NOTES OF THE WEEK.

George IV., while he was regent, made a bet with Sheridan that he would interpolate the exhortation "Baa, baa, black sheep" into his King's Speech. He did so and won his bet. We should not be a bit surprised if George V., with or without a bet, should feel inclined to do the same. Of black sheep, both in the sense of deliberately wandering and in the sense of kind to perish alone. He is a gregarious hero and may be expected to risk a multitude with him.

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The political events of this year may not have been formulated item by item, but the rough outline of the year's entertainment was certainly discussed and fixed. As evidence of this we could point, if we liked, to certain complacent remarks made by people in the know as well as to innocent little sentences in the political articles of the "Times"; but perhaps the most unmistakable proof of mutual arrangement lies in a glance at the public ceremonies of the coming year. The Coronation for one thing is to be held in June, and already Society is living solely in anticipation of it. Politics in Society has taken the back seat, where it will remain for at least a year. Then there is the Colonial Conference, which again is likely to mop up a good deal of interest which otherwise would run to domestic politics. Lastly, there is the significant fact - the creation of a controlling Moderate Party, proves that politics were anticipated to give any real trouble. The conclusion is plain: the course of domestic politics has been mapped out and not all the Mr. Garvins will be able this time easily to divert it.

But we also said that if the Conference had not succeeded in what was obviously its intention of breaking up the party system, it had, nevertheless, pronounced its doom. So momentous a decision was not to be grasped at once by journalists, and we do not complain that they remain still playing on the fringes of the subject. All their talk, in fact, of what they persist in speaking of as Government by Consent, or as the creation of a group of moderates independent of either party and sufficiently strong to deter-
is government by minority, and is open to all the objections urged against the supposed control of the present Liberal Government by the Irish vote. That is not what is meant either by Government by Consent or Moderate Government; at least, by those who know what they are talking about.

* * *

Let us make the subject a little clearer. It was evident from the moment that the question of the Veto of the House of Lords was seriously raised that here was a problem for which the usual party procedure was never designed. Party procedure had been tacitly or explicitly abandoned already in the case of Foreign policy, and to a certain extent in the case of the Army and Navy. The merest pretense at party difference serves now in all these areas of government. The question now was: should the Constitution be similarly lifted out of the party field and treated as practically a non-contentious subject? The decision, as we say, became urgent the moment it appeared probable that otherwise one party would be driven to attack the Constitution on purely party grounds. There proved, we now know, to be several immediate objections. If in addition to Foreign affairs, the Army and the Navy, the Constitution were also by front bench agreement to be excluded from the party system, what earthly object remained for continuing the party system at all? Not only what object could be served, but how could the party system in regard to the sole remaining subject of legislation, namely, social reform, be justified in the eyes of the electorate? It is all very well to abolish party when it conflicts with interests about which the oligarchy cares most; in that case, why should it not also be abolished when it conflicts, as it certainly does, with the interests of the mass of the nation? Why, for instance, should the question of the relations of the two Houses be settled by mutual consent and the vastly more important question of, let us say, Poor Law Reform, left to be interminably wrangled over by contending parties? In short, if party was to be abolished in the Constitutional question, it should also be abolished in every question.

* * *

But that unfortunately was not the view of the pestiferous little groups of peers and commons who were consulted during the progress of the Conference itself. We believe it to be the fact that the eight members of the Conference were fully prepared and indeed anxious to scuttle once and for all the bad old party system. Each quartette was aware of the existence in its party of a section of fighting jackasses who would never be satisfied unless politics remained a Kilkenny fair; but it was hoped that these sections would prove too small to be effective. They turned out to be too strong, and for the moment at any rate the attempt was abandoned after much disposition in regard to the future had been made as might possibly assure the ultimate success of the idea. What exactly the Conference, if it had been completely successful, would have created was, as Mr. Belloc for one rightly surmised, a Coalition, a coalition, too, which as time went on would gradually have formed a true Centre party, consisting of the bulk of the members of both Houses and coherent enough to be able to ignore the extremists of the Right and Left. Nothing could, in fact, have been better if such a conclusion had been possible. It remains to be seen whether by another route the country may not arrive at the same goal.

The failure of the parties to agree to abolish the present party system in regard to all questions left the Liberal party in particular no option but to preserve for the present the party system in regard to the Constitutional question. That is what, however, Mr. Garvin and his colleagues decline to see. They continue to whine pathetically for the admission of Government by Consent in reference to the Lords at the very same time that they are redoubling their efforts to maintain Government by Dissent in reference to everything else. They want, in fact, to cat their cake and have it too. But that is impossible, and until they are disposed frankly to abandon the party system, it is by the party system that constitutional, along with social questions, must be settled. On these grounds let us see, first, what hopes of a settlement can be fairly entertained; and secondly, what may be expected to arise out of the settlement.

* * *

We have already said that the main heads of the Government’s Parliament Bill have been agreed upon by the two Front Benches. This means that unless Mr. Garvin can again stampede the Lords the Bill will go through after a good deal of discussion without resort to the Royal prerogative. What are the chances that Mr. Garvin will succeed? If argument is anything it is certain that Mr. Garvin will fail for lack of it. His prestige as a strategist must surely have suffered somewhat from his lamentable handling of the opposition to the Budget. At his instigation mainly the peers were induced to throw out a Budget which for various reasons was popular as no Budget ever has been; a Budget, moreover, that affected the Lords only to the extent of about a halfpenny in the pound. For the sake of that halfpenny the Lords, under Mr. Garvin’s direction, actually risked their existence. Are they likely, in view of the result, to confide in Mr. Garvin again? Again, we have to repeat our contention that the Lords have nothing whatever to gain by throwing out the Parliament Bill. Conceivably they stood to a thousand objections urged against the supposed control of the Parliament Bill the situation now was set for settlement can be fairly entertained; such differences would obviously only arise when a majority of the
elected Lords opposed the Commons. Who would settle the matter then? Yet this appears to be the best alternative of which the Unionist genius is capable.

