NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Several Unionist journals are urging that the Conference now engaged in discussing, but not in settling, the constitutional question should be given a permanent place in our political machinery. If there is any meaning in Mr. Garvin's faded purple patches in the "Observer," Mr. Garvin would go further and submit to an enlarged permanent Conference practically all the outstanding problems of politics from Poor Law reform to Imperialism. The eight or more Cosmocrats under this proposed arrangement would discuss with a rubber stamp. The country at large might watch in grateful silence the operations of these benevolent despots.

We confess that if we were the Oligarchy this simple device for abolishing popular government would strike us as very attractive. At a single blow, not only would the nuisance of popular and, of course, ignorant political discussion disappear, but the House of Commons would be shorn of its new pretensions to power as well as of its old powers. Under the pretence of getting rid of the evils of party government, popular government or democracy would be disposed of as well; the baby would be emptied out with the bath.

But before the proposal is discussed as anything more than a theorem in the science of pure hyposthetics, it is useful to recall the origin of the present Conference. Certain writers, we observe, are convinced that the Conference had its origin in the nature of English politics, that it is therefore a natural and inevitable development of our system. Others, again, attribute it to the express wish of the King; still others, to the desire to tide over the period of the coronation. But we can dispose of all these ingenious explanations by asking and answering a single question. Does anybody suppose that if the last general election had returned a large coalition majority instead of a small coalition majority there would have been any conference at all, King's death or no King's death? And the answer is emphatically no.

Under these circumstances it is not only certain that the device of a Conference was an expedient and a makeshift, but that with a decisive change in the balance of power between the two parties the device will be ignominiously flung away. We urged on its appointment that in view of the weakness of the Coalition Party, such a Conference was permissible if a general election could not be immediately held. And the same reasoning applied to the Unionists. They had nothing to lose by a Conference and only time to gain; and it was time that was needed by both parties. Micawber-like, both parties have plainly been waiting for something to turn up, each, no doubt, in the hope that events would favour their cause. Should any such event arise as would enable either party safely to ignore the other, the Conference would collapse and the novel idea of it disappear until the present circumstances recur. The only question in our minds, therefore, is whether the events do not now point to an early decision, and a decision in favour of the continuity of democratic government.

It being granted that only the existence of a weak coalition majority necessitated the Conference, we may conclude that the real remedy against the proposed despotism of Government by Conference lies in securing for the popular party a strong and decisive majority. This we believe can be ensured by an early general election on a clear-cut programme of popular measures. It is plain, as we pointed out last week, that the Unionists were never before so disunited. That is proved not only by their willingness to confer (the devil was sick, the devil a non-party man was he), but still more by the unmistakable babble of their leading counsels. Nobody, for example, in the Unionist party knows for certain whether Tariff Reform of any conceivable pattern could be made popular; meanwhile each section advocates a different pattern of Tariff...
Reform with mutually disastrous results. The same multitude of opinion among them prevails in regard to Home Rule or Devolution. Mr. Strachey, of the "Spectator," takes one view, Mr. Garvin takes the contrary. And on whatever other question has arisen, save on the single question of a navy loan, a difference of opinion in the Unionist party is at least as numerous and irreconcilable as between the two parties as a whole. In fact, if we may make a suggestion, we should suggest a Unionist Party Conference as at least as necessary a conference of the parties.

This atomic condition of the Unionists is manifestly the opportunity for the coalition to accomplish now what the Liberals failed to do before. The idea of a majority sufficient to dispose of the charge that a Liberal Government does not represent the nation. But mere weight of numbers, even if they could be obtained without much effort, will not completely dispose of this charge. Therefore it is necessary that a clearly defined programme should be laid before the country, from which, if the Liberals are wise, certain unpopular items will be excluded, and in which, if they are otherwise disposed, certain popular items will be included. After all, why should not the policy of stealing the clothes of your opponent while bathing be sometimes adopted by the Liberal Party? Have the Unionists no clothes worth appropriating?

Whoever travels much about the country and converses with men of all classes and parties will realise that the doubt of England's naval supremacy broods like a dark mist over nine minds out of ten. Not a large section in England wants war or would risk war by a single hasty act. On the other hand, every section in the land and almost every individual would prefer war, even if it meant his own personal ruin, to either a continued humiliation, or what is slowly becoming intense, the continued humiliation he feels in acquiescing in the growing challenge of Prussia. It is not that the mind of England is afraid of national defeat (that, of course), or, what is more, they have the less to risk by national defeat. The wealthiest country in the world has not the least excuse for being stingy either in one or the other; and if there is any question of alternatives we would plump for social reform, which is a step in reform. A loan, however, apparently justified, establishes nothing; but the introduction of a steeply graduated income tax would both satisfy the demand for money and democratise our national finance. We sincerely hope that just as Mr. Lloyd George balanced the unpopularity of the land taxes against the popularity of old age pensions, he will now temper a graduated income tax by the provision of a navy beyond fear.

All this, however, is conditional on the fulfilment of promises made by Minister after Minister that social reform shall not suffer in consequence. Mr. Churchill, we are glad to note, repeated this promise, and saw no reason why naval expenditure and social expenditure should not go together. Yet if the Liberal Government does not represent the nation that is the sole object, presumably, of national defence. A nation that is already discontented in two-thirds of its members has no right to be made still more wretched for the defence of the remaining third. What is more, the possible choice for two-thirds of our population is between masters. If under the existing English oligarchy their lot is wretched, they have the less to risk by national defeat. Indeed, if we were invading these islands we should begin the campaign by demonstrating their misery and promising relief. We do not say the plan would be effective, since the poor are inerterately patriotic; but it would at least convert an invading army into a crusade with a mission. The conclusion is that social reform is as urgent as naval preparation, and quite compatible with it.

Thus we have within a few additions not now discussed, the outline of a programme on which we believe the present Government could win an election with an ample majority: a naval programme against panic; graduated income tax; reform of the Poor Law; unemployment insurance; modification of Lords' veto; Home Rule all Round; electoral reform, including payment of members.

[Next week's issue of The New Age, being the first number of a new volume, will contain an index to the volume here closed.]
The Dead Prince.

By One Who Knew Him.

That the royal family of this country and those closely allied to it should be debarred from throwing their influence on one side or the other of any party contro- 
versial in society at large. It may yet be maintained 
that the time has come when anyone, however exalted 
in rank, should be allowed to promote certain social 
reforms without being warned off by the dwindling 
minority of extreme individualists who object in a doc-
ument—in other words, to the issues that divide Tories 
from Radicals. Let us go even further and expect them 
to be silent on questions like Conscription, which may 
not stand in the programme of any party, but are con-
traversial in society at large. It may yet be maintained 
that the Duke of Argyll had contested Manchester as a 
Unionist. The Prince was interested in the idea, but 
would welcome 

The Agenda Club will find itself at once confronted 
by the dilemma indicated in what has been written 
above. For example, it wishes to exterminate con-
sumption, and it knows that the disease is com-
municated from person to person by the beastly habit 
of spitting. Whereupon it has already urged that 
corporations shall attach sterilised spittoons to the 
lamp-posts, a plan that must shock the "cad" type of 
ratepayer, who, if a non-splitter himself, will protest 
against paying for the comfort of those troubled with 
accumulated phlegm. If it be said that I have given 
a comic illustration of the Agenda Club's dilemma, I 
reply that the point holds good for almost the whole 
of its programme.

There is room for the non-party reformer; there is 
abundant need for non-party journals. One cannot 
help being gratified at the signs of an awakening con-
science in the breasts of those who possess leisure, 
influence, and the desire to make the world 
happier, healthier, and more beautiful. Amongst men 
of that temperament Prince Francis of Teck was a 
notorious figure, and a life valuable to his fellow-
countrymen has been cut short in its prime.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

Perhaps it is well to remind the reader that, on 
the anniversary of Ferrer's execution, Senhor Theophilo 
Braga, the Provisional Positivist President, attended a 
meeting of Freethinkers (the intellectually non-construc-
tive) in memory of the dead educationist. The effect 
of this step on the good Portuguese Catholics, and on good 
Catholic Spain, may be left to the imagination of the 
reader. May I respectfully remind the members of the 
Provisional Cabinet who read The New Age that the 
age of infantile revolutions is past.

* * *

As I write some days before publication, I have only 
had time to receive a brief summary of recent events 
in Lisbon. This is sufficient to warrant my stating, 
however, that the Provisional Cabinet hopes to 
adventure 
sizes and sevens, and there is a great deal of bickering among 
the different groups. The story is the usual one. Some 
of the movers in the affair were animated by sincere, if
greatly misguided, patriotism; others were out for boodle, or, at any rate, the purely personal advantages we inherited. Threatened with the process here, the East of the Costa can glorify his Wille zum Leben by frightening helpless nuns into fits. Since events have now calmed theiragogies which have not by any means been accepted by even a small majority

Meanwhile the military despotism masquerading as a Republic still continues, and good English Liberals and Radicals are anxiously calling out for the official recognition of autocrats who have not by any means been content during the last four decades. But the fickleness which has arisen with regard to Crete, and all the blame is being thrown on the shoulders of King George. So far the protecting Powers have been able to keep things in order fairly well; but if their vigilance were relaxed for a moment it is more than probable that the King would be invited to return to Denmark. Then there might be a Republic for a day or two, after which Turkey would step in. And the Powers, glad of an opportunity to wash their hands of the matter, would raise no objections for Spain to take over Ceuta, Melilla, and Tetuan, indeed, are places which successive Spanish Governments have had in their eye for a long time, and the Sultan of Morocco seems to be undeterred by the continual strikes in various branches of industry, and the confusion caused by the Post Office strike was the last straw. The funds of the Royalist party and the Royalist sympathisers in general have been augmented from many sources recently, and use is being made of the money to embarrass the Republican Government. It would be going too far to say that France is preparing to return to a monarchical system of government, but up to the present these have been over-ridden by the strength of the Spanish Republicans and Socialists. Hence these remonstrances, to which the members of the Spanish Cabinet steadily turn a deaf ear. It would be absurd to deny that the financiers are not altogether unconnected with these troubles; but it must not be forgotten that, so far as "rights" go, Spain has definite claims on a few Moroccan mines. The Spanish country people, finally, blame the Jesuits for these adventures, and the King Alfonso. This is worth bearing in mind. Meanwhile I await unexaggerated particulars as to the strength of the Spanish Republicans and Socialists.

