrie, but look in vain through the faultless pages for a sign that I myself am getting old-fashioned. I looked in vain for an artistic enemy. This, I maintain, is bad. At any rate it is a disquieting symptom. My only interest in ‘The Open Window’ sprang from my hope that it might demonstrate that English letters are definitely on the move. At the very least it might attack the men or the ideas now in possession. I would defy anyone to get up good and solid, or any thing else in this first number. And I urge upon the editor the advisability of diverging at the earliest possible moment from his present policy of artistic correctness and decorum into a lusty and defiant experimentalism. There is a great deal too much artistic correctness and decorum in these islands.

***

Certain criticisms can be made of the physical characteristics of the periodical. It is carefully produced, but the shape of the page (of paper) resembles a small quarto, but the shape of the page (of print) is like a duodecimo; with the result that the outer margins are far too wide and the lower margin far too narrow. Also the rules above and below the running titles are ugly. Such rules have never been used so. The size of the page is so small (tin. by 4 in.) that no illustration can have a chance unless it is done specially to suit the size. Lastly, the actual quantity of stuff given for the money is, in this first number, somewhat too slight. Four ‘F.D.T.’ columns would more than hold the lot of it. I would not insist too strongly on quantity, but I would insist on it a little. A fine poem may be a fine poem, but a fine shilling is also a fine shilling. I anticipate that future numbers will be thicker than this first one. I would draw the attention of the proprietors of ‘The Open Window’ to an analogous venture in Paris, ‘La Nouvelle Revue Française’, which costs a franc, and gives a hundred and forty ample pages. The matter of those pages might conceivably also interest them.

REVIEWS.

Sable and Purple. William Watson. (Eveleigh Nash. 2s. 6d.)

It is hard to awow, yet we must awow, that we languish among the unhappy folk who have never been able to decide whether Mr. Watson is a poet or not. Nor does Sable and Purple elucidate our deplorable problem. We are as far from the light as when we dallying about his porch, have but beholden the fringes of his power, and skirts of his commotion. And culled his voiceful shells, and plucked his ravelled hair.

There are those flowing simplicities Mr. Watson’s fringes of his power, and skirts of his commotion, that, too, has been immorally defined: ‘where a noble nature and a poetical gift unite to utter a thing with the most limpid plainness and directness.’ In this manner Spencer wrote, by this the northern waggoner had set his seven-fold team behind the steadfast star. That was ocean wave never yet we wished more than for a land firm, and sendeth light from afar to all that in the wide deep wandering are. Compare with these flowing simplicities Mr. Watson’s plucked his ravelled hair. Those expressions, so far from being simple, sound to our ears, ignobly elaborate. One is forced to see Ocean in a sort of dress; and what, what, is that plucked his ravelled hair? We cannot imagine. The notions started in our heads are ridiculous and incomprehensible splashing and babies snatching pails of sea-water—and we fear lest we should never be forgiven if we mentioned things like those. So we are left again with the loose end of our essay. For Mr. Watson, plucked his ravelled hair, if only we might read his great critic’s decision itself as a probe effort in the grand style simple, and take ‘consummate craftsman’ to mean that and nothing more! But experience warns us that such a reading might be found offensive. And, besides and also even going so far, we should fail to meet Mr. Douglas. For when Mr. Watson, contemning those luckless who have seen ‘but’ British ocean, cries, ‘Let them not dream,’ etc., we feel that that blurring way of driving home one’s insignificance proves ‘but’ indifferent craft. ‘Mr. Watson is rather trollulent,’ we mutter. ‘Every one hasn’t the money for foreign travel;’ or some words of that sort. Byron exhibited the grandeur of the high seas without wounding us, Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!

Again; we find ‘but’ small inspiration in Mr. Watson’s rhyming, Platter than shed-bred is golden-beholden; quite depressed is there-hair; and ocean-commotion awakens us in a memory ‘but’ little favourable to Mr. Watson’s interest.—at some times we do sincerely admire critics of the order supported by Mr. James Douglas, who finds every new masterpiece grander than the last, and isn’t afraid to say so. Of this very ‘Sable and Purple’ in which we plucked his ravelled hair, Mr. Douglas exclaimed long since: ‘This volume alone proves that Mr. Watson is a consummate craftsman.’

How one would love to be able to say that and mean! What a shilly-shallying, fidgety, shuttle-cock nature ours appears beside you bold, bluff vigour and zeal. But there it is. Say that Mr. Watson is a great poet we simply cannot. We repeat for succeur the advertised eulogies of his critics: Grand, severe, masterly; grandly-severe, severely-grand; majestic! Such epithets are, or should be, applied only to genius working in the grand. Mr. Watson has been charged with so many and such grave matters that he would not deign to treat any one of them explicitly. But to apply that test to the lines above quoted is at once to raise several questions. Where are the grave matters, where the poet’s disdain of detail? In spite of our willingness to believe with Mr. Douglas that such a passage proves Mr. Watson to be a master there remains still our miserable inability to discern in it any resemblance to poetry in the grand style severe.

But there is another grand style, the grand style simple. That, too, has been immorally defined: ‘where a noble nature and a poetical gift unite to utter a thing with the most limpid plainness and directness.’ In this manner Spencer wrote, by this the northern waggoner had set his seven-fold team behind the steadfast star. That was ocean wave never yet we wished more than for a land firm, and sendeth light from afar to all that in the wide deep wandering are. Compare with these flowing simplicities Mr. Watson’s plucked his ravelled hair. Those expressions, so far from being simple, sound to our ears, ignobly elaborate. One is forced to see Ocean in a sort of dress; and what, what, is that plucked his ravelled hair? We cannot imagine. The notions started in our heads are ridiculous and incomprehensible splashing and babies snatching pails of sea-water—and we fear lest we should never be forgiven if we mentioned things like those. So we are left again with the loose end of our essay. For Mr. Watson, plucked his ravelled hair, if only we might read his great critic’s decision itself as a prose effort in the grand style simple, and take ‘consummate craftsman’ to mean that and nothing more! But experience warns us that such a reading might be found offensive. And, besides and also even going so far, we should fail to meet Mr. Douglas. For when Mr. Watson, contemning those luckless who have seen ‘but’ British ocean, cries, ‘Let them not dream,’ etc., we feel that that blurring way of driving home one’s insignificance proves ‘but’ indifferent craft. ‘Mr. Watson is rather trollulent,’ we mutter. ‘Every one hasn’t the money for foreign travel;’ or some words of that sort. Byron exhibited the grandeur of the high seas without wounding us, Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!