In the absence of anything more sensible than that, the Parliament Bill as it stands must hold the field. Only two alternatives, in fact, and both wildly improbable, exist. One is for Mr. Balfour, this time with the consent of his party, openly to invite the Liberal party to a joint and public conference with the declared object of substituting a permanent Coalition Government of moderate men on both sides for party government in regard to all matters. The other is to persuade the Government to proceed simultaneously declared object of substituting by open and popular consent was almost possible some months ago, its abolition will be a crying public need by the time the present Government is out of office. It is inconceivable that his rag-tag and bob-tail should permit Mr. Balfour to throw over Tariff Reform—a first condition of a Coalition—if even Mr. Balfour had the moral courage to do so. And it is inconceivable that the rank and file of the Liberal Coalition should permit its leaders to endanger the abolition of the veto by uniting the work with the reconstruction of the Second Chamber; in other words, to convert the Preamble of the Parliament Bill into a parallel and complementary constructive measure. Both alternatives, as we say, are wildly improbable. It is inconceivable that his rag-tag and bob-tail should permit Mr. Balfour to throw over Tariff Reform—a first condition of a Coalition—if even Mr. Balfour had the moral courage to do so. And it is inconceivable that the rank and file of the Liberal Coalition should permit its leaders to endanger the abolition of the veto by uniting the work with the reconstruction of the Second Chamber. Since the Liberals have been driven to attempt a party solution of the constitutional question, they would be mad to throw away their chance of success by consenting to discuss the Preamble in the form of a Bill. We have already some weeks ago considered and dismissed that plan.

There remains nothing for it, then, so far as we can see, but for the Government to push through its Bill with as little friction, but also with as little loss of time as possible. To the Caesar of the party system the irreconcilable have appealed, and by its decision they will have to be bound. Let us see now what may result from it. With the Veto of the Lords out of the way, the course will be clear during the present Parliament for a pretty radical reconstruction of the political situation. We are certainly not so sanguine as to prophesy that the present Government will remain in office for four years, or that, even if it does, all the immediate problems will be solved. But we may take it as probable, given a fairly long period of office, that Mr. Asquith's Cabinet will succeed in disposing of Home Rule and in simplifying the electoral system. We may omit, as irrelevant to the present discussion, such measures as Welsh Disestablishment, Unemployment Insurance, and the like, since they have no bearing on the developing political situation. We hope, further, that we may omit as outside the field of immediate politics the reconstruction of the Second Chamber. The practical need for any alteration in the composition of the House of Lords is yet to be demonstrated when its absolute Veto is removed.

Now we undertake to say that the first effect of an administration such as we conceive the present Cabinet embarked upon would be the very contrary of that usually supposed. If the abolition of the party system by open and popular consent was possible some months ago, its abolition will be a crying public need by the time the present Government is out of office. Everything, in fact, will conspire to draw together into a single national party all the sane and moderate elements which for the moment appear to be and are in truth divided. The natural fear that men will have lest in the absence of the Veto of the Lords and in the presence of a possibly vastly increased electorate the extremists may rule, will infallibly tend to unite the moderate men on both sides. And their numbers and weight will be such that they will certainly, when united, be able to despise the cranks, faddists, and fanatics, whether of the Liberal or of the Tory side. What would this union result in if not in what people are now pleased to call a coalition? And we contend that it is not only a natural outcome of the present tendencies, but it is a desirable outcome. If the leaders on both sides are wise and patriotic they will do nothing to jeopardise the happy issue, and everything to ensure it.

For if all sensible men have the same religion, it is no less true that all sensible men have the same politics. And the politics can be stated if the religion cannot be. What are the objects on which the mass of Englishmen engaged in governing or in being governed are agreed, and that form the real basis of a good government by consent? To maintain our national security; to create and maintain an Imperial Commonwealth; to secure to British subjects the world over, fair conditions of trade and travel, these involving naturally the desire to ensure enlightened government in all foreign countries; at home, to organise government, property, industry, and the natural resources of England and Englishmen to secure to all citizens reasonably equal opportunities of health, intelligence, and happiness; to guarantee individual liberty to the fullest extent compatible with the stability of society. Is there, as Socrates used to ask, anything else that a government need do? And the answer is, Nothing. We know, and our readers know, that these are the desires of our people. It should go hard with mere politicians if, when the way becomes open, they again attempt to close it. If Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour should refuse, why not ask Mr. Burns to take up the job?

[Next week's issue of The New Age will contain a special 6pp. Supplement, consisting of a Symposium edited by Mr. Huntly Carter on "Woman's Suffrage and Militancy." Readers who are not regular subscribers are warned to order their copies early, as the edition cannot be reprinted.]

THE SUN-BOY.

Once as I wended, sick with care,
I saw something glistin in the air;
Like a sky-ladder of golden web spun;
And he came dancing down from the sun!

He came so fast he could hardly be seen—
A little sun-boy (if this could have been)—
In the twinkle of an eye, in a glory of yellow:
A tiny sun-boy, a little sun-fellow!

Now whether he was but an imp of the brain,
Which could not away with such sickening care,
This only I know—that I saw him up there;
And I wish I could see him again.

E. H. VISIAK.

HOPE.

Since all my golden dreams are flown,
And gone are all the magic days;
Since the broad radiance of my sun
Is dwindled to a deathly haze—
Then what in the wintry world am I
But a wanderer under an alien sky?

Since I can mourn with poignant pain,
Since I do think the light that shone
In cloister climes will shine again—
Then what in the wizard world can I
But eagerly scan the dim glass of the sky?

E. H. VISIAK.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdaz.

From a small voice in the National Liberal Club a day or two ago when I was present: "I know what he means by some of the things he writes but I can't make out this negative and positive policy. . . ."

They were discussing me, and I moved away. The puzzled gentleman was not more puzzled than Sir Edward Grey was when M. Cambon endeavoured to show him a positive and negative peace. Strange that these things should be so well known on the Continent, isn't it? Only the Continental Democracies are so much better educated than ours, and you can hardly read a paper or any standing work without finding international affairs discussed with sanity and perspicacity.

Every powerful Democracy, except the English, has grasped the elementary fact that, if it is the primary duty of a government to secure the safety of the State, then International affairs are more important than home affairs. Injustice, oppression, and tyranny within a State, except in quite exceptional circumstances, can, after all, affect only particular classes in that State. But neglect of foreign events, or the failure to estimate the possible international affairs, may lead to an ultimate subjugation of the State. This is but saying in other words that a nation may be as confused and embittered as it likes regarding its own internal policy; but in international politics it must be prepared to act as one man. If a war broke out between Germany and France to-morrow, for instance, the two nations would face one another solidly. The anti-militarists in France, and the Social Democrats in Germany would be swept aside, for group policy has not a very strong hold on the people of either country. Thus, in spite of the recent changes in the French Cabinet, M. Pichon has always been retained as Foreign Minister. The home policy of France turned and twisted and writhed; the foreign policy remained the same as before.