Before concluding this portion of my notes, I may mention that there has already been a small diplomatic collision between France and Spain over this Moroccan question. The Algiers Convention so far frees France to act in Morocco as a sort of international policeman, and Spain's authority is much more restricted. Hence these remonstrances, to which the members of the Spanish Cabinet steadily turn a deaf ear. It would be absurd to deny that the financiers are not altogether unconnected with these troubles; but it must not be forgotten that, so far as "rights" go, Spain has definite claims on a few Moroccan mines. The Spanish country people, finally, blame the Jesuits for these adventures, and the King Alfonso. This is worth bearing in mind. Meanwhile I await unexaggerated particulars as to the strength of the Spanish Republicans and Socialists.

A question which M. Briand has asked himself with great perplexity is, Where did the anarchist elements of Paris get all their money from? How did this man, noted only for adroitness in political matters, suddenly manage to display such unexpected forcefulness when confronted with a problem apart from mere dialectics and counter-arguments—a problem which imperiously called for a man of action, will, and determination?

The answer to M. Briand's question can easily be given. For a long time past the business and agricultural elements of France have been getting tired of the continual strikes in various branches of industry, and the confusion caused by the Post Office strike was the last straw. The funds of the Royalist party and the Royalist sympathisers in general have been augmented from many sources recently, and use is being made of the money to embarrass the Republican Government. It would be going too far to say that France is preparing to return to a monarchical system of government, but up to the present these have been over-ridden by the strength of the Spanish Republicans and Socialists. Hence these remonstrances, to which the members of the Spanish Cabinet steadily turn a deaf ear. It would be absurd to deny that the financiers are not altogether unconnected with these troubles; but it must not be forgotten that, so far as "rights" go, Spain has definite claims on a few Moroccan mines. The Spanish country people, finally, blame the Jesuits for these adventures, and the King Alfonso. This is worth bearing in mind. Meanwhile I await unexaggerated particulars as to the strength of the Spanish Republicans and Socialists.

The Greeks are not satisfied. They missed their opportunity of annexing Crete two years ago, and they have been in a huff ever since. I look upon this "rights" go, Spain has definite claims on a few Moroccan mines. The Spanish country people, finally, blame the Jesuits for these adventures, and the King Alfonso. This is worth bearing in mind. Meanwhile I await unexaggerated particulars as to the strength of the Spanish Republicans and Socialists.

Briand's unexpected energy is more difficult to account for. A Deputy to the Chamber has suggested to me that he is as yet "a man in the making," and that he may now be showing us a side of his character which suddenly rose to a great occasion. I confess that this explanation hardly satisfies me. It was therefore with little hesitation that I await unexaggerated particulars as to the strength of the Spanish Republicans and Socialists.

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prepared to go to even greater lengths than the Portuguese, and it was arranged that the first move should be the assassination of King Alfonso.

* * *

The opinion held by the Spanish Republicans was that if the King were safely out of the way the Army would side with the Republican Party, as the regiments at Lisbon did when it was found that the coup had been skilfully carried out. But Señor Canalejas was warned in time, and the stringent precautions were taken with such promptitude that the anti-monarchists saw that any further move would be premature. I can vouch for the accuracy of these statements, in spite of all official denials.

* * *

I may add that, if Señor Canalejas can remain in power for a few months longer, the negotiations with the Papal authorities will be satisfactorily concluded, and that many reforms will be introduced into the internal administration of Spain. The Government is in a pickle at the moment on account of so many troops being in the Rif instead of at home, where they are wanted so much. A good excuse for evacuating Morocco is being sought, even at the risk of offending the financiers I have previously referred to. If this unpopular campaign could be stopped, or if at least suspended, the position of the Spanish Government and of the Monarchy would become much more secure. If not...

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill's letter on the naval loan will not surprise those who have been closely following recent happenings in Persia. Of course, it is known to every student of foreign affairs that England has no interest in Persia beyond safeguarding the southern portion in view of what could happen to India if another Power could use Persia as a base of operations. This country has given it to be understood abroad over and over again that no British Government would permit another strong Power to have even a coaling-station anywhere near the Persian Gulf, and that we should look on any attempt to secure a military footing in the country as a casus belli.

* * *

Now, while it is true that the trade routes complained of in the Government's Note to the Persian authorities have been neglected, the really disquieting point is the endeavour on the part of Germany to obtain a footing in Persia, and to extend her influence there—I referred to this matter so long ago as May. Of course, something which our policy cannot tolerate, and the next move lies with Germany, who, by the way, has already instructed Turkey to send a force of Consular Guards across the frontier, a privilege hitherto confined to England and Russia.

* * *

It may not be known that the reason why Germany, who had no interests worth speaking of in Morocco, interfered with France a few years ago was simply to test the strength of the Anglo-French entente. The Kaiser was fully prepared to go to war with France over Morocco, when it was explicitly stated by the British Government that Great Britain would work in conjunction with France against Germany and her unwarranted aggressiveness. The German Foreign Office at once dropped all its Moroccan pretensions and retired. The German firm of Mannesmann Bros., who claimed some "concessions" in Morocco, have since been studiously neglected by the Wilhelmstrasse, although they have often bombarded German newspapers with pamphlets setting forth their grievances.

Now, Germany is just preparing to test the Anglo-Russian entente in the same way. She has tried desperately to break up our understanding with France, and has failed. She is now trying to break up our understanding with Russia. She, or perhaps it would be better to say that she is testing it, but as she tested the strength of our French entente. The next few weeks will be weeks of crisis, and our own authorities, who fully realise the gravity of the situation, are quietly preparing for war.

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The Sort of Poems Modern Poets Write.

By Jack Collins Squire

IX.—THE OTHER—WORLDLY—SPIRIT—OF—CELT.

CISM—DON'T—YOU—KNOW LYRIC.

Seven dead men, Brigit,
Came from the sea
(Men of the storm
And sorrow in the tree).

Seven palid men, Brigit,
Cold from the sea,
And each with his strange eyes
Whispered to me:

"O, sad voyagers,
Whither are ye faring?
Do ye bring a tale of grief
For desolate Erin?"

"Osinn and Dubb we be,
And Cucutullitore,
And Fish and Fash and Fingall;"
They spoke never more.

But each waved a warp, a warp,
And each waved a weft
Of lost stars and suns forlorn
And moons bereft.

X.—THE EPIGRAMMATIC EPIGRAM.

You say, my friend, that Gladstone always bid
The light be darkness and the night be light,
Quite agree; doubtless you may be right;
All I can say is—Gladstone never did.

XI.—THE HANDS—ACROSS—THE—SEA WISH—WASH.

Sons of the Empire, bond and free,
Yellow and black and brown,
I greet you all where'er you be,
Here ere the sun goes down;
Here, while the sunset flushes red
The waves of England's main,
I breathe the prayer our fathers said,
And sing the song again.

The ancient song that struck the sky
When Roman standards flew
The song that smote the bastions high
Of Philip's recreant crew
The song that Drake and Nelson sang
When Heaven flared with war,
And echoed with the shots that rang
O'er baffled Trafalgar.

Sons of the Empire, Britain's sons,
Here, as the darkness falls,
Clear o'er the files of Britain's guns
The warning clarion calls;
O, and I bid you now "God speed,
O, and I bid you now "God speed,
Stand by us in the hour of need
And we will stand by you.

XII. (AND LAST)—THE IN—MEMORIAM ODE.

Lay on him laurel, rosemary, and rue,
Roses and trailing of the sweet wood-bine,
Gentle forget-me-not, (was he not true
Of Philip's recreant crew
The warning clarion calls;
O, and I bid you now "God speed,
O, and I bid you now "God speed,
Stand by us in the hour of need
And we will stand by you.

A light, a light has gone, a star has fled,
A sun is dimmed that lit the whole wide sky,
The flame that burned a hemisphere is dead
I (O, and our stricken spires murmur, "Why"
Vain murmuring, vain sorrow, vain regret!
Is there no hope for us, no hope, no one?
Night thunders, "None!") but we may not forget
The wondrous glory of him who was our sun.

There should be twenty-four verses more ("not counting
The women and little children," as Rabelais would have said),
but a brain originally brimful of imbecilities has now run
The Uses of Obscurity.

By Cecil Chesterton.

III. Turning the Tables.

It needs little imagination to figure the peril in which Parliamentary Government would stand if, either by the purchase of single votes or by subsidies for regular support, the public well-being were liable to betrayal at the command, and for the advantage of particular individuals and classes. . . . It is no doubt true that the public records and the Statute Book show that the practice which were thrown round freedom were largely in the shape of securing the safety of electors and constituencies in the exercise without interruption or restraint of the franchise. But all the effort would have been a mockery if after purity and freedom had been enjoyed among the electors and constituencies the representative elected was not himself to be in the possession of his freedom in vote, advice and action, not to be free, to be bound,—bound under a contract to submit these, for salary and at peril of loss, to the judgment of others.

So spoke Lord Shaw in giving his reasons for concerning in the Osborne judgment. I quite agree with his Lordship. It does not require much imagination to figure the state of things he describes. In fact, it does not require little observation to discover instances of betrayal of public interests at the command, and for the advantage of particular individuals and classes by the purchase of single votes, or by subsidies for regular support. These things are done, done extensively, done shamelessly, by his own and others' associates, by the rich political class that governs England.

The large majority of the members of both political parties are indirectly or directly paid by the party funds. If they receive no direct payment, they have part or whole of their election expenses found for them, and these will no longer be found if they are disobedient to the Party whips. They therefore come under Lord Shaw's description of men voting "at peril of loss." If their views do not conform to "the judgment of others." They are not what Lord Shaw appears to have in his mind. Similarly Lord Shaw is speaking of politics in Portugal! Similarly Lord Shaw is speaking of what might happen if trade unions were allowed to support candidates, and not of what is quite obviously happening at the present moment. The Trade Union leaders are quite as much obrigados as Osborne, by a piece of class tyranny. It is a piece of class tyranny, and that quite apart from its merits, because like so much modern legislation and administration its edge is felt only by the poor.

Lord Shaw need not look so far to discover instances of the betrayal of public interests at the command, and for the advantage of particular individuals and classes by the purchase of single votes, or by subsidies for regular support. These things are done, done extensively, done shamelessly, by his own and others' associates, by the rich political class that governs England.

The true reply of Labour to the Osborne judgment is an attack on the secret party funds. Would such an attack succeed? Of course we can—

not tell, because we can never know how strongly the oligarchy is entrenched until we have made a direct and vehement assault upon its outworks. But this I certainly say, that an attack succeeds far more promising than any agitation for the reversal of the Osborne judgment.