Again; we find ‘but” small inspiration in Mr. Watson’s rhyming, Platter than shed-bred is golden-beholden; quite depressed is there-hair; and ocean-commotion awakens us in a memory ‘but’ little favourable to Mr. Watson’s interest.—at some times we do sincerely admire critics of the order supported by Mr. James Douglas, who finds every new masterpiece grander than the last, and isn’t afraid to say so. Of this very ‘Sable and Purple’ in which we plucked his ravelled hair, Mr. Douglas exclaimed long since: ‘This volume alone proves that Mr. Watson is a consummate craftsman.’

How one would love to be able to say that and mean!
"The Threatened Towers" almost revolts us with its Macaulayese.

Let the wild waves that would submerge
All ancient things and great,
With hoarse and ineffectual surge
Lament the passing of the towers of State.

The ages, pondering at their toil,
Welded this stone and line... .

So long as a poetical image charms us we follow the imaginative poet as the rocks followed Orpheus. But who is to be said for bricklayers' terms as introduced above? Do they actually describe the subject; or do what is to be said for bricklayers' terms as introduced at Windsor Castle or the Houses of Parliament?

And mighty, at his feet submitted thrones
And after him another mightier yet
Dramatic poem.) He foresees and laments the sorrows of men. He too would die and shut out the vision of light. He voices and laments the sorrows of his descendants.

Behold, I see him great
And mighty, at his feet subtrumned thrones... . And after him another mightier yet... . And then, dim forms at strife... . beyond them, crown And croiter warring... . and deeds of he... . and now Glory and power new-stablished... . and again Blind wilter, and the brood of dire misrule.

A groaning people, a subterranean realm... . Ah, Lord Of Heaven! in mercy show Thou me no more. Why do I overlive? Why am I mocked with death. and length'en'd out... .

There are a great many verses in this volume, and many of them are not so good as the others. Perhaps only the week-end ones will be published in the next edition; then we may get a more serious view of them.

Miss Sharland's opening "lyric" is addressed to "A Fair Angler," a nasty, unpoetical little beast who waits "with sweet face rosset-bounced" and "hope-enrap- tured," to paw a book through a troutling's gills. "Raptured," of course, must come in for "captured." Very poor indeed are these Exmoor efforts. About Horner Water cataract to the sea, we hear:—

With its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace that with its tumbling, headlong torrents, and its pace ....

The final line is atrociously hobble-footed:—

My spirit should find rest in some calm sea.

Miss Sharland's gift of expression rots among such things as "vistas of arching greenness; evening glory; wondering soul; linging sweetness; mellow cadence; life's dusky gnomes; countless numbers; petty pride; puny passions." She voices finally, in "The Soliloquy of Man," an idea we seem to have heard somewhere or other.

I am the heir of all the ages past.

If we hadn't heard it before in "Locksley Hall" we should congratulate Miss Sharland.

**The Merry Tales of Hans Sachs.** (Nutt. 6s.)

"Translated, or as he himself puts it, "Done into English," by William Leighton." The taste of dedications is very bitter on our tongue. It is perfectly sickening to find mother after mother, fathers, aunts, all kind friends and relations immortalised by our great modern poets. Nobody ever dedicates anything to a reviewer, whose suffering of verse-wounds is endless.

In this case Mr. Leighton's dedication has at least some dignity. His sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett, helped in the preparation of the translation.

There is a helpful preface to the ballads, recapitu-
lating the life and adventures of the meister-singer. His translator informs us that Sachs was a very moral man. We are not surprised to hear, then, that after losing seven children and his first wife, he married the seventeen-years-old Barbara Harcherin. However, she, also, was a German! Morality is the geographical virtue; but humour's much the same everywhere. Hans Sachs was certainly a humorist. Such quaint verses as "St. Peter and the Goats," "The Crafty Maid," "The Pork Thief," and many others appeal to us, we declare, as much as to any German peasant, which is no small boast—for one of us twain. The bare-faced cruelty of some of the narratives may afford our civilised taste, but to set that aside (as safely obsolete) with Sachs' alleged morality, is to leave some good things unspoiled.

The Demon. By Lermontoff. (Nutt. 1s.) Miss Ellen Richter describes her translation of this poem from the Russian as a "literal translation in the metre of the original." A curious claim! We never suspected that Russian and English coincided like that—the lines are rhymed, too. There seems to be not much music in the verse—

Having wearied the noble steed, The impatient bridegroom doth speed To the nuptial feast at close of day.

There are scores of lines in that choppy style, but sometimes the ideas triumph over an unfortunate (whether in English or Russian we should say) metre. The Demon's oath fills a fine passage of three pages.

Poems. By the Hon. Eleanor Morton. (Mathews. 1s.) These verses are dedicated to the writer's great-grandmother. "O, there are moments when my soul is bound By shining visions, and by flames of gold! Reaming those lands where nothing can be found That leads to barren death or groweth old! Nothing much there to dedicate to anybody. Pretension was not power, nor mammon might, To Grecian youth imbued with golden fire! To Grecian maid, whose spirit was more white Than the white robes she spun to sounding lyre!"

The shriek-marks are not ours; but we endorse them. Occasionally this writer gets a rhythm, more rarely she expresses an old idea in that rhythm; but the net result of the volume is scarcely worth mentioning.

The Singing Caravan: Some Echoes of Arabian Poetry. (Murray. 2s.) Mr. Henry Baerlein's book deals as frequently with the development of Islam in its social, religious, and political character as with the poetry of Arabia. In view of the need for a short, popular book on Islamic civilization—a need this volume very fairly fills—we will not say that there is too little poetry. But a further and more extensive translation of Arabic verse would be welcome. The "Echoes" are introduced happily to confirm Mr. Baerlein's very interesting information: where information fails and a rather too opiniative philosophy creeps in, we confess to coldness.