Here, unfortunately, we are not yet educated so well. Foreign politics are looked upon by the Conservatives from an Imperialistic standpoint, and this sometimes leads to results which are not altogether unprofitable. They are looked upon by the Liberals from a Christian Science point of view, for Liberal Cabinets are always feverishly endeavouring to convince themselves "that things are not so bad as they seem, even if they have to do so against the evidence of their own eyes." The Liberals also cast sidelong glances at foreign affairs from a humanitarian standpoint, and in this connection it is sometimes sought to put into practice certain altruistic schemes held by a small section of the population here and in the U.S.A., and by no other Power is the world wide. It happened during the Balkan squabble that the English Cabinet vacillated, because the humanitarians in it could not think of going even to help the allies of Great Britain. They are looked upon by the Liberals from a Christian Science point of view, but they are not really looked upon by the Liberals from an Imperialistic standpoint. They are looked upon by the Liberals from a Christian Science point of view, and they are not really looked upon by the Liberals from an Imperialistic standpoint.
imposed narrow limits have marked the movement from the beginning. The forces of the revolt are big, but they have been confined in a straight channel and have been deflected by doubts and paralyzing influences. I am announcing no new discovery; I have made no new discovery. There were many women who felt this dimly from the first, but who chose to be silent, blinded by hope and admiration in the face of action, and by a cowardice in the face of abuse. The other side is always that of the moment, but they are still silent, because they are too busy doing to think, or because the atmosphere of emotional excess has been too strong for them. But such doubts should not have been accepted by the revolutionary forces. The particular kind of militant action is not a condemnation of militancy; other lines of revolt could have been initiated and followed. This was possible in the early days, and the whole movement might have been re-made by sufficiently strong action; while now at this stage in the purely suffrage fight it is too late to try to begin again. Many ways of action have been blocked, many militant ideas have been seized upon and misunderstood, many weapons have been misused, an atmosphere that will take long to dissipate has been created. For the wider emancipation movement the moment may come again, but for the present the woman’s rebellion has been brought down to the level of politics, and this stage has been reached at that cost.

I have already stated that the revolutionary forces in the movement are exploited for the purposes of advertisement. I need only give three facts for those who hesitate to accept this conclusion. The singular practice in Mrs. Pankhurst’s society for all militant demonstrations to be publicly announced beforehand by the agency of the Press, by posters, by handbills widely distributed, and by various other attractive devices. Is this the method of revolution or stage management? If these means were employed for the summoning of the enemy is thrown away by this method, and the authorities are always given sufficient notice to enable them to reduce the protest to the level of a stereotyped Palace Yard performance. This preliminary announcement in itself is sufficient proof that militancy is not intended to achieve anything more serious than advertisement. Militancy is always intended to produce the maximum of effect for the minimum of work done. A revolutionary movement would consider the work to be achieved and leave the effect to take care of itself. It would not hinge its chief demonstrations of discomfiture on some technical legal point, some political usage or custom; it would hinge them upon its great basic right. It would fling its defiance into any direction in which it could do the most damage upon the barriers set up against it. It would strike to destroy, and not to advertise. The big human revolt would be the real thing, the advertisement a non-essential effect. The third fact to be noted is that the burden of disorder deliberately planned is always publicly transferred after its occurrence to the shoulders of the police and the Government. This is neither revolution nor consistency, nor does it show a high standard of honour. Revolution should never be ashamed of itself. It should never evade responsibility, but stand frankly upon the human right of insurrection against any imposed injustice. It should glory in its deeds of revolt. If the object for which militancy is undertaken does not justify these methods of revolution, these methods of revolution cannot be justified by the use of the name. It is farcical for the phrases of revolution to be grandiloquently employed upon every possible occasion while the resulting deeds are explained away or degraded by some technical legal point. Only one thing is true: the same time be the aggressor and the innocent victim. I do not condemn advertisement; I regard it as a necessary evil in our modern large communities. I do not condemn militancy; I approve of it with all my mind and all my strength. But I do condemn the exploitation of the mere revolutionary spirit and the revolutionary idea for mere advertising purposes, and I do condemn the policy of claiming the revolutionary glory while repudiating the revolutionary responsibility.

It is only on this ground that militancy must be absolved from both these reproaches: it has never used militancy for advertisement—and has, indeed, lost both money and popularity by this abstention; and it has never pretended that it was aiming at anything but protests. Militancy in this society has failed to do its work, and to rise to the height of revolution, because of divided councils, red-tape democracy, and an incapacity to emancipate itself from the emotional influences of the Social and Political Union, but it has not been cloaked under the respectable guise of deputations, or used as the beating of the big drum.

No observer of the militant movement can deny certain outstanding questions. They have the power to turn converts into followers, and followers into worshippers. They refuse to know when they are beaten or when they have made mistakes. They can live up to amazing pretensions, which would subdue greater and more sensitive women, without a quiver or a blush. They have shouldered a huge responsibility with cool courage. They have demonstrated the woman’s capacity to play the political game, and have outshone the male politician in the capacity for hustle and advertisement. That is as adept in the use of flattery and sentiment and suggestion as any ministers of the most effete government or superstition. But, in spite of all these qualities and their tactics, the militant movement, if it did not have the first year of application if it had not been for the co-operation of the Government, and especially of the Home Office. Lord Gladstone must be credited with much of this responsibility. Without his assistance the militancy of effect rather than execution would have been played out long ago, even for the purposes of publicity. He magnified technical offences into crimes. He exalted demonstrators into martyrs. He made the sufferings of the public appear silly, and sheepish, and vindictive, and the women greater than their deeds. He played the part of a big school bully, by contrast with whom the women, like ordinary schoolboys, become heroes.

My initial dislike of the lines of militancy, suggested and later applied by Miss Pankhurst, was strengthened by the fear that action based upon them would be extinguished in laughter tempered by benevolence. I did not believe it possible to believe in anything so gross as militancy, even for the purposes of publicity. He magnified even for the purposes of publicity. He magnified technical generalities into crimes. He exalted demonstrators into martyrs. He made the sufferings of the public appear silly, and sheepish, and vindictive, and the women greater than their deeds. He played the part of a big school bully, by contrast with whom the women, like ordinary schoolboys, become heroes.

I have already stated that the revolutionary forces in the movement are exploited for the purposes of advertisement. I need only give three facts for those who hesitate to accept this conclusion. The singular practice in Mrs. Pankhurst’s society for all militant demonstrations to be publicly announced beforehand by the agency of the Press, by posters, by handbills widely distributed, and by various other attractive devices. Is this the method of revolution or stage management? This was possible in the early days, and the whole movement might have been re-made by sufficiently strong action; while now at this stage in the purely suffrage fight it is too late to try to begin again. Many ways of action have been blocked, many militant ideas have been seized upon and misunderstood, many weapons have been misused, an atmosphere that will take long to dissipate has been created. For the wider emancipation movement the moment may come again, but for the present the woman’s rebellion has been brought down to the level of politics, and this stage has been reached at this cost.