The question of the Osborne judgment is an agreeable question. The question of the secret party funds is not an agreeable question. That is a matter of a political expediency; the other of plain morals and elementary personal honour. It may or may not be a good thing that a man should be publicly paid a salary by his trade union. But a man who accepts secret payments from an organisation suborned by men who dare not give their names, and in consequence suffers that organisation to dictate his political conduct, is simply doing a dishonest—dishonourable thing—dishonourable as blackmail, and considerably more dishonourable than forgery. And this is not an exceptional scandal occurring here and there, but the ordinary system upon which politics are conducted in this country.

The practical evil done by the secrecy of the party funds in confirming the complete control of politics by the rich, is not greater than the moral evil done in accustomed men to do things in politics which they would think themselves disgraceful if they did in any other connection. Let me take a concrete case. I once knew Mr. C. F. G. Masterman fairly well, and he never struck me as an exceptionally depraved person. I do not believe that he would steal spoons or forge a cheque. Yet Mr. Masterman's conduct would have been paralleled with that theft and forgery morally considered are trivial offences. Believing the Right to Work Bill to be just, having spoken for it in the face of his constituents, having voted for it as a private member, when he became, as he did become, a salaried member of the Government, and while still, presumably, believing in the justice of the Bill, he voted against it like any other hack. To compare such an action to ordinary turpitude is absurd. Robbing blind men of their pensions or taking money to bludgeon old women on a lonely road would be fairer moral parallels.

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The secrecy of the party funds is a thing which simply cannot be defended. What motive but an evil one can explain its maintenance? Can it be pretended that the matter is not of sufficient importance to justify publicity? When the petty local charlatan's capacity is questioned, the balance, what excuse can there be for the two huge organisations which between them govern England refusing to do so? If a man has subscribed money honestly to a cause which appears to him honourable, why should he conceal his name? If his constituents would approve what he has done, why should they not know that he has done it? If subscribers and recipients are alike careful to keep from the world the transactions that go on between them, is not that a prima facie reason for supposing those transactions to be dis graceful to them both? If these things are unspoken, is it not probably because they are unspeakable?

In this case the only reason why the system should be knew that the body was to be just, having spoken for it in the face of his constituents, having voted for it as a private member, when he became, as he did become, a salaried member of the Government, and while still, presumably, believing in the justice of the Bill, he voted against it like any other hack. To compare such an action to ordinary turpitude is absurd. Robbing blind men of their pensions or taking money to bludgeon old women on a lonely road would be fairer moral parallels.

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Member votes with his party that he does not serve his party for nought. The Labour men have been punished for their greater honesty. Because their payments were public it has been found possible to declare them illegal. It is now for them to insist that all other payments shall be public, in order that we may see whether they too shall be in a better position at the end of the process to analyse the whole and present it logically, shall we not now consider how, in the complexity of modern English life, with its particular tone and colour, public payment of Members would work. In the first place, what is the better? Or rather, which of the two principles is the better? Because it is impersonal, compulsory and free— that is, carries with it no obligation save the obligation to serve the State.

The larger the State the larger the proportion of people who think that it cannot govern itself. On the other hand, there is a body of opinion which says that the representatives, once elected, shall have no option of a fine. A lot of fat brewers and coquet-makers doing time would do more than anything else could to purify British politics. It is self-evident that those who hold this representative theory must as a consequence hold the subsidiary theories which enable it to work. For instance, they must hold that within the representative assembly a majority shall be supreme; they must hold that freedom of election shall be absolute; and they must hold that the representatives, once elected, shall have complete freedom of assembly.

In such a society as ours, therefore, they must hold that men who cannot afford the expense of an election and the loss of earning power involved by work in Parliament (the loss of mere time and, much more, the loss of energy) shall in some way or other be paid.

The only alternative would be to say that only rich men should sit in Parliament, which on the face of it would be a negation of the representative theory. As a matter of fact, everybody who even pretends to believe in the representative theory accompanies his belief by an assumption that machinery must exist for paying those who otherwise could not afford to sit in Parliament. There are only two kinds of machinery for this: public payment and private payment, and those who object to the public payment of Members are identical with those who believe in the private payment of Members: I mean, of course, of Members who could not afford to be Members of Parliament at all. Which of the two principles is the better? Or rather, which of these two merely most nearly conforms to the theory of democratic representative government? Obviously public payment, because it is impersonal, compulsory and free—that is, carries with it no obligation save the obligation to serve the State.

Private payment is optional, partial, and involves a private contract, a contract that is explicit or implicit between the man who pays and the man who is paid. The man who pays is not identical with the body of electors who send the representative. He may be, and very often is, a man who honestly desires such and such a place to be properly repre- sented, but to leave the task of finding the payment of Members to Parliament to private individuals is to make the Parliament as a whole attached in some measure, large or small, to a power which is not that of the community.

Of course all this is fearfully thin and logical, but it does no harm to set it down, for though practical consider- ations make all the difference to one's application of theories, unless one has one's theory set out before one, one blunders.

Now, having got all that quite clear, let us ask ourselves how, in the complexity of modern English life, with its particular tone and colour, public payment of Members would work. In the first place, what in practice is the expense attached to being a Member of Parliament? Roughly speaking, there is an entrance fee of £1000 and a cost of living which cannot be set down as much less than £300 a year. Those who estimate it at £200 have, I find in practice, to add to that income somewhat. The earning of £200 a year by honest means on the part of a man who is a Member of Parliament is not for the greater part of such men a difficult task. Many of them can perfectly well earn a larger sum by writing, by public speaking, or even by doing a little work of any kind. For instance, in the intervals of their duties at Westminster. But the entrance fee of £1000 is quite another matter. It is a capital lump sum which has to be found at a par- ticular and undecided moment; it may have to be found twice running in the course of one year; it may only have to be found once in six years. On the average it has to be found once in rather less than four years. And the public payment of Members and of official ex- penses in connection with an election will not find that lump sum. This seems to me the very first practical point which those who advocate payment of Members should consider. Nor do I see how it is to be got over with the temper of the community as it is.
That last qualification is of course the capital one of all. If people felt about their representation in Parliament as they feel about their personal honour, an election need cost no more than the bare expense of the officers connected with it. Again, if people were sufficiently decided upon a particular policy to organise in favour of it, and to demand a representative who would maintain it and vote for it, everything that is spent in posters and hire of halls, and leaflets and canvassing and the rest, would be thrown away. But as a matter of fact there is no such direct initiative in this country; it is quite another thing to have a definite and simple policy, and there is therefore bound to be in every election a mass of subsidiary expenses which are out of all proportion to the official expenses. One remedy suggested for this is the strict legal limitation of election expenses. I think we may decide that that limitation would not work. As it is now, the legal limit, though a large one, is nearly always considerably exceeded, and the excess is wasted. Sometimes it is notoriously and grossly exceeded, and nothing follows.

Again, in the present temper of the people a constituency can be nursed. You can imagine a public opinion but you cannot devise a code of laws which could prevent a constituency from electing the man who most heavily bribed it during a course of years. The thing seems so natural that it is quite openly talked of; you hear continually during an election the claim of the man who has "done most" for the locality, or is likely to "do most" for it in the future. Laws cannot stop that sort of thing. I say then that payment of Members in itself, though it is evidently the right principle and one for which every constituency can be nursed. You can imagine a mass of subsidiary votes in Parliament as they feel about their personal honour, an election need cost no more than the bare expense of the officers connected with it. Again, if people were sufficiently decided upon a particular policy to organise in favour of it, and to demand a representative who would maintain it and vote for it, everything that is spent in posters and hire of halls, and leaflets and canvassing and the rest, would be thrown away. But as a matter of fact there is no such direct initiative in this country; it is quite another thing to have a definite and simple policy, and there is therefore bound to be in every election a mass of subsidiary expenses which are out of all proportion to the official expenses. One remedy suggested for this is the strict legal limitation of election expenses. I think we may decide that that limitation would not work. As it is now, the legal limit, though a large one, is nearly always considerably exceeded, and the excess is wasted. Sometimes it is notoriously and grossly exceeded, and nothing follows.

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Here is another practical consideration: Will payment of Members tend to make constituents more care-
holds the field as the only practicable solution, for Ireland and the Empire alike. The only pity is that Redmond didn't join William O'Brien's campaign for it long ago."

"Well, but don't you see," argued the Barrister, "since he didn't join it long ago, why should he suddenly adopt the O'Brien policy now?"

"Because O'Brien is sweeping the country," said the Colonel, "and he wants to take the wind out of his sails."

The Barrister laughed. "I suppose nothing will convince you but the experience of another election, Colonel; but times have changed, and O'Brien is making no headway whatever. I grant you he is strong in Cork, but outside that county he is helpless."

"What appeals to Cork will in time appeal to all Ireland," said the Colonel.

"Not at all," replied the Barrister. "Cork's devotion to O'Brien is purely a personal fascination, and a lack of sufficient organisation on our side, perhaps. As for the rest of the country, well, look at the funds! As much collected from America this year as in the last three, not to mention the American subscriptions."

"We know that fake," said the Sinn Fein Curate. "It's easy to get pledges from America, but harder to get the cash."

"Ah, well," smiled the Colonel, "we must wait and see."

"The leopard does not change his spots," commented the Curate. "You and your leaders would never tolerate such a betrayal of the Empire. It's all a scare of the Radical Press."

"My dear sir," said the Colonel, "you must recognise that you are the exception, one of the few still faithful found at the older hide-bound conception of Unionism. Through the years of the Land League agitation I held as you do; but times have changed, and Unionism must change with them."

"The leopard does not change his spots," commented the Barrister. "You are just as much a Unionist as our friend here, Colonel; aye, and a more dangerous one, because more insidious. You are simply looking for a means by which the gentry can recover that ascendency which they lost by the Local Government Act of 1898. All your Devolution schemes mean by which the gentry can recover that ascendency that was his doing, and his prestige in Ireland never stood higher in consequence."

The Colonel made no reply, and the Baronet, who had been a silent listener, here struck in.

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strength of the diction, this is a work which contains nothing remarkable—certainly nothing abnormally from the academic point of view—that it is little more than a fascinating and exasperating contribution towards a futile, yet effectual means of knowledge of a person is the writer? That he is a superior person to the extreme of self-slander. There are moments by his individual humility and sense. of proportion, no nothing remarkable—certainly nothing abnormal from

In so far as dignity and discretion permit. The truth of envy. Let me pay to these individuals the undeserved compliment of anticipating their criticism.