Like all Eastern poetry, the Arabian sounds modern as may. Here is a scrap from Abu'l-Ala, who is describing Conservatives:—

They walk upon the road their fathers trod, And amiable receive their father's God.
What if they linger at Mahomet's tent? They care not much for whom their knees are bent. In wakefulness and sleep their sole desire To keep the settled plan of things entire.

And, to what age belongs such a gem as this? Hail, jasmine flower, on thy liquid stem, Among the mountain peaks, delighting them. Pure as the mountains that arrayed Of dream is in thy sight?

What is that emerald eye And how the pearls around it lie.

So admirably translated, these lovely lines strengthen our wish for a further volume from Mr. Baerlein, to contain more poetry and something less of philosophical opinion.

From the East and from the West. By T. C. Lewis (Fisher Unwin. 6s.) Mostly an anthology of foreign poets. A very wide range of translation includes selections from S'adi Hafiz, the Koran, Heine, Lermontoff, De Musset, Philmon, and many others. And the author presents some original poems, "Various Verses," of a thoughtful and sympathetic order. Of the "Gulistan" verses, perhaps "The Two Ministers" exhibits the most lively dramatic power. The metre used for most of the others runs occasionally rather too slowly:—

How long shall man go trampling o'er my head? For endless days after I am dead,"

From king to king this crown has come to me, And kings shall wear it when I cease to be. The "Divan" translations, following Hafiz, mend their pace somewhat; and the tavern song, "Hist! 'Tis the Breath of Morn," is full of the right humour. The tenderer verses of Heine are chosen. The translator seems over-partial to the effort of endowing inanimate life with animal and even intellectual qualities. Lemoine's exquisite lines on "A Meadow Flower," and Arndt's puerile "Stars of the Night," contain, respectively, the right and wrong expressions of this perilous topic.

The final poem, "Lines in Loneliness," is an echo, in charming and simple tones, of the pilgrim's eternal invocation.

Poems and Ballads. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. (Murray. 3s. 6d.) Mr. Stacpoole singing a "Hymn to Selene" presents a spectacle either more or less than impressive. His courage is of the sort which usually wins the Victoria Cross; a moment's reflection jeopardises one's respect for it. But, certes, to rush after the glory of "A voice ran over land and sea crying, 'Pan is dead, great Pan is dead,'" with feet like the following is, to say the least, an ineffable business.

Then the Hamadryad rose and shook Her hair from the oak by sorrow strook And the dread cast a long, last look Where far Peneaus saw.

The moment of reflection comes:—

TO A TANAGRA STATUETTE. The gracefulness we gaze upon, Lent to our eyes by grace Of Time, who wrecked the Pantheon, Yet spared thy rosebud face.

Has Mr. Stacpoole never read Keats? If so, how could he do it?

Thou still unravished bride of quietness, Thou foster-child of silence and slow time, Sylvan hue and name of honey: A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme.

In a something or other entitled "Verlaine," Mr. Stacpoole declares:—

Paris poets daily fill Books that in a year are faceless. Not only Paris ones, we fear!

A Voice from the Trees. By Charles Herbert. (Fifield.) Thoughtful, gentle verse and, for the most part, very readable.

The morning deepens, with increasing stir The tiny seeds of Nature are on wing And fill the air with busy harmony, Fluttering from store to store of pollen flower.

The author apologises prettily for publishing. He needs 't. He lacks neither taste nor clear expression. That which he does not claim, lyrical power, we need not criticise him for not possessing.

Grigonetto Baglioni. By M. Reuben Lange. (Palmer. 1s. 6d.) The horn of Elfland sounds faintly (but how well) even that in these poems. If one avoids the Baglioni, a tiresome and incorrect little drama, and begins at the "Poems," there will be found little to vex and several things to please. "Prince of Men,"
Some people may not dislike the others. But for us, "Squire and the Maiden" is almost unintelligible; "The Fiddler" is commonplace and "The Drunkard" sentimental—a rare fault this, however, in Mr. Lange.

The Heart of a Dancer. By W. W. Peplow. (Schulze.)

Solemn rubbish and a hash of threadbare slavitudes and impertinences.

Do you remember, dear, the sudden sob, Sharp as an anguished, of the violin? Pale yellow tongues of passion, quivering with tortured edges. Yet once again within your room I sat, Feeling your presence with me, as of yore...
The cost of publishing this silly stuff must have been enormous. The binding is very fine.

By Stanley Morland.

Three Modern Seers. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis.

(Stanley Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is difficult for a mere man to understand this book. A reviewer ought to be able to sum up the book to those for whom it is written, or, in the event of its being unworthy of notice, to warn them against it. Mrs. Ellis does not specify the type of reader she desires. True, she speaks much of wise women and good women; but as the title of the book expounds the word woman, as James Hinton, who posed as "a saviour of women," it must be intended for the unregenerate. But with this class, the mass of the human race, the Saviour has always failed.

Mrs. Ellis does not specify the type of reader she desires. True, she speaks much of wise women and good women; but as the title of the book expounds the word woman, as James Hinton, who posed as "a saviour of women," it must be intended for the unregenerate. But with this class, the mass of the human race, the Saviour has always failed.

Ellis agrees. Moreover, the equality of the sexes does not agree for the moment that the morality that makes a mystery of the bed-chamber is immoral; does it necessarily follow that the morality that teaches us the "true lover's secret" is any better? Sex, it may be said, is a function that can and does moralise itself; and the people who refuse to describe their luxuriant ecstatics to other people are not necessarily ignorant of true love. Why, then, should we have all this bother about "the mystery of pain" and "the mystery of pleasure," this public about "service" and "forwardness"? It teaches nothing, and it complicates the relation of the sexes. Mrs. Ellis may find this elaborate ritual necessary to the complete enjoyment of maternity, but the world in its wisdom leaves the Decalogue at the door. Because "the Kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy," I cannot agree with the fundamental axiom of this book that "sexual pleasure, rightly understood, is the most spiritual thing." Mrs. Ellis may suppose that tragalism is the equivalent of mysticism, but not one of the world's great teachers agrees. Moreover, the equality of the sexes does not mean "the worship of woman."

Aesthetic Aims.