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only the small violations which can be effectively con-
tested with the greater ones committed by the Govern-
ment. This is not advance; it is the seeking of a new
thrill for the public, and a new chain for the women
who pay the price.

Just as there has been something monstrous in the
lines of activity so there has been present an element of
ruthless and blind. The sacrificial that may be called
for in a rebellion are out of all proportion in a
publicity campaign.

Where the rebel leader would be extolled for a courageous conquering of natural emotion, the advertising agent will seek justification in, vain. In
this movement the leaders have always appeared to be
more tender of heart to the enemy than to the women in
the ranks. It is not any sufficient excuse for this error
of urge that the leaders concerned sacrifice themselves as
well as their followers and the lesser state to gain
much more than the rest, and for themselves, under
these circumstances, the sacrifice may be worth while.
It is not a small thing to secure that you shall go down
the ages, to the exclusion of all other suffragists, as the
winners of votes for women.

By obtaining the parliamentary vote for women, militancy, it is claimed, will open for them a new
heaven and a new earth. I have no desire to belittle the
effects of a movement which is the expression of the
principle of sex-equality, but the prophecies of
protagonists with regard to the effects of legislation are
generally over-rosy. They are made without full
recognition of the British character, and the same time
the hotch-potch of contradictory laws and
principles, and refusing to follow out to its logical
conclusion any course of thought. But in the
controversy as to whether votes for women will be
worth the price already paid for them a great deal of vague
theorising has been indulged in, while the probabilities
have not been seriously enquired into. These can be
best determined by a study of women suffragists them-
selves, and the results of their efforts, and the same time
the admission of women is being steadily sacrificed
by the policy and atmosphere in which
woman's emancipation is needed
lie entirely outside the scope of the vote.

They forget that a slave woman with a vote will still be essentially
a slave. They do not recognise that the woman with a
restricted outlook can only express herself within its
limits, and that the crude shallowness, sex-opinionism,
and resentment which pass for enthusiasm among them,
do not supply the basis for a programme of genuine
emancipation by law-making. The frenzied rush for
tickets is not carrying women more deeply into the
problems that confront them; it is carrying them over the
top. Facts and figures, serious investigation, con-
consideration of other existences, are all foreign to the atmosphere of hurry. The future law-
maker would be the better for a period of calm.

The consistent believers in the complete emancipation
of women do not form a large proportion of the suffra-
gist rank and file. The greater number of suffragists are
of the political variety, and many of these have
very limited aspirations. Those women who claim
equal rights and are eager to achieve them, and who are
more in the position of which releases and responsibilities which are
sex-equality must bring are the
promise of the whole movement. But they are making
an ill preparation for the future by submitting to a
policy of avoidance of fundamentals, a policy of suppressing which will
commit them to evasion and hypocrisy. It is recognised by the leaders
that it is impossible to get votes in a hurry if you
frighten the weaklings, or to concentrate attention upon
one line of work without cutting off the
whole line. So the weaklings go in ignorance, and the vital things
are neglected. Upon every question of grave
importance there is either disunion or silence among suffra-
gists; and it is generally silence from the morbid, un
mature, or the silent cause of confusion.

The forces which would make for the best kind of legislation, which
would prepare the future elector to destroy and to con-
struct with knowledge and insight, are dammed up at
their source; they are sacrificed for a mere temporary
advantage.

Those women for whose sake the chains of silence are
imposed, are merely out for the parliamentary vote, preferably on the present or a narrower basis. They
want the vote because they rightly object to the sense of
personal degradation which is involved in its denial.
They will use the vote to further their sex or their
class, or for some special measure in which they are
interested; but that is all. The matter is a purely
personal one to them; their clamour for change will
cease as soon as the personal is realised.

There is no revolutionary zeal in this large class; in
politics and industry and social and sexual affairs it
would stand for things as they are. It would oppose
the admission of women into Parliament, and seriously
resent the widening of the franchise to include an
economically inferior class of women. The payment of
equal wages to men and women for the same work
would be condemned as impracticable, even if desirable,
and the emancipation of the domestic servant would be
strenuously opposed. These women would prefer that
home conditions and the family tyranny should remain
unchanged, and that sex matters should continue un-
discussed. They would carry women away from the burdens
which accompany the establishment and the recognition
of independence of woman. They would use all their
power and influence for the continuance of the condi-
tions under which women are kept by men for sex uses,
and would be the most bitter of opponents to any
programme that is superior to legal or economic compulsion.

Between these narrow personal and political suffra-
gists and the true feminists there stands a second much
smaller class of women who would accept some such
programme of reform as that embodied by Lady
McLaren in her Women's Charter. But while accepted
in spirit even this moderate, and in some suggestions
retrogressive, programme is considered too advanced
to be advocated in public. It has been neglected and
pushed aside by all the suffragist associations, and the
militant societies have been the worst offenders. A
similar attitude has been manifested on other occasions.
It is deserving of note that neither of the militant groups
sent any representative to give evidence before the
Divorce Commission; and when, in 1908, Mrs. Despard
took up the case of Daisy Lord there was no other
prominent suffragist who shared her advocacy, and
much disapproval of the intrusion of such a matter into
suffrage propaganda was expressed, not by the high-
and-dry conservative ladies, but by the "advanced."

These are the conditions in which the forces later to be
employed for the shaping of the vote and the\nresults, but they have allowed themselves to be blinded
by emotion and carried off their feet by numbers, and
they have given themselves to the game of boastful
arrogant hurry and let it go unchecked. They have refused to see that they are tying their own hands
against the future, that as the first cry of urgency has
been used so will the second and the third be used to
silence and chain them in the same way, that ever they
will be selling the great whole for the little immediate
part and robbing that part of its greater value by the
honest suppression. On their shoulders will rest much
heavy responsibility if they refuse to break away.

The need of the women's wider movement is that they
should stand at the side of the reformers, and that they should, for some little time, act as sturdy
critics to awaken the forces of self-questioning. Only
by these means can the danger-tide be stayed.

(THE NEW AGE.  JANUARY 26, 1911.)
How to re-organise the Opposition.

By T. H. S. Escott.