It follows that the best means of demonstrating. Then he will be acclaimed as a master sent to teach mankind how to attain the golden mean between the cultured conventions of the schools and the crude convictions of the streets. Pending such a vindication of his character by posterity, the author would fail attempt some proviso of the exigencies of contemporaneous truisms. He compares himself with Aristotle and feels that he is merely developing and diluting his master's, not his own, discoveries. In fact, this is how he looks on himself, very much like a tallow-candle which transmits light, being opaque itself. But this low opinion of himself is considerably modified as soon as he comes into contact with his brethren. Then he realises, by comparison and contrast, how uncalled-for his self-deprecation is, and that possibly pronounced by his brain; nor is he unduly ashamed of them. He takes his cleverness in the same spirit of serene acquiescence in which he takes every other established fact.

Indeed, there are times when he carries his humility to the extreme of self-slander. There are moments when, in the solitude of his study, he seems to see his own unworthiness through magnifying glasses. He thinks of all his professed principles and feels that they are mere affectations from an ignorant truisms. He looks on himself, very much like a tallow-candle which transmits light, being opaque itself. But this low opinion of himself is considerably modified as soon as he comes into contact with his brethren. Then he realises, by comparison and contrast, how uncalled-for his self-deprecation is, and that possibly pronounced by his brain; nor is he unduly ashamed of them. He takes his cleverness in the same spirit of serene acquiescence in which he takes every other established fact.

Of such detractors there must be legions, for there is no writer, modern or ancient, who having distinguis

The test of conviction is action. The writer expressly expresses that passion is the most mortal poison ever devised to kill thought; that his horror of extremes has authoritative sanction; that wit is not incompatible with wisdom; that the power of commonsense, which the author possesses, is quite an exception to the general rule, as effective as whole batteries of Teutonic pedantry; that, so long as the counters are beautifully carved and arranged in a graceful pattern, nobody has any reason to complain; that, above all, even in his most ingenuous moods, he is in earnest, and all earnest inquirers are eligible to the high, honourable, and worshipful company of the Philosophers.

It may be that, though my candour and sincerity are beyond suspicion, my work somehow fails to give the impression of the moral earnestness which inspires it. The failure, superficial readers may surmise, is perhaps an unfortunate accident of my style. But I myself am rather inclined to believe that it is the deliberate result of my style, a cunning example of serious art hiding its seriousness. Again, to the superficial reader my refining and qualifying and hesitating manner, his scrupulous avoidance of appeals to mere sentiment and apparent effort, without cries, without tears, in profoundly stirring other minds by the power of ideas alone. Then he will be acclaimed as a master sent to teach mankind how to attain the golden mean between the cultured conventions of the schools and the crude convictions of the streets. Pending such a vindication of his character by posterity, the author would fail attempt some proviso of the exigencies of contemporaneous truisms. He compares himself with Aristotle and feels that he is merely developing and diluting his master's, not his own, discoveries. In fact, this is how he looks on himself, very much like a tallow-candle which transmits light, being opaque itself. But this low opinion of himself is considerably modified as soon as he comes into contact with his brethren. Then he realises, by comparison and contrast, how uncalled-for his self-deprecation is, and that possibly pronounced by his brain; nor is he unduly ashamed of them. He takes his cleverness in the same spirit of serene acquiescence in which he takes every other established fact.

Of such detractors there must be legions, for there is no writer, modern or ancient, who having distinguis
Lastly, if I shrink from embarking upon a campaign for the practical application of my theories, that is due to my modest realisation of my own limitations. I am no missionary by nature. The passion for proselytism is alien to my temperament; and so is the passion for adventure. I am not at all certain that, even if I could bring myself to risk my personal comfort for the dissemination of my views, the result would be worth the trouble. He who summons me to send out a large freight of self-denial upon any cruising voyage of moral improvement will find it clear that the concern is at least a hopeful one. At my time of life (five and twenty years of age) it cannot be supposed that I have much energy to spare; in fact, I find it little enough to employ in intellectual labours; and therefore let no critic expect to frighten me by a few hard words into embarking any part of it upon desperate adventures of altruistic morality.

For the rest, my work, like its author's life, although it may conceivably have a purpose, cannot be accused of a plan. So much so that many a reader, while perusing my divagations, in this or some future age, may well ask "Who is the Plotter, pray, and where is the Plot?" Alas! those are of the questions to which no definite answer can be vouchsafed. Suffice it to state, in general terms, that the book, upon analysis, reveals itself as a collection of private prejudices, reasonably good-natured, on a multitude of subjects—religion, letters, politics, the drama, dreams, marriage, cannibalism, and the other matters of which the apologist of the world is not so prominent among them being the author's own genial, enlightened, and wholly interesting personality—a portrait, it will be admitted, painted with much charm and delicacy of language.

That all these prejudices are necessarily correct, it would be arrogant to claim. Perhaps the most that can be said for them is that they are inconsistent. For like the giant thinkers of the East—whence, as is well known, all great thoughts have come—the writer is above fast-potent reality for consistency displayed by our Occidental pygmies. He holds that determined consistency usually is a mask for deliberate insincerity, or, at best, a mark of intellectual infirmity. Indeed, he would feel greatly humiliated if he thought it possible for his soul to be packed into a paragraph. He is sufficiently impressed with the vastness, vanity, and vagueness of his inner world to despise all wretched efforts after formal unity. His clear perception of one truth that no safety can guard from reason, with equal clearness, that other truth which appears to have been created in order to give the first the lie. He has but a poor opinion of the man who does not contradict himself at least once a day. Of himself, the most eminent writers would say what has so well been said of Saadi: "The real charm of him lies not in his consistency, but in his catholicity."

Besides, this is not a criminal code, but a perfectly harmless bundle of Confessions. It follows that these, like all genuine "Confessions," are not only unmethodical and contradictory, but also, for the most part introspective, at times irrelevant, and usually inconclusive. Indeed, the work is more remarkable for the range and novelty of its ideas than for their careful coordination; in this hearing a close family resemblance to all great philosophical works. The original thinker pelts you with pearls; it is the pedant who endeavours to string them into ropes. The author feels compelled to make this modest statement, lest some well-meaning, but sadly uninspired, admirer of the future should seek to construct a cut-and-dry "philosophical system," "symbol of faith," or some other ambitious ineptitude out of what in reality is nothing more than a living gospel, uncanonical and inconsequent, that is to say, human.

It would be a mistake, however, to class these confessions with the effusions which popularly pass under that name. The present writer is quite exempt from the unseemly and, to him, incomprehensible, vanity which impels so many men and women nowadays to hide none of their maladies physical or moral, to dissect their complaints of body and of soul in public, and if they have no interesting disorders of their own to describe, to seek for such among their friends. Every branch of this nauseous nosology, so rife in our time, is repugnant to the Don's nature. Neither does he himself suffer from any unhealthy hunger for moral disease, nor does he cherish such a hunger in others. Therefore he does not volunteer to give to the world an intimate account of his secret sins under the euphemism of "experiences." He does not try to make out that the blemishes under which his character may labour are really beauties in disguise. He does not invite admiration under a hypocrical plea for comprehension. In writing he never yields to that vulgar thirst for self-revelation which only confession can slake, nor does he attempt to make out that his life is on the knife-edge. He does not venture to insult the wickedness of his neighbours by parading his own feeble essays in vice.
pastors are Protestant. Hauptmann's legendary plays are built of German mythology, and even his Silesian peasant dramas gravitate naturally towards the Northern capital. Wedekind's lurid exposés and satiric satire are German to the core.

Schnitzler is just as distinctively Austrian. Dramatically, Berlin belongs to the bourgeoise; Vienna is a city of the aristocrats. Schnitzler, like most of the modern Viennese playwrights, is content to take as his theme only a few scenes from life, and even in those few scenes he recasts continually into a single passage. No wind instruments for him; he is a master of the strings. To the Northern playwrights he leaves the wild barbaric march, to the Montmartre play he returns to the dance, as he lights a cigarette. They offend his sense of decorum and compel him to regard them as inferior. For the others he bears a touch of melancholy as a sign of mourning. He does not think of them as future twilight moods... But a few weeks later he will hire a new room in another by-way (not the same room, for that would be unbeautiful) for the reception of another mistress, and the old light o' love will pass to a new lover. There are the Schnitzler hero and the Schnitzler heroine. They have most of the vices of their city and the quintessence of its charm; frivolity tinged with regret and intrigue with grace.

I have touched here especially upon the types and the setting of the one act cycle "Anatol" because they convey the Schnitzler atmosphere most clearly. The situations are not literally rendered; they change just as moods change, and are woven into different forms. "Anatol" represents the comedy of the lover-mistress motive, "Liebelei" the tragedy. In the former the man is the central figure; in the latter the woman. In "Liebelei" Christine meets her philanderer, and makes a hero his mistress. Christine is a new version of the old story. "Komtesse Mizzi" represents the comedy of the lover-mistress motive, "Liebelei" the tragedy. In the former the man is the central figure; in the latter the woman. In "Liebelei" Christine meets her philanderer, and makes a hero his mistress. Christine is a new version of the old story. "Komtesse Mizzi" represents the comedy of the lover-mistress motive, "Liebelei" the tragedy. In the former the man is the central figure; in the latter the woman. In "Liebelei" Christine meets her philanderer, and makes a hero his mistress. Christine is a new version of the old story. "Komtesse Mizzi" represents the comedy of the lover-mistress motive, "Liebelei" the tragedy. In the former the man is the central figure; in the latter the woman. In "Liebelei" Christine meets her philanderer, and makes a hero his mistress. Christine is a new version of the old story.
It is curious to notice that Lassalle and Yanko vied with Lassalle through Yanko, nor did she accept the only opportunity of escape from her choice.

"Write a line with these which I will dictate to you."

"As soon as Lassalle left Geneva, Helene and her family were Protestants, the prelate could exercise no influence over them, and Lassalle remained a Jew. By his conversion to Roman Catholicism in exchange for family were Protestants, the prelate could exercise no influence over them, and Lassalle remained a Jew. By his conversion to Roman Catholicism in exchange for..."

"As the Dönniges family were Protestants, the prelate could exercise no influence over them, and Lassalle remained a Jew. By this ‘moving heaven and earth,’ as the Princess describes it, Lassalle at last obtained an interview with Herr von Dönniges, by command of the King. The only result of this interview was that Herr von Dönniges was forced to admit that he could not declare, on his honour, that Helene had acted of her own free will.