By T. Sturge Moore.

In two previous "Art Supplements" I have pointed out how an aesthetic aim through isolation degenerates into absurdity. Light shines from recognising that the mere realist is found in factories, the mere impressionist in asylums; that the decorator, who ignores the relation between his pattern and the scale and surface of objects on which he employs it, has rioted for many a long year in commercial production, and is now a little discredited with persons of discernment—while the symbolist, who prizes the sign above its beauty, belongs to the dark ages of wizardry and is out of date.

The corollary of these facts is that sane intentions are always complex. Though single-minded, an artist with only one idea acts like the half-witted. Even in morals, where singleness of aim is the equivalent of honesty, it is not enough. Success is the name of composite achievement. But, dressed curiously, and eaten of strange foods; he has written books not too remarkable; he is supposed to have written poems, and I have some recollection of a play called "The Promised Land." But he has left no mark on our national life; he and his followers alike are dismissed as cranks, and "his message to his age" has failed to reach more than a dozen. Mrs. Ellis says very stupidly that "it is by what we hear, not by what we see, that the world is redeemed." I hope that the world will not say that I have damned it by stating that I cannot bear Carpenter. No public man has done less for life or literature, and the public is to be commended for ignoring him as a mystic while Bibles are plentiful. Apart from this, though, the book baffles me by its terms, "good and evil," "right and wrong," and so on. People do discuss morals today; Nietzsche gave the whole subject its death certificate years ago. Besides, life is not regulated by speculative introspection. To whom can a book about morals be commended? I confess myself beaten by such phrases as this: "Uncontrolled impulse, elaboration of worldly detail, a hypocritical upholding of immoral so-called moralities all around us, all this is evident enough; but what of the simplicity and beauty of the lover who has passed beyond mere impulse and elaborate restraint into a perfect freedom? How many of these lovers, either among men or women, can any one of us count on our fingers?" The answer of course is, "None." Such a lover would make a lovely corpse, for he would be dead to everything that is not written in the book, which Carpenter says is a function that can and does moralise itself. The answer of course is, "None." Such a lover would make a lovely corpse, for he would be dead to everything that is not written in the book, which Carpenter says is a function that can and does moralise itself.

The answer of course is, "None." Such a lover would make a lovely corpse, for he would be dead to everything that is not written in the book, which Carpenter says is a function that can and does moralise itself. The answer of course is, "None." Such a lover would make a lovely corpse, for he would be dead to everything that is not written in the book, which Carpenter says is a function that can and does moralise itself.

In two previous "Art Supplements" I have pointed out how an aesthetic aim through isolation degenerates into absurdity. Light shines from recognising that the mere realist is found in factories, the mere impressionist in asylums; that the decorator, who ignores the relation between his pattern and the scale and surface of objects on which he employs it, has rioted for many a long year in commercial production, and is now a little discredited with persons of discernment—while the symbolist, who prizes the sign above its beauty, belongs to the dark ages of wizardry and is out of date.

The corollary of these facts is that sane intentions are always complex. Though single-minded, an artist with only one idea acts like the half-witted. Even in morals, where singleness of aim is the equivalent of honesty, it is not enough. Success is the name of composite achievement. But, dressed curiously, and eaten of strange foods; he has written books not too remarkable; he is supposed to have written poems, and I have some recollection of a play called "The Promised Land." But he has left no mark on our national life; he and his followers alike are dismissed as cranks, and "his message to his age" has failed to reach more than a dozen. Mrs. Ellis says very stupidly that "it is by what we hear, not by what we see, that the world is redeemed." I hope that the world will not say that I have damned it by stating that I cannot bear Carpenter. No public man has done less for life or literature, and the public is to be commended for ignoring him as a mystic while Bibles are plentiful. Apart from this, though, the book baffles me by its terms, "good and evil," "right and wrong," and so on. People do discuss morals today; Nietzsche gave the whole subject its death certificate years ago. Moreover, the equality of the sexes does not mean "the worship of woman."
Success with a Refined Few.

In the "Malade Imaginaire" we read:—

"The public is accommodating. Nobody takes you to task; and, so long as the regular procedure is observed, who troubles artists like? But grandees are vexatious; for, when they fall ill, they absolutely insist on being cured by their doctors."

M. Diderot naively describes the kind of patients he would confine his attentions to, namely, those who are not surprised if his treatment fails when they trouble him; but grandees are extremely raw, he turns to the intelligent and accomplished, who, like Molière's M. Diafoirus naively describes the kind of patients his doctors.

Some artists like he are offended when actual stimulus is demanded from picture or statue. Where do they express, and stimulated to gratitude by delight. For him beauty is to assert that some work of theirs, like the superior of Velasquez lover Whistler and Manet lies, perhaps, just here: they were social rebels, he was not.

Great artists have been outlawed from the culture of their day by misfortune and prejudice; but to acquiesce in such a fate, still more to court it, must be stultifying. Modern distinction is focussed in no centre, such as was Reynolds's London, Raphael's Rome, the Florence of Michelangelo's youth, or even the Holland House which patronised the young Watts. This is a real misfortune.

However, the isolated mentalities, like the broadcast but extremely tenuous refinement of to-day, are dominated by one idea, by one faith, ill-understood, foolishly applied, but evocative of interest wherever there is capacity for attention—Science, its methods, its perspectives, its success.

Science in Art.

Unfortunately artists seem to have conceived of science as fidelity to accidents, and, mesmerised by momentary appearances, have been drawn from the common-place to the trivial, from that again to the unby science and simplicity, and simplifies our impressions, and thus provides a norm by which to measure variations. Or else, by describing an extreme instance, it resumes and simplifies our impressions, and by its aid, to select from the aspects and expressions they were watching those alone which to his thought that if the fragmentary excellences entangled in and dispersed through nature could be extricated, collected and combined, the perfect would appear. And this purpose, though they could only have given it a theoretically crude expression, informed their art with the dignity of a great mystery.

Michelangelo shifted emphasis from completeness to direction, from balance to impetuous, from serenity to passion; he sought for types of growth, of spiritual awakening or of intellectual prowess. For him beauty is to assert that some work of theirs, like the superior of Velasquez lover Whistler and Manet lies, perhaps, just here: they were social rebels, he was not.