*In Europe starving multitudes clamorous for free exchange; in America the Republicans sent to the right-about for their Protectionist affinities. The movement looks abroad reflected in the fall of stocks at home;—these are the circumstances under which our heaven-born leader who has lost us three elections shows everyone that he still thinks he can play the peers' and publicans' approach of the meeting of Parliament current against stances under which our heaven-born leader who has Mr. Balfour in many country houses and in some London clubs. History, of course, shows it to be the Tory way. Their treatment of Bolingbroke and Clarendon in the seventeenth century are the two classical instances of the ingratitude with which the Conservatives have always treated those who have exhausted themselves in their service. Next came the howlings, yellings, and hisses which crushed the life out of their first man of genius since Bolingbroke, George Canning. Sir Robert Peel, of course, had the same measure reserved to him. Coming nearer to the present time, Benjamin Disraeli, but for the peculiar brain and nerve conformation of his race, would have participated in the common lot. He, however, refused to be bullied, crushed, or dictated to. Before his great triumph over Gladstonianism in 1874 he proclaimed from several platforms that if the Conservatives preferred someone else to his leader they had only to find him, adding at the same time that, under circumstances like those then existing, the leader of the Opposition was not appointed, not in the lobbies of St. Stephen's, in the clubs of Pall Mall, or the electoral headquarters of the party in Whitehall, but by the country. After Disraeli came the universally respected statesman who died Lord Iddesleigh. The seeds of death were visibly sown by the hands of the Fourth Party in Sir Stafford Northcote during the scenes of blundering and futile, and absurd efforts to show Charles Bradlaugh from taking his seat. A year or two later the injury sustained in these encounters declared itself to be more serious than any of his enemies dreamt, and those who, on that February afternoon in Pall Mall, when he had breathed his last, knew that he had been done to death by the persecutions originating in the state upon him of the Fourth Party.

Lord Randolph Churchill's turn came next. Admirers, flatterers, parasites, even candid friends, these he had in plenty. He could only boast a single counsellor at once shrewd, disinterested, and sagacious, the happily still surviving Sir John E. Gorst. Had that gentleman's advice been followed, not only but now, two things might have turned out differently. In the first place, there might never have arisen the worries which laid Randolph Churchill on a premature deathbed, and there might have been no lethal end to a sickness not mortal in its first beginnings, whose proper treatment, as Sir John Gorst and others who shared his practical wisdom perceived, was not a series of exciting adventures in South Africa, but a few months of restful vegetation in a secluded farm house. The gallant patient, said the medical wisecracks, had lived too long in adventure to be able to exist without it. Secondly, even after Randolph Churchill's doom was fixed by those who, humbly speaking, have been instrumental in averting or indefinitely delaying it, Sir John Gorst's wisdom and experience, if availed of by those at whose disposal it was placed, might have resulted in the avoidance of most of the defects of the callous boxes, with the sequel of Conservative impotence in Parliament. The great Conservative triumph of 1874 gave the Tories, for the first time in thirty years, not only place but power. It was Pteet's day and they came back from the constituencies to Westminster with a majority large and compact enough to make them masters of the situation. That was due, more than to any other single cause, Sir John Gorst's instance, of the electioneering tactics associated with their defeat in 1868. In that year the lesson of misfortune began to be learnt in time. The one bright spot in the Conservative discomfiture had been the Conservative victories at Blackburn, Bolton, Salford, Preston, Ashton, Stalybridge, Warrington, and Liverpool. These boroughs had for some time possessed political organisations of their own, not blighted by the patronage of landowners. Labour had without any encouragement from the Central Office in London. Between 1868 and 1874 Conservative associations on the Lancashire model grew up in every part of England, and one might have supposed the time of not being recognised by Toryism's aristocratic chiefs. This, as Sir John Gorst was quick to perceive and point out, was really a blessing in disguise. There did not exist the temptation of wasting time and energy in organising local fêtes, only to be snubbed by the Tory big-wigs of the neighbourhood. The provincial workers, who were the backbone of popular Toryism, were thus driven to the serious business of registration and mobilisation, and thus prepared for an election contest. When that came in 1874, it ended, to the utter amazement of the aristocrats on the winning side, in the victory just characterised. Of course, the men who had stood aloof since 1868 now rushed in to share the spoils. Disraeli's administration was dominated by county members and peers, to the practical exclusion and with scarcely a thought of the humber beings who had planned and fought the campaign. As things then commenced, so they continued. The obsolete and mischiefous distinction between county and borough M.P.'s revived itself. Social influence became more powerful day by day. Independence of party thought ligited with conscious punishment. To point out the decay of the new Conservative associations under the stifling patronage of peers and millionaires was represented as heresy. The requirements of landowners received an obtrusive prefer- ence over the wishes and wants of the people at large. So it has continued ever since on a crescendo scale. To these general causes, rather than to any particular mistakes in Mr. Balfour's electoral strategy, the third defeat to which the Opposition chief has added his followers is attributed by all those having any real knowledge of current politics, behind as well as before the footlights.

It is, as 'I have shown, in strict accordance with Conservative precedent that Mr. Balfour should now be visited with opprobrium from his mortified followers, but it is also not less unjust than it is natural. In the spirit of reaction from his old Randolphian associations, he has to his own and party's loss persistently gone in a direction exactly opposite to that which it might have been expected would find favour with his old associates of Fourth Party days. Thus, and thus alone, can one rationally explain his attitude on the education, the licensing, and the fiscal projects of the time. Mr. A. A. Baumann's reappearance in the electoral lists will serve for a reminder with many that, though untrumped by advertisement, there are still available for Conservatism much of the brains, the courage, the originality, and resourcefulness which a few years since gave the party its life, soul, and popular attractiveness. Already it will have occurred to close and thoughtful observers of the Parliamentary position that the true check upon single chamber tyranny may after all be most effectively found not in the body on which Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and others are supported, but in the assembly in which the denounced despotism resides. The bureaucratic tendencies of the time, the omnipotence of the perma- nent official, the original Cabinet boxes, the peculiar tam- macy in every stage and variety of legislation may be controlled and counteracted after a far more drastic fashion in the popular than in the hereditary House, even when that House is qualified by an admixture, however liberal, of the elective element.
The Affair of the Fly.
By Alfred Ollivant.

It was shortly after midnight yesterday that news came to the Birkbeck Police Station in the heart of the East End of London that a strange Fly, answering the description, had settled in a room on the top-floor of a house in Melbourne Street.

A woman falling in this room was wakened to the presence of danger by the crying of her baby.

She lit a match to find the Fly crawling upon her baby’s head, and gave the alarm at once.

On being cross-examined at the station she said that she was certain that it was resisted by the Police; for it was not a blue-bottle or a common house-fly, the properties and characteristics of which she knew well, having studied them under the London School Board. Therefore it must be an alien. And she described it minutely—its hairy legs, its fat yellowish body, and green glistening head.

Pursued by the police as reflected commendable promptitude and caution. Within half-an-hour of the receipt of the news a force of 500 constables, armed with repeating rifles and automatic pistols, had formed a cordon round the building in which the doomed Fly had found its last retreat.

It then became urgent and necessary to remove the other occupants from the building before the siege could be prosecuted to its inevitably bloody end. Quietly and quickly this was effected; the Fly, as yet unalarmed, offering no resistance.