But by this time, Herr von Dönniges had practically won. As soon as Lassalle left Geneva, Helene and her family returned; and there she was again under the strictest surveillance. Lassalle was informed that she had renounced him, and her engagement to Yanko so enraged him that he threatened to challenge Yanko to a duel if he married her, or shoot him in the street like a mad dog if he refused the challenge. Lassalle might rage, but in Herr von Dönniges he had an antagonist who knew what he wanted, and how to get it. When Lassalle returned to Geneva the ‘faithful Thérèse’ informed Helene, and once again her courage rose.

I remembered all Ferdinand’s consoling words, how he told me he would fetch me away from the altar if I stood before. My family, for I will not lay the awful guilt at my father’s present situation and plans away. Just now Helene has been talked into a state of filial devotion, and I consider it beneath my dignity, Fraulein, to assure you that you need fear no scenes of any kind, but I can express the conviction that the step I am taking is one that will deserve your thanks.

SOPHIE, COUNTESS HATZFELD.

Between putative mistresses, past and present, there could not but befriendship; but so long as my father was to be the legal guardian of the heir..."

"If Helene’s family were determined to prevent her from marrying Lassalle, Lassalle’s friends were equally determined to prevent him from marrying her. If she heard only unfavourable reports of Lassalle, he heard nothing that could make her more admirable to him; and the spirit in which the negotiations and correspondence between both parties were conducted is best shown in this letter to Helene:—"

"Fraulein! I have come here to arrange a matter which is both unconventional and unfortunate. I feel that intervention is not only justified, but is a duty I owe to you. As the Dönniges were Protestants, the prelate could exercise no influence over them, and Lassalle remained a Jew. By this ‘moving heaven and earth,’ as the Princess describes it, Lassalle at last obtained an interview with Herr von Dönniges, by command of the King. The only result of this interview was that Herr von Dönniges was forced to admit that he could not declare, on his honour, that Helene had acted of her own free will.

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A characteristic Lassalle letter. In spite of the fact that he had done nothing with von Donniges, there is the same stupid boast: "I could always manage the father." Presumably he was ignorant of Countess Hatzfeld's letter, but if she had been inclined to help him in the matter, what could the interview decide? Helene would not meet the Countess alone, and her father would take care that she received no letters. Lassalle understood how Helene was placed, but he had failed so far to 'make Helene understand that help from our side is near at hand,' and this letter revealed the necessity without showing how it might be done.

Lassalle's last resource was as frail as the others. He had persuaded the Minister von Schwind to send with him [Rüstow] as intercessor a certain lawyer, Dr. Haenle, who was a perfect stranger to all of us. I willingly admit that this lawyer had the best intentions, but what could be possibly arranged?

Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. She met the envos as enemies, with distrustful heart and light words upon her lips.

I entered the room in a state of apathy, not unmixed with a tinge of ironical contempt, and faced the strangers. At the bottom of my heart I was counting og Haenle, but four eyes expressing curiosity and dislike met mine. My heart contracted.

Rüstow seemed to me a sort of devil, influenced by the Countess, the other one a mere indifferent spectator.

I have been reproached with having uttered the most heartless things during this interview, as the conversation was taken down by the strangers as deposition. I will not accuse them of lying, any more than I will attempt to accuse them of lying, any more than I will attempt to excuse myself. Perhaps those who are able to picture themselves in my situation can understand my apparently heartless behavior; and the desire of such men and women, even who were friends of the Countess and inimical to me? He had always understood me so well—even my most sensitive feelings. He must have known that, in the presence of my father, I could only express that which he wished me to.

... These men with their reports broke the last links that united me to Lassalle; at one stroke they persuaded him of my unworthiness, and drove him from the depths of despair into a paroxysm of rage.

Lassalle began his first romance by challenging Count Hatzfeld to a duel. The challenge was contemptuously declined, and Lassalle was called a stupid young Jew for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains. The insult stung him, and for nine years he used his eloquence, his will, and the golden weapons of his mind (and some that were not golden) to vanquish Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort for his pains.

But the fate that Lassalle had flouted would have its revenge. He faced a man reputed to be a dead shot. He recoiled kicked his hand upwards, and Lassalle was called a mind and a sort of devil, influenced by the Countess, the other one a mere indifferent spectator.

A German land that bore him could have held him in his greatest. Bismarck had no illusions, saw no giant in a man of five feet six inches. He enjoyed his witty conversation, and was charmed with his amiable personality; and he declared that he 'would have been glad to have had a man of Lassalle's genius and of such an intellectual nature as neighbouring landlord in the country.' Lassalle, in spite of his brilliant gifts, was not a man of power. His own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle. Their mission was to discover if Helene had of her own free will renounced Lassalle, if she adhered to her renunciation, and if possible to arrange one meeting between her and Lassalle.

THE NEW AGE

October 27, 1910.

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

At the beginning of this particularly active book season, reviewing the publishers' announcements, I wrote: "There are one or two promising items, including a novel by Henry James. And yet, honestly, am I likely at this time of day to be excited by a novel by Henry James? Shall I even read it? I know that I shall not. Still, I shall put it on my shelves, and tell my juniors what a miracle it is." Well, I have been surprised by the amount of resentment and anger which this honesty of mine has called forth. One of the politest of my correspondents, dating his letter from a city on the Rhine, says: "For myself, it's really a 'sour gruel' I'd have tried to read with enthusiasm." In the last romance of his life he was denied the exercise of any of the weapons that vanquished Count Hatzfeld, and in the last resort he turned again to the duel for satisfaction. Herr von Donniges fled to Berne on receiving the challenge, and Racowitza, a boy of about twenty years, who had never fired a pistol, accepted it. He practised at a target during the afternoon of the 27th, and in the early morning of the 28th of August, 1864, he faced a man reputed to be a dead shot. But the fate that Lassalle had flouted would have its final laugh at him, for neither Lassalle's skill with firearms, his courage, nor his irresistible will availed him here. Racowitza aimed at the ground, but the recoil kicked his hand upwards, and Lassalle was mortally wounded as he pulled his trigger. His own incompetence had brought him to the combat, and the incompetence of his rival vanquished him. After three days' agony he died, and by his bed sat the Countess Hatzfeld.

Helene concludes her account with this passage:—

The discussion has often arisen as to what rôle Lassalle would have played and his most enviable days during the 'seventies. Would he, in the boundless reach of his mind, have been able to adapt himself in the compact, gigantic edi-
thus: "Further, the Duke of Albany's only and posthumous son by a family arrangement!" Also he is a fine critic, of impeccable taste. Also he savours life with eagerness, sniffling the breeze of it like a hound. But on the debit side:—He is tremendously lacking in emotion production. Also his sense of real beauty is highly sophisticated and wants originality. Also his attitude towards the spectacle of life is at bottom conventional, timid, and undecided. Also he seldom chooses themes of first-class importance, and when he does choose such a theme he never fairly bites it and leaves it bleed. So his curiosity is limited. It seems to me to have been specially created to be admired by super-dilettanti. (I do not say that to admire him is a proof of dilettantism.) What it all comes to is merely that his subject-matter does not by a rule interest me. I simply state my personal view, and I expressly assert my admiration for the craftsman in him and for the magnificent and consistent rectitude of his long artistic career. Further I will not go, though I know that bombs will now be laid at front-door by the furious faithful. As for "The Finer Grain," it leaves me as I was—cold. It is an uneven collection, and the stories probably belong to different periods. The first, "The Velvet Glove," strikes me as crude and valueless without conviction. I should not call it subtle, but rather obvious. I should call it finicking. In the sentence-structure mannerism is pushed to excess. All the other stories are better. "Crafty Cornelia," for instance, is an exceedingly brilliant exercise in making serious. But there is a flaw, and I know I am in a minority among persons of taste. Some of the very best literary criticism of recent years has been aroused by admiration for Henry James. There is a man on the "Times Literary Supplement" who, whenever he writes about Henry James, makes me feel that I have mistaken my vocation and ought to have entered the Indian Civil Service, or been a cattle-drover. However, I can't help it. And I give notice that I will not reply to scurrilous letters.

A book which fills me with sensations quite the opposite of those caused by my perusal of Henry James is Stephen Reynolds's new volume of sketches, "Alongshore: where man and the sea face one another" (Macmillans, 6s.). I am in no sort of doubt about this book. There is only one adjective for it—it is a ripping book. It is a book which has my enthusiasm and my almost unqualified regard. I read it with acute pleasure. Here you have youth, vitality, humaneness, courage, independence of coat, a terrific zest for life: the whole disciplined by a really extraordinary sense of style. Only a born master could handle the English language with the freshness, the freedom, and the rich careless power that mark the best pages of this admirable work. Also present is nowhere presented so great a sense of the spirit of cussedness," perhaps the author's most valuable quality, certainly the most amusing quality of this his first period. "Alongshore" amply fulfils the promise of "A Poor Man's House." It is alive, and let there be about it! Read "A Herring-Haul in a French Steam Drifter," and learn what descriptive writing can be. Persons of taste who don't count with Stephen Reynolds now will have to count with him later on. The volume has some illustrations by Melville Mackay which have a singular resemblance to very good photographs.

I should like to recommend a little volume by Sir Ronald Ross (John Murray, rs.). It consists of verses written by the author during the progress of his life-work in the East, with a preface. The preface is not long, but it is really remarkable, and worth a shilling of any sensible man's money. It is a memorable criticism of these days. The verses have the interest of their authorship—and that is saying a great deal. The book is a strange, authoritative and naive document. Nobody will regret buying it. And to think that six months ago I had never heard of this original, powerful, and sincere individuality, whose service to mankind began thirty years ago!

The Trial.

NEITHER in the Stays Hall of Justice nor in its immediate surroundings would you have observed any sign that the Almighty Law was about to deal finally and inexorably with a ferocious human farce. On the world side of the sombre river the ghosts waited with their ordinary passivity for old Charon and his leisurely skiff to convey them over. On the other side, spirits wandered up and down remarking, as usual, upon the fog. When the doors of the great hall were opened there was no rush for admittance. All the available seats had been allotted. A group of ghosts stood near watching the ticket-holders file in.

"There goes Eugene Aram," said one of the ghosts. "Really, Peace, you know everybody," said another spirit. "True, true," replied Peace, languidly. "That's the penalty I pay for having been fairly tried on earth. I never get in to the Court up here, so I have to cultivate folks to know what's happening. That man is Dickman, quite a new-comer, and yon's Jesshope, and that—by George, who is that? Hi, constable, who's that chap with the spectacles?"