Great artists have been outlawed from the culture of their day by misfortune and prejudice; but to acquiesce in such a fate, still more to court it, must be stultifying. Modern distinction is focussed in no centre, such as was Reynolds's London, Raphael's Rome, the Florence of Michelangelo's youth, or even the Holland House which patronised the young Watts. This is a real misfortune.

However, the isolated mentalities, like the broadcast but extremely tenuous refinement of to-day, are dominated by one idea, by one faith, ill-understood, foolishly applied, but evocative of interest wherever there is capacity for attention—Science, its methods, its perspectives, its success.

Science in Art.

Unfortunately artists seem to have conceived of science as fidelity to accidents, and, mesmerised by momentary appearances, have been drawn from the common-place to the trivial, from that again to the unby science and simplicity, and simplifies our impressions, and thus provides a norm by which to measure variations. Or else, by describing an extreme instance, it resumes and simplifies our impressions, and by its aid, to select from the aspects and expressions they were watching those alone which to his thought that if the fragmentary excellences entangled in and dispersed through nature could be extricated, collected and combined, the perfect would appear. And this purpose, though they could only have given it a theoretically crude expression, informed their art with the dignity of a great mystery.

Michelangelo shifted emphasis from completeness to direction, from balance to impetuous, from serenity to passion; he sought for types of growth, of spiritual awakening or of intellectual prowess. For him beauty is to assert that some work of theirs, like the superior of Velasquez lover Whistler and Manet lies, perhaps, just here: they were social rebels, he was not.

Great artists have been outlawed from the culture of their day by misfortune and prejudice; but to acquiesce in such a fate, still more to court it, must be stultifying. Modern distinction is focussed in no centre, such as was Reynolds's London, Raphael's Rome, the Florence of Michelangelo's youth, or even the Holland House which patronised the young Watts. This is a real misfortune.

However, the isolated mentalities, like the broadcast but extremely tenuous refinement of to-day, are dominated by one idea, by one faith, ill-understood, foolishly applied, but evocative of interest wherever there is capacity for attention—Science, its methods, its perspectives, its success.

Science in Art.

Unfortunately artists seem to have conceived of science as fidelity to accidents, and, mesmerised by momentary appearances, have been drawn from the common-place to the trivial, from that again to the unby science and simplicity, and simplifies our impressions, and thus provides a norm by which to measure variations. Or else, by describing an extreme instance, it resumes and simplifies our impressions, and by its aid, to select from the aspects and expressions they were watching those alone which to his thought that if the fragmentary excellences entangled in and dispersed through nature could be extricated, collected and combined, the perfect would appear. And this purpose, though they could only have given it a theoretically crude expression, informed their art with the dignity of a great mystery.

Michelangelo shifted emphasis from completeness to direction, from balance to impetuous, from serenity to passion; he sought for types of growth, of spiritual awakening or of intellectual prowess. For him beauty is to assert that some work of theirs, like the superior of Velasquez lover Whistler and Manet lies, perhaps, just here: they were social rebels, he was not.

Great artists have been outlawed from the culture of their day by misfortune and prejudice; but to acquiesce in such a fate, still more to court it, must be stultifying. Modern distinction is focussed in no centre, such as was Reynolds's London, Raphael's Rome, the Florence of Michelangelo's youth, or even the Holland House which patronised the young Watts. This is a real misfortune.

However, the isolated mentalities, like the broadcast but extremely tenuous refinement of to-day, are dominated by one idea, by one faith, ill-understood, foolishly applied, but evocative of interest wherever there is capacity for attention—Science, its methods, its perspectives, its success.

Science in Art.

Unfortunately artists seem to have conceived of science as fidelity to accidents, and, mesmerised by momentary appearances, have been drawn from the common-place to the trivial, from that again to the unby science and simplicity, and simplifies our impressions, and thus provides a norm by which to measure variations. Or else, by describing an extreme instance, it resumes and simplifies our impressions, and by its aid, to select from the aspects and expressions they were watching those alone which to his thought that if the fragmentary excellences entangled in and dispersed through nature could be extricated, collected and combined, the perfect would appear. And this purpose, though they could only have given it a theoretically crude expression, informed their art with the dignity of a great mystery.

Michelangelo shifted emphasis from completeness to direction, from balance to impetuous, from serenity to passion; he sought for types of growth, of spiritual awakening or of intellectual prowess. For him beauty is to assert that some work of theirs, like the superior of Velasquez lover Whistler and Manet lies, perhaps, just here: they were social rebels, he was not.

Great artists have been outlawed from the culture of their day by misfortune and prejudice; but to acquiesce in such a fate, still more to court it, must be stultifying. Modern distinction is focussed in no centre, such as was Reynolds's London, Raphael's Rome, the Florence of Michelangelo's youth, or even the Holland House which patronised the young Watts. This is a real misfortune.

However, the isolated mentalities, like the broadcast but extremely tenuous refinement of to-day, are dominated by one idea, by one faith, ill-understood, foolishly applied, but evocative of interest wherever there is capacity for attention—Science, its methods, its perspectives, its success.

Science in Art.
such quality at random, without having grasped the character of those they renounce. Forward they plunge applauded, but too often only because youth and movement are in themselves so attractive. When these dwindle, they find their pearl was of no great price, and it may be another, and another, each time with less conviction and less good fortune. To approach an ideal is to satisfy an ever more sensitive and complex taste, just as a living conscience is always more universal and more delicate in its demands. This is why art is long and difficult. No wonder that a flash in the pan should be so tempting—to acquire a trustworthy sureness of aim is to devote the whole of life.

When I was a child, at five o'clock in the afternoon the heater was hooked out of the kitchen fire, carried red-hot to the table, and dropped into its empty metal pocket which centred the urn's wells, and these it would keep boiling throughout the half-hour set apart for tea. Everything had been prepared and was eminently ripe for the momentous advent of that heavy, incandescent lump of iron.

The artist who would adapt the methods and spirit of science to the creation of beauty must fill with seething knowledge the various compartments of his mind, then, when all is ready, his long-cooked enthusiasm must descend amongst those boiling wells so intense that its fervour will outlast the final hours of actual execution.