One by one the occupants were roused, warned of their danger, and escorted safely to the street. One inmate only gave trouble. She was a seamstress, giving the name of Ada Smith, who occupied a back room on the top floor.

Being warned of the presence of a dangerous Fly in the adjoining room, she said she didn’t care a hang! Finally to come downstairs by a trick—being told that there was a young man at the back-door who wished to speak to her. The young man turned out to be a detective, who forthwith attempted to arrest her. Ada Smith refused to be arrested, thereby confirming the suspicions of the Police already roused by her language on the top-floor. The Southern Constabulary were then hastily called out; and the woman, after a long struggle, was removed in custody.

Later in the day the desperate character of Ada Smith, alias, it is said, Jenny Jones of Wales, was put beyond dispute. A man giving the name of Jack, describing himself as a working tailor in George Street, came to the station and repeated the statement that he knew her well as a person without a past, and that he knew her well as a person without a past. The energetic young Home Secretary immediately took charge of the operations. In conjunction with that fine old warrior, the Chief Commissioner of Police, Sir Dugald Doughty, V.C., he made his plans.

But just when he was ready to strike, it was suggested that the whole thing was a hoax got up by a practical joke to make the Police of London the laughing stock of Europe.

Someone went even so far as to hazard that the Fly was not there after all; or if a Fly was there that it might not be the wanted Fly. The matter was soon put beyond dispute.

A determined Police Officer crept up the stairs on his hands and knees, listened at the door, and heard the Fly buzzing within.

There was no doubt now; it was do or die. Men spat in their hands, and gripped their rifles.

Just as the sun rose, a bugle sounded the Commence Firing. The Home Secretary himself opened the ball with a sighting shot from an elephant gun. He hit the house opposite, in which the doomed fly was marking its last stand; but it was left to a veteran marksman of the Police, who in his day had been runner-up for the Queen’s Prize at Bisley, to smash the window of the room in which the renegade had its lodgement. This he did after the battle had raged a quarter of an hour or so; and the sound of breaking glass raised a loud cheer from the fighting-men busy behind their rifles all down the street.

For the first time for 100 years the citizens of London were roused by the rattle of musketry in the heart of their city.

The first thought of most was that the Germans had come at last; and the bulk of men determined to stay in bed at all costs, fearing that the streets might be dangerous. Others with that froide bravoure, which old Froissart tells us is the characteristic of their race, flocked in their fool-hardy thousands to the seat of the fighting.

When it was known that the Fly was bagged at last, the excitement in the West End was intense.

Evening newspapers were issued at the breakfast-hour, recounting the progress of the engagement. Retired officers of the Army and Navy gathered in uniform at their clubs to read the latest from the Front, and bombarded the War Office with offers of their services.

About 9 a.m. the Cease Fire sounded, the supply of ammunition having run out. And it was then known that Mr. Winston Churchill regarded the situation as critical.

The house was riddled with bullets; but no apparent impression had been made upon the Fly within.

After a hasty consultation, in view of the seriousness of the position, the Home Secretary, with his natural reluctance decided to call up the Army, and himself retired to put on his trousers.

The Military Authorities were most prompt. By 9.30 the Aldershott Division had been entrained, the Salisbury Division mobilized, and the Guards Brigade was on the march from Windsor, Chelsea, and Waterloo barracks.

A great roar of cheering rose from the waiting thousands when it was known that Lord Kitchener was going to take command. And the rumour that Lord Roberts on hearing of the appointment had retired by special train to the North of Scotland was at once discredited.

It was about 11 a.m. that Lord Kitchener took up his new command. Hustling up on his motor-bike, his cap with its long ear-flaps pulled down far over his face, the great soldier was scarcely recognised behind his goggles.

But his presence soon made itself felt. Taking up his position on the roof of the Red Lion in a commanding if somewhat exposed position, with the long telescope through which he had first sighted the walls of Khartoum and the entrenchments of Paardeberg, he was able to locate the Fly upon the ceiling of the room.

Concentrating his fire, he was soon in a position to telegraph to His Majesty, awaiting developments anxiously at a window at Buckingham Palace:

"Have the situation well in hand."
His Majesty replied in characteristic fashion:—

"Am sending 'Dreadnought' to you to aid."

And indeed the Navy, always to the fore, had already proffered assistance. A plucky sub-lieutenant, who refused to give his name, had offered to lead an attack by submarines. But after an expert had given it as his opinion that it was doubtful if such an attack would prove successful on land, the Admiralty Board somewhat reluctantly rejected the offer:

At noon the German Emperor telegraphed, offering advice and the assistance of Herr Jagow, Chief of the Berlin Police. His Imperial Majesty concluded:—"The Fly is known to me personally. A very dangerous character."

The Emperor's offer was not cordially received.

At one, Lord Kitchener, feeling that the fire preparations had been sufficiently severe to warrant such a course, determined to launch an assault; and it was said that his determination was hurried on by the knowledge that if he had not won by two o'clock, he was to make way for Lord Roberts.

Five hundred Policemen were picked for the envied and honourable task. There were some touching scenes as the married men of the chosen five hundred said good-bye to their wives in a back-street; while the bachelors among them shook hands and, with each other, their comrades, and the crowd—which now numbered some millions.

Happily there was no need to have recourse to this somewhat barbarous proceeding.

The Fly was at its last gasp.

Just as the assault was about to be launched, flames spurted through the windows of the doomed house.

In half an hour the roof fell in.

By two o'clock firing had ceased, and the strange battle was over.

Shortly afterwards the charred remains of the Fly were carried out of the ruined building in a coffin borne upon the shoulders of four war-grimed Policemen.

LATER.

In the afternoon an inquest on the body was held in the parlour of the Red Lion, Stepney. An enormous crowd watched the proceedings from outside.

The Coroner opened the inquiry by making a statement which created a sensation.

He said that the results of chemical analysis which had just been brought to him revealed the fact that the charred remains in the match-box he held in his hand were not fly after all, but plaster.

A Juror: "Plaister of Paris?"

The Coroner: "No, sir. Plaister from the ceiling."

He went on to add that America had doubtless been found in the debris of the demolished house, which the Police were still diligently searching.

The same Juror then asked if there was any evidence that the Fly had ever been there.

The Coroner: "Yes, sir. There was incontrovertible evidence. A Police Officer crept to the door in the early hours of the morning and heard the Fly buzzing within."

The Juror, who appeared to be not satisfied, then asked if the Police Officer was beery; adding that he understood that beeriness frequently produced a buzzing in the ears.

The Coroner: "Is that the result of your personal experience?"

The Juror: "Never mind."

The Coroner: "Are you a Socialist?"