"Hawley Harvey Crippen," replied the obliging officer. "Accuser in the case on to-day. Thought you were more au fait than that, Mr. Peace."

"I know the name," retorted Peace testily. "You'll be telling me next that the accused is the Lord Chief Justice of England."

The officer winked and moved somebody on. "Don't be funny!" exclaimed the Somebody. "I've got a ticket!"

"Beg barn, your Majesty!" The officer apologised; and Charles the First passed in.

Figure to yourself a large vaulted hall holding about a thousand people. Very impressive garnishings of mouldy mossy-looking stone troughs for the audience, a kind of horse-box for the Judge, a row of pins and needles for the jury, twelve average spirits, to sit on; but a magnificent red velvet lounge in the well of the court: this is for the prisoner—it being considered fair in the Stygian code to give the prisoner every possible chance of keeping his mind perfectly clear, but to make the trial as little of a lark as possible for everybody else. A space is railed off on the right of the Judge's box and here the prosecutor is permitted to lean. At half-past ten the accused appeared alone in the dock at the summons of the Angel Gabriel, Clerk of the Arraigns. The Lord Chief Justice appeared scarcely to advantage without his wig; his sugar loaf cranium stood revealed. St. Peter, who took his stand shortly afterwards, demanded to know whether the prisoner had breakfasted well? An affirmative murmur being heard from the velvet lounge, the case is opened. Rabelais thereupon lays the case before the jury. Some men are driven into fanaticism. "Take 'em or leave 'em," returns the Judge. "Oh, well—the Ass!" says the Lord Chief Justice, desperately. "Now Crippen?" calls the Clerk. Crippen scans his file coolly. "There's such a thing as being too bitter," he says critically. "Some men are driven into farce by despair. I won't have Twain or Leno or Swift. I'll have Rabelais."

Rabelais thereupon lays the case before the jury. "The Prisoner, most pleasant and impartial Judge, and you, ye prickly-seated twelve, was in his lifetime a..."
bacon-picker. He salted, boned, dried and picked diseased swine. In other words, he embraced the calling of a criminal lawyer; and though assiduity, diligence, eagerness, zeal, arduor, perfidium ingenii, vigilance, sleepless endeavour, eternal officiousness and everlasting crying of such rat-trapping phrases as Jure divino! Jure humano! Look alive now! Answer the question!—Age quod agis, etcetera!—he produced such an impression of being a dangerous and intolerable nuisance that everybody agreed to give him ten thousand pounds per annum to salt, bone, dry and pick his bacon where the crush was least, that is to say, at the top of the criminal ladder and in the presence of the Lord Chief Justice. You might have supposed, most humorously and winkified Judge, and you, O multis of pisochissions, that with the passage of time, our hog-dissector would have handled bacon enough of the primest diseased sort to have satisfied a Chicago canning-store; but, on my first tooth, gentlemen, the fellow was lately so hungry as to take the lights out of a rotten little village pig, a lad of a pig, gentlemen, half crazy from having been born with a tin-can in his brain. His other exploits had better be nameless or we all shall soon be so torp with pity of this ravenous wolf-gut as to offer ourselves with our own tears ready for salting. Enough to say that not even advancing age could shrink his stomach; and then to pass on to the case sub judice.

"The Prisoner reclines to-day under a charge of having wilfully, cheerfully and consistently broken a certain Law of Our Divine Court—the command: Judges, you shall have his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, his, hi...
gress any particular degree for the study of diseased swine—their anatomy, pathology, psychology, economic conditions, or, in fact, for any knowledge whatever connected with sick pigs?—"" Such a degree was not necessary. I knew all the maximum penalties which could be inflicted upon such animals for being bad."

"So. Had you not to swear yourself as being of some religious persuasion? "-" I had.


"Ever read the Bible? "—" Yes. I have read that diseased swine were driven over the rocks into the sea."

"Do you believe that all the words of the Gospels are equally true and significant? "—" Decidedly. Every word is true."

"You know your Bible very thoroughly? "—" I do."

"Can you quote me any passage where Jesus commanded that diseased swine should forever afterwards be treated in a similar manner? "—" No, but example is better than precept."

"You have admitted that all Scriptural words are equally weighty? "—" Certainly."

Do you, then, consider that the command 'Judge not! ' is binding upon a Christian? I made no reply to this, but St. Peter eyed him and then he was heard to murmur something about common sense. Counsel resumed:—

"You believe that Common Sense should modify that divine and unmistakeable command?"

"Obviously you do. But when the matter is of torturing sick swine you appear to have no doubts about the tale which represents our blessed Lord as a bloody-minded butcher? "—" It's in the Bible."

"But tell the court which would Common Sense, your own or Jesus'? Both are in the Bible."

Here St. Peter interposed: "Your practical choice of the one then as against the other may be presumed to indicate a certain preference? "—" My country was in danger of being over-run by sick swine."

"But on your own showing, you had no especial qualification for dealing with these afflicted creatures? "—" I knew the death sentence by heart. It was not considered necessary to my office to study diseases, mental or physical."

"But surely Common Sense must have told you that any knowledge whatever as to what becomes of them when he has expended himself in the perpetual condemnation and punishment of his formless or diseased, my precious brothers, all men be swine, and can only be redeemed by an act of grace, untempered by justice that must condemn all and sundry alike. Do not weep, my children, dry your eyes, Crippen; and cheer up, St. Peter, for you above everybody do know of a truth that there is grace enough to go round and to fit up a new universe out of the fragments. Even this disappearing speck on the lounge may be born again, for Almighty God will recall unto life the soul that injured the Life He lent freely to animate even a so reckless and disobedient mind."

And is it really baldly true that you were not required to make any study of your victims, not even their heredity? "—" Heredity is a very dangerous theory, as my learned colleague, Mr. Justice Darling, very properly decided."

"In fact, so dangerous that, if the facts of irreponsibility were accepted, swine-disease might be stamped out and you and your like would lose £10,000 per annum? "—" I don't care about the money. It's the principle. Besides, Common Sense says that the people who only deal with good swine should pay me salt and pet. It's a stinking business and many a man would die sooner than do the salting."

Rabelais, cross-examining: "Do not answer these questions if they hurt you, poor fellow—but, has it never occurred to your English nation that you are of very little use to the beholder, riding them of sick swine? Your last year of office 1910, was that year not burdened with a plague? Had you not nine swine go bad within five days? You killed 'em and quicklimed 'em, but I've the records of no fewer than fifteen for the ensuing solstice. They are not theason nobody ever met his ghost at a court."

The court cleared at an order from the ushers. Outside a weary ghost waited to buttonhole anyone who would talk to him. "What's the result, old chap?"

"Ah! ask of the wind which blew, ask of the learned, ask of the 35th Wrangler or the 3rd classic, but ask not the present scribe to say what becomes of him who salts, bones, dries and picks sick swine!"

The second ghost returned, "I really can't say for certain. I lost sight of the Prisoner altogether, but at my last glimpse he looked just like I felt when my bowels fell out as I left the dock."

"Thanks," said the first. "You're more obliging than some of 'em here."

"I was always obliging," rejoined Crippen.
RECENT NOVELS.

Nine to Six-Thirty. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen. 6s.)

Noting the inscription "To My Wife," we had a horrible moment wondering whether Mr. Pett Ridge could possibly have descended to naughty literature; all the specially sexy books are dedicated to one or other of an author's relatives. Of course "Nine to Six-Thirty" is nothing of the sort. Barbara Harrison runs away from her servitude as youngest sister to all the Harrison family, and her career as a "business girl" in Holborn affords Mr. Pett Ridge endless opportunity of writing about pretty young women and love, and we do not altogether hate. Pen pictures abound of every conceivable London incident. Barbara comes to a good end and marries the man she wants, but this is after all the pen pictures are finished. The author, declaring that Londoners are more interested in crime than love, acts up to his vicissitudes and introduces a pistol shot which results in ten years' penal servitude, a piece of fortuitous realism that does not, in our opinion, embellish an otherwise nearly incredible story.

The Glad Heart. By E. Maria Albanesi. (Methuen. 6s.)

The glad heart was not glad enough to be humorous; hence its comparative failure. Sunday school gladness is apt to bore the unregenerate. Ellen Milner sets herself the task of reforming Miriam, a young village girl, who had married Lord Norchester. But the whole affair only leads up to Miriam's marriage with an accommodating person. Miriam suspected Ellen and Lord Norchester of more than friendly feelings. The woman's intuition was right; but when she nobly deserted Norchester to leave him free, Ellen heroically repulses the young lord without whose presence "life had been barren and meaningless," and contents herself with Richard Framley. A rather nasty sort of "nice feeling," but such morals are the rule in fiction to-day. Ellen is a good girl, but rather too pretty for sensible females. Miriam's marriage is a better character, for all her bratty drinking and occasional squaws. There is a minor interest concerning a Mrs. Marillier, alleged novelist, with a family of nice bleeding hearts. Mrs. Marillier's ideal of art seems to have included a luxurious life and asparagus out of season, to indulge which banal dream she had now and then. When the clouds have rolled away and the little hands of artists-men who, from childhood, had the foreigner's brushes-Kano's soliloquies are rather to the point. "Already one faithful brush had acquired a soul of its own, and the two may only develop into a second Ellen, and the Miriams of this world will avoid her like the proverbial plague. The shadow of the fanatic is nothing less than a scourge to bleeding hearts.

Jim of the Ranges. By G. B. Lancaster. (Constable. 6s.)

A strenuous story of Australian life. Jim is the strong, silent man, "clean-run, clean-living, and clean-hearted." All the men exhibit that swagger ellipsis of speech which one has to be always so careful not to mistake for the ordinary Yankee "bluff." Such sentences as the following are characteristic of the style: "The world was sharp and stern, showing the seldom-seen steel of the man behind it." There you have Jim, and we've never known that sort of hero worsted in a novel, anyway. So after rather shady adventures as a police spy, Jim comes out of it all "clean-hearted" and the rest, and marries a pure girl.

Queen Sheba's Ring. By H. Rider Haggard. (Evelyn Nash. 6s.)