There are splendid aesthetic and creative temperaments incapable of this kind of effort, but for the many artists to whom genius is the only hope of science, the only hope of effectiveness lies in approach to this ideal.

So far the uses of the experimental method in discerning, by their significance in the object studied, have been chiefly considered. Still more essential for an artist is capacity to instigate and profit by those experiments which test whether combinations of surface, stroke, or colour are or are not agreeable to the eye which he wishes to enchant.

In this field of inquiry, every artist, who has progressed from one kind of success to another, is perforce a scientist, for he has divined the nature of a problem, mooted hypotheses, and carried through the experiments required to solve them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

Sir,—May I, through the medium of your columns, insert an invitation to your readers to satisfy me on a matter which is causing me a great deal of mental trouble. In my course as the self-appointed philosopher, I have been suddenly arrested, and feel in imminent peril of toppling over into a nothingness, the mere thought of which appalls me. I have not much spare time for reading; indeed Shaw is about the only philosopher whom I have any pretence of understanding. To the Life Force I have clung since the age (so to speak) of God, and unless I can clear up the present difficulty, that too will slip away as completely and irrevocably as my former guide. And then...

I am (inter alia) a Socialist and a Feminist. That is to say, I believe that Socialism and the Emancipation of Women would benefit Mankind. But this horrible question confronts me: What is the good of benefiting Mankind? What are we but mere forms of Nature owing our existence to the Sun? What would it matter if the Earth disappeared tomorrow? In short, I must look beyond the mere facts of the World, into its relations with infinity. I want to know that this Mankind, which we are so anxious to benefit, itself benefits. And I can conceive no answer. There seems to be absolutely no justification for our existence. I refuse to shirk the question; besides, I couldn't if I wanted to.

Of course I am young. This may be—earnestly hope it is—a mere passing phase. I have heard of the so-called "sceptical age" before now. But that does not satisfy me in the least. I can see no objection to threshing out the subject—or any subject, for that matter—however unpleasant. Either there is an answer, or there isn't. I ask merely the one question (Mr. Shaw please note) of committing suicide or anything like that. I agree that life is on the whole agreeable, but that has nothing to do with my question. Since most people base their social theories on the need for keeping alive the human race, perhaps some one will explain where this need comes in.

May I suggest in conclusion that it would be a good subject for a Symposium, such as appears from time to time in THE NEW AGE. It would be interesting to know what people like Shaw and Wells have to say about it.

* * *

GRIERSON ON YVETTE GUIBERT.

Sir,—I have been reading some interesting reviews and criticism of Yvette Guilbert. Mme. Yvette Guilbert, active, full of life, and I have been much struck with an illuminating article on her art in the "Manchester Guardian," in which the reviewer says: "Mr. Harold Simpson's enthusiasm for himself clear about Yvette Guilbert's art, to fasten it to a description, very naturally fails to come off."

In this connection it is interesting to note what Mr. A. B. Walkley said reviewing Mr. Francis Grierson's "Modern Mysticism," at the time of its publication:

"There is a brief paper on 'Modern Melancholy,' which, as they would say in Addison's day, is 'the language of friendliness, the gesture of abandonment. What resignation there is in its most typical phases? For the spirit of disenchantment is ennui and weariness; fatigue is another stage of it. If one may suppose Mr. Grierson goes on? Guess a thousand times and you will never guess right. . . . And so is the acting of Mme. Yvette Guilbert.' Mr. Grierson, in passing, takes a shot at the absurdly overpraised art of pantomime, and knocks it endways. 'If the natural form of disillusion is to muse dejection, it is the antithesis of pantomime, with its vile extravagance and affected emphasis. The very effort of pantomime puts a damper on imagination and feeling.' And here is a passage which I should imagine to be quite the best thing ever written about Yvette Guilbert: 'By the gesture of two long phantom-like arms, by the listless posture of a statuesque neck, by the languid roll of the eyes, the peculiar indolent movement of the shoulders, she suggests and depicts a world of ideas, passions, emotions, illusions, both poetic and commonplace. She invokes the everyday sentiments and sensations, the lassitude, the mere words and phrases. Her art is never vehement. It is moth-balled passion. It is the fire of love covered with ashen weeds, and yet it is not acting; it is simple, unsophisticated gesture.'

I have read many critical and descriptive articles on Mme. Yvette Guilbert in English, and I was living in Paris at the time she began her career there, but I have never read anything so striking and original on the subject as the lines quoted by Mr. Walkley.

* * *

MODERN DRAMATISTS.

Sir,—In reply to several correspondents, I may say that to my knowledge no translations of Björnson's plays have been published in England. One play by Strindberg, "The Father," has appeared, and others, including "The Stronger Woman" and "Simoon," in English. One play by Strindberg, "The Father," has appeared, and others, including "The Stronger Woman" and "Simoon." A complete edition of both authors is published in German, and isolated plays have appeared in French. The Reclam series (Leipsig) includes eight plays by Björnson and four by Strindberg.

Wedekind's "Kammersängern," was given by the Stage Society in 1907. None of his other plays has been translated.

* * *

ASHLEY DUKES.

LABOUR AND POLITICS.

Sir,—It is a pity that other absorbing matters such as the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy should distract the attention of your readers from the portentous happenings in your front pages week by week. I refer to the unmitigated and steady drift of THE NEW AGE towards anarchism. Your first three paragraphs of October 6 prepare the way carefully by laying the ground work. I am more than satisfied that the removal of the Labour Party Pledge ends all reasonable objection to Labour representation. The
abolition of the Pledge, it would appear, makes it absurd to
deny to the general organisation of Labour a privilege which
it has never been proposed to withhold from that
middle-class body, the National Union of General
Workers, which represents, as you put it, been "perfectly
free to vote and speak as they please" on issues
outside the scope of the Union's objects. But, in the fourth
paragraph, which is the one containing your quotation
from page 530, after making as though you were about to
serve the Labour Party gander with a share of the
kitchen's goose, you provoke the compulsory visiting
unnerves your arm " and makes you drop the ladle.

Mr. Sidney Webb.

Both Trade Unionism and the working classes generally
would be better off out of party politics.

Italics mine.