The Juror: "Are you?"

The Coroner replied that he was an Englishman himself, and that whether the Fly was there or not was entirely immaterial. The dogged pluck, resourcefulness, and energy of the Police, the Army, the Navy, and all the forces that had been called out that morning in the defence of their beloved land, was beyond all praise. Europe had received a lesson; which he hoped she would never forget. And especially he trusted that a country he would not name which was also engaged in this conflict would not forget that England was cheered by the waiting crowd as he drove away.
cause the correspondence columns of the New Testament to present a painful likeness to those of The New Age. This mutual fury of men animated by the same good motives, and serving the same Master, shocked the author of the Epistle of James; and therefore it may well shock the editors of the New Age. Even to reproduce some of the fiery outbursts of Paul and John may offend those Christians who are only accustomed to read the Bible in their sleep.

"Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." (Galatians i., 8.)

Are the principles of Socialism valueless? (i., you? You crave, yet do not obtain. You murder and prophesy, to teach." (Revelation ii., 20.)

Such passages, which might be multiplied, recall only too vividly the favourite "I, for one, protest," of certain Pale correspondents. I shall be pardoned by those who regard the New Testament as a book to guide us in our daily life, and not merely to be mumbled ceremoniously in churches, if I venture to extract one or two passages from it to adapt their language to the present necessity.

"Mark this, my dear Comrades: Let every one be quick to listen, slow to speak, and slow to get angry and for the anger of man does not forward the Cause of Jesus is the Christ?" (I. John ii., 26.)

This comparison points to Socialism as the movement of to-day which presents the strongest likeness to those of THE NEW AGE. It is power running to waste.

It is the latest fad of the kind is the spread of the New Age and elsewhere. But the energy of the latest discovery of Minoan civilisation. It would be hard to pitch on any more unlikely cradle of civilisation than a long, narrow valley, shut in by barren cliffs, and cut off by deserts from the common intercourse of mankind. The apathy and dullness of the specialists overlap; and as soon as two specialists meet they are pretty sure to contradict each other, for the only crevice by which reason can find the desires which are always at war within you? You crave, yet do not obtain. You murder and rage, yet cannot gain your end." (iv., 1, Twentieth Century New Testament.)

This point of comparison to Socialism as the movement of to-day which presents the strongest likeness to the infant Church. In no other quarter do we find the same fretfulness, the same violence of language, the perpetual disappearances, the impatience of the least contradiction or divergence of opinion. I do not think it philosophical (or scientific) to regard these symptoms as pathological. I would rather consider them as signs of growth, I mean as the early symptoms of the growth of a society which at present writhes and strains in the narrow sphere to which it is confined, like the Arabian jinn in the fisherman's jar. Socialism, as represented by the correspondence columns of The New Age, is too much like a boiling kettle that keeps sending jets of scalding steam on to the hands engaged in replenishing the fire. It is power running to waste.

But while making every just allowance for the irritability and zeal of these fractious enthusiasts it must be pointed out that their extreme intoleration of anything like truthfulness, honesty, originality, or humour is a bad omen for the future. Pursuing our comparison with Christianity, we are compelled to recognise a great difference between the promise and the performance of Socialism was Brotherhood; is its performance to be Bureaucracy?

I put that question with fear and trembling. I have noticed an increasing tendency on the part of the correspondents of The New Age to be treated as a crime, then all hope must be abandoned, and we must look forward to another mild plague of Egyptology. It would be hard to pitch on any more unlikely cradle of civilisation than a long, narrow valley, shut in by barren cliffs, and cut off by deserts from the common intercourse of mankind. The apparent antiquity of Egyptian civilisation is most probably due to nothing but the superior hardness of its building materials and the superior dryness of its climate. The corpse of Egyptian culture is the best preserved of all the remains of the arts and sciences of Egypt. The latest find of the kind is the Minoan civilisation. I recently paid a visit to the so-called Palace of King Minos, the Labyrinth of Knossos. It seemed to me the remains, not of a city, but of a villa, perhaps the rural farm or summerhouse of some viking chief. The alleged throne room looked uncommonly like a bath-room, or perhaps a baptistery. The throne was a small, rude stone seat, inferior in dignity and beauty to the stool of a West African emir. These were but hasty impressions, and I have no wish to belittle the interest of the finds made in Crete and elsewhere. But I am impressed with the evil and folly of confounding science with wisdom, and supposing that every man who has given a false promise and is therefore condemned to die must therefore have that intelligence without which his labours are likely to end in learned folly.

Now The New Age is the only existing organ in which any article, written in a spirit free from malice or personal reflection, are a sorely needed antidote to a wide-spread disease. If the paper is to be treated as a crime, then all hope must be abandoned, and we must look forward to another mild plague of the human spirit.

The last parallel I need note between this age and its predecessor is the spread of peace, or rather the exchange of international for civil war. As soon as Rome had overcome her external enemies she became a prey

The greatest service anyone can do me is to show me where I am mistaken. Candid discussion is the life of truth; but instantaneous delusion is its death. We all know that such discussion is forbidden in practically every other existing organ, by the editor in deference to his advertisers. The New Age fortunately has no advertisers, and the editor is evidently willing to permit free discussion, for he has admitted his right of exclusion of all others (including those related subjects without which the chosen one cannot be understood) acquires a particular intimacy with the reader. That is the only crevice by which reason can find the desires which are always at war within you? You crave, yet do not obtain. You murder and rage, yet cannot gain your end.

To-day we are suffering from a milder plague of Egyptology. It would be hard to pitch on any more unlikely cradle of civilisation than a long, narrow valley, shut in by barren cliffs, and cut off by deserts from the common intercourse of mankind. The apparent antiquity of Egyptian civilisation is most probably due to nothing but the superior hardness of its building materials and the superior dryness of its climate. The corpse of Egyptian culture is the best preserved of all the remains of the arts and sciences of Egypt. The latest find of the kind is the Minoan civilisation. I recently paid a visit to the so-called Palace of King Minos, the Labyrinth of Knossos. It seemed to me the remains, not of a city, but of a villa, perhaps the rural farm or summerhouse of some viking chief. The alleged throne room looked uncommonly like a bath-room, or perhaps a baptistery. The throne was a small, rude stone seat, inferior in dignity and beauty to the stool of a West African emir. These were but hasty impressions, and I have no wish to belittle the interest of the finds made in Crete and elsewhere. But I am impressed with the evil and folly of confounding science with wisdom, and supposing that every man who has given a false promise and is therefore condemned to die must therefore have that intelligence without which his labours are likely to end in learned folly.