Mr. Haggard has always given of his best to his public, and that public for the most part responds still when the veteran chooses to write. It would be unreasonable to expect better romances than Mr. Haggard has written of late. In this author's opinion, Solomon's memory green across a generation to whom the Bible, alas! will soon be unknown—unless some one rediscovers it and gets it read as a curiosity. Tragic! that our horrible parents should so have made the wonderful literature stink in our nostrils. "Queen Sheba's Ring" takes us among the Fungs, a tribe of North-Central Africa. Richard Adams goes into the desert to seek his son, who was captured as a child by the Mahdi. With his archaeologist, Captain Orme, handsome, rich, unhappy and willing for adventure; and Sergeant Quick, the captain's handy man. They get lost while lion shooting, are captured by a tribe, escape only to be captured by the Fungs and their ruler, Maqueda, and child of Kings! Of the adventures of Higgins on the burning plains of Africa, the finding of Roderick, the son and sweet singer, and the affairs of Maqueda and a certain member of the expedition we will only hint. The old tang is by no means absent from Mr. Haggard's newest novel.

The Dragon Painter. By Sidney McCall. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

A story of Japan, pretty cherry-blossomed. The dramatic interest is slight—a little plot of marriage and misunderstanding and happy consummation. But the descriptions of scenery are sometimes very fine. Old Kano, the "last of the mighty line of artists," is sympathetically studied. "Tokyo might fall under the blight of progress, but Kano would hold to the traditions of his race and live as a true artist and nothing else." This was his care. He might have claimed high position in the great Art Museum recently inaugurated by the new Government, and housed in an abomination of pink stucco with Moorish towers at the four corners. Stiff, graphite pencils, making lines as hard and sharp as those in the faces of foreigners themselves, were to take the place of the soft charcoal flake, whose stroke was of satin and young leaves. Horrible brushes were to be thrust into the hands of artists—men who, from childhood, had known the soft pliant Japanese brush almost as a spirit hand, had felt the joy of the long stroke down fibrous paper where the very thickening and thinning of the line made visual music. . . . such artists were to be offered a bunch of hog bristles set in foreign tin. Why, in the annals of Kano's own family more than one faithful brush had acquired a soul of its own, and after the master's death had gone on lamenting in his written name. But the foreigner's brushes—Kano shuddered anew at the thought.

The Dragon Painter, a marvellous youth from the mountains, is unconvinced; and marriage is his portion. When the guest was called in, however, the painting may only develop into a second Ellen, and the Miriams of this world will avoid her like the proverbial plague. The shadow of the fanatic is nothing less than a scourge to bleeding hearts.

The Dean's Daughter. By Cecil Adair. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Reading that the Sabbath hush of Avondale "was sweetly broken " by the sound of the church bells, our mental balance was so jarred that, we confess frankly, we instantly loathed the author. Someone else ought to review "The Dean's Daughter." Someone of the same calibre as the so-called "Christian" wretches who clang their diabolical noises in the ears of sick and dyers, and let alone those who, like Monica, the Dean's daughter, was once asked by Cicely, another goody-goody, how to live for the honour and glory of God. "Ah!" breathed Monica softly. Then she explained that her way will be to uplift the degraded women of India." Why not stop at home and protest against church bells ringing beside hospitals? . . . We hinted that this review might be biased.
Lauristons. By John Oxenham. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Oxenham sets himself the problem whether a man may do evil that good may come. It all depends, does it not? The author, however, answers more positively than that. Sir George Lauriston, banker, made a bad speculation, so bad that his customers would have been ruined had the news leaked out. To the end of his unhappy life he worked and schemed to retrieve, always tiding over discovery; and he died, leaving the secret to his son.

It became Charles Lauriston's question whether he should compound the felony and continue the business in the interests of the people whose fortunes depended upon the public integrity of the bank.

Considering that endless scheming speculation was necessary, speculation involving the ruin, not of Lauriston's customers certainly, but of thousands of exchange victims; considering that the salvation of Lauristons had to be achieved by means equivalent to betting on certainties, it seems to be begging the question to introduce any idea of honour into the affair. It was all merely robbing Peter to pay Paul. We believe there is no question here.

The moment a lady was sitting looking at an illustrated paper, her face hidden by it, leaving an observer to guess, from her negligent pose, what she might be like, for she sprawled in an arm-chair beside a small square table, a little to the left side of the chamber, her feet on another chair in front of her. Vernon Lee could scarcely ramble further between a preposition and a pronoun.

The Creators. By May Sinclair. (Constable. 6s.)

We quote "Punch" on this novel. "Helga Bryne was the daughter of a German mother and a father who had been ruined by an unscrupulous partner named Ashley. The Ashleys were very poor, much so that, till she was nineteen and the story begun, Helga had never even been to parties. But she goes to one in the third chapter, and having been warned all her life to avoid all intercourse with the hated Ashleys, the very first young man she meets, and promptly falls in love with, is—who do you think? Quite right. So Clive Ashley and Helga are united by the registrar."

It is "Punch's" business to pretend to be funny on sad occasions. It is not ours. We, at this moment, are howling with indignation. Why on earth does Mrs. Sidgwick write when she has nothing to say worth understanding. Imaginary woes are beside the point. The subject of the celibacy of imaginary geniuses is to pile up difficulty about, or why Messrs. Unwin's reader shouldn't be superannuated.

"I don't want you to go," said Mrs. Ellerslie, taking her husband affectionately by the two ears; "I won't let you go either. Then she suddenly forgot all of her part. "Oh, Frank, what a pity your ears are so large! It's the one thing that keeps you from being a good-looking man."

Now that was very, very unfortunate, for, as has been previously stated, Ellerslie was a very handsome man, and knew it, etc., etc.

It is all just as if "Home Chat" had jumped bodily into a six shilling cover.

Jimny Abercraw. By Bernard Capes. (Methuen. 6s.)

The plot of this novel is well suited to the stage of a tene-rather music-hall, if there be one so low. And the characters are not much better. Though placing his story in the 1760 Jacobite period, Mr. Capes has been too careless to acquire the details of contemporary manners and scenes. He has not observed the thin disguise of history, to indulge in various petty obscenities such as appear to be the fashion among the "manly" modern fictionmongers. Of the offence against history here is an example: "Shall I make your gee-gee (a hysteric) in cumbrous array for the ceremony?"

It is very bold of novelists to continue writing about Britain in 1760? Or this, the language of an ostler of the same epoch: "I axed him who he was a' tryin' to get at?" Or this: "Cherries are "a colly-wobblin' fruit." The last delicacy, by the way, is addressed to a young lady by the hero while he is disguised as the young Pretender. For examples of the second offence we refer to pp. 104-5; also to the perfectly incredible suggestion that Jimny Abercraw, an ostler was only mediately attached to his master, the link being Jimny's mare, whose "flesh, soft as a woman's," awoke in the ostler "the only emotion of which he was capable."

The Young Idea. By Frank A. Swinnerton. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

It is well bold of novelists to continue writing about dull and insignificant people and circumstances. Whenever interest is in books about them has to be put there by the writer, and this is to pile up difficulty needlessly. Mr. Swinnerton confines himself deliberately to such persons, but he is organically bored by them as we are. Speaking of several of his char-
acters, he frankly confesses that “they were dull young men,” and of倬y Vedrilo he said that “he was a common bore.”

We agree and include all the rest of the menage. Then why inflict their story on us? By way of escape from their natural tediousness Mr. Swinempton occasionally permits himself an incongruity, and this again is a

The House of Serravalle. By Richard Bagot. (Methuen. 6s.)

Before plunging into a very long novel such as the present, we do think it necessary to have our appetite whetted by a hint of the fare awaiting us. Mr. Bagot’s opening chapter moves so slowly that we concluded that he himself had less enthusiasm for his story; and the casual remarks of the hero, that he would like to read a novel with the love left out, scarcely prepared us for precisely that. Once, however, that we are in Italy the story begins to move rapidly and picturesquely, and it is without an suspicion that we have not a good end, where alone a little love is to be found. Mr. Bagot is to be complimented, too, on his almost singular literary humanity. Though there are villains in his plot they do not come to a brutal end. A novel of serious charm.

The Man Who Drove the Car. By Max Pemberton. (Nash. 2s. net.)

There is no doubt of Mr. Pemberton’s enthusiasm. In the person of Lal Britten, Chaufer, he tells half a dozen amusing, if impossible, stories of adventure, romantic and criminal. Each story contains a mystery which remains such to the very edge of the conclusion.

Babes in the Wood. By B. M. Croker. (Methuen. 6s.)

We do not care for the thin thread of the story in Miss Croker’s latest work. Most of it is melodrama of no higher type than one sees presented at the dismal cinematograph theatres. But the substance of the book is interesting and extremely well done. The Babes are British officials and the Woods are the jungles of India. There is a great deal of incidental light on life on wooded India, and we could wish that Miss Croker had confined herself to it. After all, why should not the story of an Indian Forest Commissioner’s adventures be interesting enough without the addition of a so-called love romance, which we all know too well?

The Golden Silence. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen. 6s.)

The sentimentalism of Stephen Knight, who pretended to be in love with a girl and engaged himself to her when he hated her, cost him, and serve him right, the sum of £30,000. But the settlement which we foresaw coming in the first chapter is not announced until the last, the interval being filled with Stephen’s amorous and other adventures in Algiers. There, of course, he meets his real affinity and the money buys his liberty to marry her. For all we learn of Algiers the story might be cast in Surrey; but we suppose a Golden Silence would sound ridiculous of Surrey.

Hope. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth. 6s.)

As a writer of vignettes Mr. Cunninghame Graham almost approaches in excellence the late Mr. Steevens. He is, however, much more literary, and the immense care he takes with detail would have been impossible to Steevens, who preferred to pour out his genius like a liqueur. The present volume of sketches contains many that we have had the pleasure of reading before in current journals where they made a jewelled page. In the mass we confess we find them rather tedious; such a succession of esoteric names and references as Mr. Graham employs is bound to give one the feeling of bafflement and in the end of despair. This defect apart (for which, of course, Mr. Graham is not responsible), it is wonderful how rich the sketches are, and how full of charm.

The Queen Pedauque. By Anatole France. (Gibbons. 3s. 6d.)

A translation by Jos. A. V. Stritzke, and revised by Mr. Weston Parker, from the seventeenth edition. Granted that French editions are smaller than ours, seventy must include a respectable total of copies. Coignard and Catherine and Friar Ange and the rest come amiably into English.
Sir,—I should have been better pleased to deal with a reasoned reply to my letter in The New Age (October 6), rather than answer questions which have no bearing whatever on the point at issue. However, Mr. Perkins has ventured it otherwise. He wishes to know where Rome is to-day, etc. Ancient Rome is where Mr. Perkins will probably be 2,000 years hence, unless some being more fortunate and wealthy than he (such as Mr. Perkins) may have passed into oblivion, neither Rome nor Napoleon ever will. Again, he asks whether, seeing that the idea of a “practical, workmanlike organization” must be constructed above the heads of the fact and the task approached from the centre rather than from the circumference, the centre may be entirely right. It is impossible to deny that he did not read my letter again with more care he will see that I used “above” and “below,” and “centre” and “circumference” as complementary opposites, but complimentary in criticism of Mr. Chesterton’s faith in the “people.” If my critic finds any difficulty in grasping my argument, let me point him out and, if possible, more clearly.