I imagine, at first that you wanted to repeal the Reform
Act, and have England governed by gentlemen; and then I
vote solid against national armament.

John Wesley, would take all the world for their parish and
there may be some such thing as "the interests of the
nation as a whole."

JOHN KIRKBY.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' "LITANY TO PAN."

Sir,—I cannot but think that Mr. Eden Phillpotts' other-
wise admirable "Litany to Pan," published in your last
issue, is marred by a few pieces of faulty mythology and
false psychology, if you will, in the seventh stanza, which runs
as follows:—

By madness caged and madness running free,

Through this our conscious race that heeds not thee,

The rest of the poem is an impressive answer to the
futility of the competitive content of religion, which is
enthusiastic in its worship of Ormances, whilst blandly
(or blindly) ignoring the existence of Arimanes; which
delights in the adoptions that when man is said to serve
the Labour Party gander with a share of the kitchen's goose,
precocious "compulsory visiting unnerves your arm" and makes you
drop the ladle. Or, if the start was genuine, it was a sudden apprehension
that a single word, or no Pledge's representatives, like
John Wesley, would take all the world for their parish and
vote solid against national armament. So you speak these
memorable words:—

Both Trade Unionism and the working classes generally
would be better off out of party politics.

Mr. Sidney Webb.

He has always been an Imperialist, and might naturally
be expected to condemn all such expression of anti-militarist
and anti-patriotic sentiment as is inevitable in every as-
semble of organised Labour. Therefore, in "a retro-
stitution of peace on earth, until I recalled your recent commenda-
tion of industrial pressure. Next I thought of Bottomley
and Bonar Law. But I did not seem to remember
that you had taken those to your heart; besides, I never
could make out what the gentleman meant. Then it was
that I recollected that, when working classes were better out of party politics, you meant
that party politics were in themselves useless and mis-
chievous, and that the State ought to be abolished.

Finally, my brethren, instructive are the adventures of
Mr. Sidney Webb, for his part, was content to back Labour, and did
back it, politically, to an extent thus expressed by Mr.
Bernard Shaw in a pamphlet called "The Charter of the
Poor":—

"Industrial Democracy," a monumental record of inves-
tigation and deduction elaborated the thesis of the mini-
um wage, and showed that its enforcement is beyond
the power of trade unionism, and must be a function of
government.

Mr. Webb thought, when he was writing that book, that
this question, being in his view a national one, could be
kept clear of party. Being a middle-class patriot, he had
no apprehension of fact of which the upper and lower
classes are instinctively aware, viz., that every Condition-
of the People Question is mixed up with the Maintenance
of Ancient Rites and Usages. In the name of progress, he
attempted to better the mass of the people brings up for
reconsideration the age-old American Frankenstein against
culture. The average man's fundamental assumptions,
by reason of that intimate connection between economic
slavery and national spirit which I pointed out to you a fort-
night ago, and which is rarely noticed by middle-class
people like the Webs, on the one hand, and by the
working man's experience of the hardship of war
and armed peace (except of the former in an attenuated shape
as volunteers), and, on the other hand, never see right into the
heterodoxy of the working class as a whole. But Mr. Webb,
who has always been one of the chief objects of the Association to
popularise high-class rationalistic literature—the writings
of rationalists who are also thinkers of distinction; and in
fact, nearly two million copies of the R.P.A. sixpenny
publications have been sold in the last eleven years. The
Catholic press has on more than one occasion paid com-
pliments to our sinister activity, bewailing the fact that
the phantom of his church has been maintained at a
steady increase in the number of members and subscribers.

So the rest of the poem is an impressive answer to the
futility of the competitive content of religion, which is
enthusiastic in its worship of Oromanes, whilst blandly
(or blindly) ignoring the existence of Arimanes; which
delights in the adoptions that when man is said to serve
the Labour Party gander with a share of the kitchen's goose,
precocious "compulsory visiting unnerves your arm" and makes you
drop the ladle. Or, if the start was genuine, it was a sudden apprehension
that a single word, or no Pledge's representatives, like
John Wesley, would take all the world for their parish and
vote solid against national armament. So you speak these
memorable words:—

Both Trade Unionism and the working classes generally
would be better off out of party politics.

Mr. Sidney Webb.

Italics mine.

I imagine, at first that you wanted to repeal the Reform
Act, and have England governed by gentlemen; and then I
vote solid against national armament.

John Wesley, would take all the world for their parish and
there may be some such thing as "the interests of the
nation as a whole."

JOHN KIRKBY.
that we do not exist. Some, who admit that we do, dis-
parage our existence by maintaining that we dish up the
state rationalism of the nineteenth century, for the benefit
(or perversion) of the ignorant working classes, who, know-
ning no better, devour it with avidity. To this I would reply
they under the heads:
(1) The writings of such men as Spencer, Huxley, Mill
and Arnold are not played out; they sell in spite of the
supposition that they are not scented by serious thinkers who
may on many points disagree with them.
(2) The Association does not explicitly endorse the views
of writers whose works it publishes. Rationalism affords a
broad platform for truth-seekers, and, though zealous for
the ultimate unity of truth, is in keeping with types of
philosophy provisionally differing. It does not necessarily
exclude religion in a natural and humanistic sense.
(3) The Association derives its chief moral and financial
support from persons of education and culture. The legal,
medical, and more responsible commercial professions
are largely represented in its membership; its subscription list
contains names well known in the universities, in literature,
and in art. A phase of rationalism which has or has had
among its avowed supporters men of such weight in science as
Berthelot, Lombroso, Westermarck, and of such leaders
in literature as Björnson, Brandes, and Furnivall, cannot
be doomed to sudden destruction—still less to destruction
"long ago"—by Mr. Sowden; not even though Mr. Cheston
should come to his rescue.

The philosophy of rationalism has not said its last word,
and this means that the science and humanity grow, so must the philosophy of science and humanity. It is only the philosophies of the supernatural, only the theological and mystical and muddled sub-
stitutes in modern English journalism, which fancy that
they have said some final word when they have merely
produced some hoary fallacy.

Chesterton—A Correction.
Sir,—In my criticism of "G. K. C.," published in THE NEW
AGE of September 29, in the reference to the biblical legend
of Jonah and the Whale (through illegibleness of my
script, doubtless) there occurs an odd misprint. For "Weed
of the Church Army" read "Head of the Church Army." Inasmuch as the misprint in question may have puzzled the
readers of the critique, I venture to ask you kindly to per-
mit this correction to appear in the next issue of THE NEW
AGE.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.
Sir,—Will you allow me to acknowledge, in answer to
Mr. Jacob Tsonson's remarks in last week's "Books and
Persons" causerie, that I have fallen into a bad error in
this matter. Somewhat too easily I took it for granted that
all work that "genuine artists" produced was art; whereas
it must be based on the pot-boiling variety. In that sense
Mr. Cheston is undoubtedly correct. That during their pot-boiling
artists by accident create something artistic I will admit as being the unchangeable creative gift within the artist can be called forth at the bidding of
a landlord would require a tremendous amount of proof.
Corot, for instance, not having his pot-boiling are not exactly
exhilarating. Mr. Tsonson is a creative artist; yet I have
read a pot-boiler written by him that opened finely, sparkled
with wit for half the course, and petered out like a Brock's
Benefit after 12 hours' hard rain.
I do not think it would be hard to prove from the Books
Causerie that artists create because they are compelled to
from within, not from without.

JAS. CHAPPELL.

T.P.'S MAGAZINE.
Sir,—In your last issue a correspondent stated that an
article entitled "Two Kinds of Courage" appearing in the
inaugural number of "T.P.'s Magazine" is in reality a
passage taken from the English translation of Maurice	
Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny," published some
twelve years ago.
This statement is unfortunately correct, but you will in
justice to this simple explanation (which has already been
courteously and unreservedly accepted by Messrs. George
Allen and Sons, the owners of the copyright,
then) take a passage in question purchased in a
regular and reputable way, and in the belief that it had
not before been published in England. The documentary
proofs of this have been handed to Messrs. Allen,
and the origin of the mistake is still the subject of inquiry.
Your readers are entitled to this explanation, especially
as I allow me to make this simple explanation, which
has already been courteously and unreservedly accepted by
Messrs. George Allen and Sons, the owners of the copy-
right, then the passage so purchased is in question purchased in a
regular and reputable way, and in the belief that it had
not before been published in England. The documentary
proofs of this have been handed to Messrs. Allen,
and the origin of the mistake is still the subject of inquiry.
As to the passage so purchased, which is in question purchased in a
regular and reputable way, and in the belief that it had
not before been published in England. The documentary
proofs of this have been handed to Messrs. Allen,
and the origin of the mistake is still the subject of inquiry.

Articles of the Week.


CLAYTON, JOSEPH, "In Finland," Clarion, Oct. 7.

CRANE, WALTER, "Fifty Years of Change in British Homes," Public Opinion, Oct. 7.


HOUSMAN, LAURENCE, "Mr. L. Housman and the Censor," Times, Oct. 3.

KENEALY, Dr. ARABELLA, "The Woman's Movement," Times, Oct. 5 (Woman's Supplement).


LODGE, Sir OLIVER, "Fifty Years of Science," Public Opinion, Oct. 7.


THOMPSON, ALEX. M., "What is Man?", Clarion, Oct. 7.


DELICIOUS COFFEE
RED-WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast and after Dinner.

MEDALS, ROSETTES, BADGES,
FOR ALL SOCIETIES.
MADE AND SUPPLIED BY
TOYE & CO., 27, THEOBALD'S ROAD,
LONDON, W.C.
Catalogues, Designs, Estimates, etc., free on application.

QUEEN'S (Minor) HALL, Langham Place, W.
SECULAR LECTURES on Sunday Evenings,
By G. W. FOOTE.
(Under the auspices of the Secular Society, Ltd.)
Music at 7 p.m. October 16th.
"THE EYE OF FAITH, AND WHAT IT SEES."
Discussion invited. Reserved Seats, 1s. and 6d. Free seats at all meetings.

Just Published.—Royal 16mo, 4s. 6d. net.
THE CHAINED TITAN
A Poem of Yesterday and To-day.
This remarkable and powerful poem deals with some of the social problems of the present day. The "Chained Titan" is Prometheus still bound to the rock of Ignorance and Selfishness, and still waiting for the hand that shall liberate him.
LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING,
By the REV. J. EDGAR FOSTER, M.A.
Fifth Edition. The most complete and practical text-book on this subject. The system here taught is very simple and easily acquired. There is no possibility of forgetting a discourse during delivery if prepared according to instructions.
Price 2s. 6d. per copy, post free.
From J. P. SPRIGGS, 21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

GLAISHER'S NEW BOOK CATALOGUE,
No. 373, October, 1910, is now Ready.
Post Free on Application.
IMMENSE VARIETY, REDUCED PRICES.
This new List of PUBLISHERS’ REMAINDERS contains many important and valuable additions to our extensive stock.
WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, High Holborn, LONDON.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.
Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates.
One Line 6d.
6 Lines 6s.
12 Lines 1s.
Cash must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first post Monday morning for the same week's issue. Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.
Reservations and orders should be sent to the Manager, THE NEW AGE, 35, Gerrard Street, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.


NEW THINGS—A NEW TIME—THE NEW MAN.
Read ZION'S WORKS. In Free Libraries.

GLAISHER'S NEW BOOK CATALOGUE,
No. 373, OCTOBER, 1910, is Now Ready.
Post Free on Application.
IMMENSE VARIETY, REDUCED PRICES.
This new List of PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS contains many important and valuable additions to our extensive stock.
WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, High Holborn, LONDON.

THE SIMPLE LIFE IN THE CITY
Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in restful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-desk.

The Home Restaurant
31, Friday Street, E.C.
Between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street.
Sensible Meals for Brainy Men.

NEW AGE VOLUMES.

1. A SET OF NEW AGE VOLUMES, New Series, Vols. 2, 3, 4, and 5 (Vol. I. is entirely out of print) will be sent post free in the United Kingdom for 12s. 6d. (Orders from abroad should be accompanied by 2s. extra for postage.)

All Orders for this Special Offer should be accompanied with a remittance and sent direct to
THE PUBLISHING OFFICE,
12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.