The Socialists propose their scheme for the reconstruction of society on the individual opinions of the great mass of men, i.e., “the people.” I contend that society can only be reconstructed on the leaders of political opinion in the State. So much for Mr. Perkins and his pet pricks. Now I await “annihilation” at the hands of Mr. Chesterton. S. SKELTON.

RATIONALISM AND PARADOX.

Sir,—As I have a pet theory of my own about “complementary opposites,” I was only too delighted to find it concretely (if abstractly) illustrated by the respective letters from Mr. Bax, Mr. S. Cowd. Russell Swoden in your last issue—letters which I had the honour of eliciting.

I agree entirely with Mr. Bax that the “controversial methods” in question are “worn,” but it is surprising how long they will last. If carefully kept and well repaired. It is here necessary to make an apology to Mr. Cecil Chesterton; for I know that the metaphor of “old cloth” with which I am about to clothe the idea that doctrine is “medieval”; but Mr. Cecil Chesterton is thinking of what I ought to have said rather than what I did. I invite the learned and erudite Mr. Swoden that Rationalism is growing, and that it is Christianity that is in decay. As a matter of fact I averred that Rationalism dominates society’s intellectual outlook; and that the “paradox bluff” of a Shaw and a Chesterton ought to be made light of as instances of “pretty Fanny’s way,” and (2) by the fact that Mr. Swoden, who doubts whether I have the remotest idea what religion is, desires to confine me by the following delectable paradox from Bernard Shaw: “The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in making the world adapt itself to him; therefore all progress depends upon the unreasonable man.” And Mr. Swoden actually inquires whether I regard Mr. Shaw as a member of the “confident class!” Who could possibly regard him—who (not excepting himself) has ever regarded him—otherwise? However, I do not wish to quarrel with confidence as such. Poets are naturally confident. Faith is great and perhaps may remove mountains, but the idea of a “practical, workmanlike organization” is, to make a witty paradox into a serviceable truth, to humour humour has its due. In fact, it will have its due; it will command its price—and that a considerable price. But humour, used as a cloak to swallow. Moreover, literary people are such clumsy-fisted majority to make them conform to the rules, however small in number.

VANCE PALMER.

Sir,—I do not agree with Mrs. Hastings in her assumption (underlying her “Endowment Scheme”) that literary genius ought to be sequestered from the interruptions of the world. To accept the idea that a man must not be actuated by the desire to stimulate the imagination mind by disconnecting it and rousing it up. I speak from personal experience, being one who (though pretending not to genius) endeavours to write imaginatively, and is subject to incessant interruptions. This is my considered and changed opinion. Naturally, I used to think otherwise. Shakespeare's life could not have been calm and peaceful. Milton wrote his magnificent prose pieces at a time when he was regarded as a “troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes.” “The Vicar of Wakefield” was produced while a landlady was intermittently bawling and pounding at the door. Cervantes wrote much of Don Quixote in prison or war. Caesar wrote his “Commentaries” amid incessant business. Poe was never at rest.

To take a simpler rights. Defenestration from pillar to post, and only produced “Crusoë” when the worst had come to the worst. Dampier wrote his best book (so objective, polished, and minute) on board a sea public-office. A buccaneer’s death crowded down to me, but I write far from my spacious and sequestered library, and my incessantly interrupted mind can no more. Mrs. Hastings, whose right and keen, will forgive me, I hope, for a hurried and blunt contradiction.

NEMO.

A LABOUR DAILY.

Sir,—If Mr. Ervine’s letter is a foretaste of what the editor of the Socialist daily daily expects, God help him! All the revolutionary Socialists in England, most of whom could not run a coffee-stall, will denounce him in the good
old "Featherstone Asquith" style. Comrades Hyndman and Quelch will naturally oppose the venture, as they oppose everything. The Socialist of course does not know what Britain (what has Ireland done?) will say that it is worse than the "Daily Mail." Jealousy will make the fire of criticism all the hotter. Altogether, the editor is in for a warm time. Happily everybody does not agree with Mr. Ervine about the "Labour Leader." I, for one, prefer it to "Justice." I forget whether I have mentioned that the daily, can any of your readers answer this riddle: When will British Socialists learn to be sociable? —

WILLIAM MARGRIE

Sir,—Mr. St. John Ervine is to be congratulated on his innocence of the real difficulties of Socialist journalism. They have nothing to do with most of the questions he hastily discards. They are all concerned with one single fact: the impossibility of obtaining advertisements for Socialist papers in England. Mr. Ervine will perhaps realize what is known to everybody behind the scenes when I inform him that no paper, daily or weekly, in this country can or does pay on circulation alone. Why the actual cost of production of journals in England exceeds the amount received for them. The public does not realize that a paper like the "Daily Mail," for example, might have a circulation of forty millions and yet lose thousands of pounds revenue from advertisements. The public does not realize that a paper like the "Daily Mail," for example, might have a circulation of forty millions and yet lose thousands of pounds revenue from advertisements. The public does not realize that a paper like the "Daily Mail," for example, might have a circulation of forty millions and yet lose thousands of pounds revenue from advertisements.

S. VERDAD AND AMERICA.

Sir,—The naive admission of a "Victim of Conscience" (Gentleman's Magazine) of conforming to the Shavian philosophy, surely stamps him as a philosopher of no ordinary type. The labyrinthine maze of the higher metaphysics should prove no stumbling-block to such an intellect. The only solution of such problems as perplex the human mind to grasp. The more you struggle in the meshes of metaphysics, the more hopelessly you entangle yourself to avoid the pitfalls of the ultimate Why, you find the necessary stimulus from your environment. A metaphysician is a person who sees complexity where the meanest intelligence could have contrived a more sane and adequate arrangement, the only thing you can do is to expel any desire to probe the secrets of the Universe. We cannot believe, a patriotic one, and that I do not want to annex "Julia's bureau" are well aware.

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

Sir,—A Question for Philosophers is the title of a letter in my issue of November 13. When asked the same question, and wrote my own answer, which will be found in my "Buch der Lieder" (Die Nordsee, Winter Cycle, 2). For the beneficent of those who can read my native tongue I will translate it into English:

QUESTIONS.

Darkling, beside the desert sea,
A youth is standing, In mournful accents he questions the waves:

"Oh, solve me the riddle of living—
The painful physical riddle, Over which so many heads have puzzled, Heads in hieroglyphic caps, Heads in turban, black birettas, Wigged heads, and thousands of others, Poor sweating human heads—
Tell me, what is the meaning of Man?
Whence comes he? Whither is he going?
Who lives up there beyond the golden stars?
The waves continue their eternal murmur, The wind rustles, the clouds move on, Cold and indifferent the stars twinkle, And a fool awaits an answer.

Let me add, in conclusion, that regarding the riddle of existence, I am no wiser after death than I was before. Neither in this nor in any other respect are any of us wiser, not even Mr. Gladstone, who have consulted "Julia's bureau" are well aware.

THE SHADE OF HINRICH HEINE.

S. VERDAD AND AMERICA.

Sir,—The first, second and even the tenth impulse of the American reader of The New Age is to leave to Englishmen the due chastisement of S. Verdad for his reckless unfounded comment on world politics. In the end, however, every man who can desire for his country the good opinion of his neighbours protests against a systematic perversion of the truth about her. S. Verdad says he knows us. By his own account his knowledge was gained from a brief residence here during which he was a pupil in a boys' school and a student at the University of California. At these places he was taunted with the threat that the United States could and would "lick" England. One can readily picture the callow joy of naughting an outlaw. I trust that for his sires the bumptious Rhodes scholar at Oxford receives similar treatment, but I do not understand the nature that nurses a boyish grievance into a national hatred.

I do not hope and shall not try to convince S. Verdad of anything; nor do I care what he writes about the relative merits of Homer and James Whitley Ribble, or what his verdict is regarding American painters, sculptors, plumbers, society leaders or hangmen. I am only interested when he calls us "Unistaters," and the word "Yankee" is not a term of reproach to me. His political comment, however, is dangerously misleading when he asserts that every patriotic American looks upon the forcible annexation of Canada, that we long to begin a conquest of Mexico, or that we are bent on ruling the New World. I should like to tell him that I am an American, a patriotic one, and that I do not want to annex Canada forcibly and know no American who does. Neither do I desire to run amok through Central and South America, or even to engage in war with England or Germany.

We have plenty of national sins and failures on our score. We are cursed with political venality, our rights of free speech and free assembly are threatened, and we have cut down our island eighteen-century constitution. Every year we try to swell a million immigrants from Southern Europe, the social and political relations of white and black and green. We have numerous examples of our government. We have inadequate police on peaceable strikers; and, worse than all else for our reputation, we scatter over Europe every summer a horde of vulgar rich who alternately toady and belittle through their noses.

The catalogue could be lengthened; but, like S. Verdad's boastful generalizations, I leave it to the action and decision of the reader. For the benefit of those who cannot read our native tongue. Our city government is usually been a rabble, and rarely deserves to succeed; but Milwaukee, a city of half a million inhabitants, is in the hands of Socialists who are making their economic theories.
respected. The majority in the late Congress was the tool of the trusts, as the Payne-Aldrich tariff law demonstrated, and the Morgans and Guggenheims are bending every effort to keep the remnant of our public domain; but the popular revolt is driving corrupt senators and congressmen out of office, and the conservation of natural resources has become the leading political issue in the nation.

Europe has too often formed its opinions of America from the thin strip along the Atlantic coast represented in the thirteen English colonies. To understand political America in the year 1910, read not the Boston, New York and Philadelphia newspapers, but the party platform of the Wisconsin Republic and the records of successful insurrection throughout the Middle West and in California and Oregon.

In short, I am on the spot, I have a stake on the result, and I do not despair of America. I only despair of

JOHN D. ADAMS.

Articles of the Week.


DIMMET, the Abbé ERNEST, "M. Jaurès as Hero," Saturday Review, Oct. 22.


PARES, BERNARD, "Prof. Muroumteff: An Outstanding Figure in the Russian Reform Movement," Westminster Gazette, Oct. 20.


Miscellaneous Advertisements.


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