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The last parallel I need note between this age and its predecessor is the spread of peace, or rather the exchange of international for civil war. As soon as Rome had overcome her external enemies she became a prey
to proscriptions, military pronouncements, and the whole series of internal wars and commotions recorded by Gibbon. It is significant that Mr. Carnegie, the leader of the international peace movement, has himself engaged in armed warfare with his fellow-countrymen in his own employ. It is no less significant that the Government which is most anxious to avoid fighting Russians on the Indus, has just been fighting them in Houndsditch.

Macaulay long ago suggested that the Huns and Vandals of the next great overthrow would come out of the slums, and everything points to the fulfilment of that prediction. The forerunners of the invasion have already appeared, and they have been greeted as heroes by the correspondents of The New Age.

I have endeavoured to view these developments with the detachment of a visitor from some other planet who has strayed down here by some unhappy accident and often been made to feel himself a trespasser.

**Letters to an Unborn Child.**

**IV.**

**MY DEAR CHILD,—YOU are too variable to be human.** Your metamorphoses are Protean in their rapidity; and as we have a third sex, I should not be surprised if your next letter declared your intention of becoming a clergyman. But these devices deceive no one. Proteus would have been a Proteus, had he appeared; and, in imitating him, you are as much at sea as he was. I am not to be deceived by forms, however various and transient they may be; for substance is the primal reality that can be shaped by any hand. In the material signification of the word, you have a substance with which to work: you are, therefore, not merely without form, but void. So I am not alarmed by your changes. If you cannot be born a woman, you write, you will be a man; and if the Will to Power does not justify your existence, the Will to Power shall glorify it. Your acquaintance with philosophy is really uncanny, and I am sure that it will lead to your undoing. All these terms express a purpose in life, and to have more than one is to have none at all. A purposeless existence is not to be admired; nor is "Hic et ubique " a motto worthy of a man. You may retort that as the ghost forced Hamlet to shift his ground, you, by altering your policy and changing sex, will pose individuals and re-arrange realities. But, alas! poor ghost! "This eternal blazon must not be to ears of flesh and blood." A ghost may make a man once more remove; but, imprisoned in the body, who fears the soul?

I must congratulate you on your apt quotations. I will deal with the Will to Power in a moment. I want first to consider "the new table" that you place over me. "Unto your children shall ye make amends for being the children of your fathers; all the past shall ye thus will deal with the Wiill to Power in a moment. I want to have trial by combat, you must abide by the consequences; and I am confident of the result.

The Will to Power? My child, you make me smile. You are all words, but I cannot reproach you with that: in the beginning was the Word, and as you are in the beginning, you are one of the most precious symbols of hope, of which no one can complain. Your words are symbols of thought, and potent only as they are informed by it. If Will be Power, as some suppose, there can be no Will to Power; for identity is not possible. If it is possible for a minus to become a plus quantity except by inversion, the Will to Power becomes the Power to Will. Then a purpose is necessary to the exercise of the power. You have told me what you intend to be. With more of romance than of imagination, you baffle of great men: Caesar, Christ, Napoleon. But you cannot have reflected on the subject. Is it worth while labouring to found an Empire that welters through prolifigacy and corruption to ruin? Why be the father of degeneracy? On the other hand, Christ was a failure. As Nietzsche truly said, there was only one Christian, and he died on the cross; crying, as you may remember, that his God had forsaken him. But his failure was the basis of the success of others. Christ, said Nietzsche, was the priest's Will to Power: on the failure of Christ arose Christianity. The answer to Samson's riddle was that out of a form sweetness. Nietzsche ploughed with no one's help to discover that the solution of this riddle of the world's history was that out of the weak came forth amaritude. The principle has been exemplified nearer to our own time. Napoleon rose and reigned, and was ruined at Waterloo. The glamour that surrounds a great failure is the basis of the illusion of regeneration. Napoleon failed that Louis Napoleon might succeed: the genius was sacrificed to the charlatan, and St. Helena made the Coup d'Etat possible. Napoleon's failure is the Father of the New Age's Will to Power, and it led him to Sedan. My child, is it worth while?

But if you had read Nietzsche with more attention, you might not have been led astray by your childish enthusiasm. All great men abhor humanity. Whatever they may think of individuals, Man in the abstract is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political doctrines of the Up-goer. Life, to the human race, is abominable to them. Those who have mounted!...
Unedited Opinions.

X.—On Pseudo-Psychology.

You appealed the other day to put a very high value on psychology. Have you really so much respect for the science?

Even more for the science, but almost none for the professors!

How do you distinguish between them?

Well, I happen to have a great belief in astrology, but I have none whatever in astrologers. I believe, that if a professor of psychology should write his opponents to the stars as the most philosophical people have always maintained; but I have never met any astrologer who was not mainly a fraud, or, at best, a clumsy tyro. Similarly I believe in mathematics, yet I myself have often made errors of calculation. Is it now plain that I may respect psychology without respecting its professors?

Perfectly. But of what do you complain in the modern professors: is it sincerity or knowledge that they lack?

Both usually. Their insincerity takes the form of pretending to know more than they do and in making the evidence as it were; their ignorance is displayed in their wretched attempts to acquire knowledge. Of all the forms of ignorance the worst is that which does not even know how to learn.

And how is that manifested in the case of psychologists?

In a thousand ways. I will give you two. First they imagine that by exhausting the details of a given character they can seize the whole. But in truth they can no more exhaust the aspects of a single character than they can sumber the sides of a sphere. And if they could, the result would no more be the whole than the successive striking of the notes of a chord gives the chord itself. Psychology is the science of the psyche or it is mere post-mortem analysis; and people who concern themselves with detail are, you may be sure, ignorant of the nature of the whole. Then there is that detestable method of so-called psychologising which is really a sort of attempted vivisection carried out by peeping Toms. This consists of laying booby-traps for other people to fall into in order that Tom may note the result. Half our modern novelists have observed their characters through illicit chinks which they have made in walls intended to conceal. And what do they get by it? An illicit knowledge, as inadequate as it is scandalous. Hence comes, too, the bewilderment of the bystanders. In truth they are not personages at all, but dummies stuffed with notebooks.

You do not include among these Toms our dramatisists, I suppose?

O Y, I do, and most of the so-called advanced people as well. Did not one of our leading dramatists declare the other day that in his opinion all literature was vivisections? A nice revelation of character! And their works read, too, as if the authors could, the result would no more be the whole than the successive striking of the notes of a chord gives the chord itself. Psychology is the science of the psyche or it is mere post-mortem analysis; and people who concern themselves with detail are, you may be sure, ignorant of the nature of the whole. Then there is that detestable method of so-called psychologising which is really a sort of attempted vivisection carried out by peeping Toms. This consists of laying booby-traps for other people to fall into in order that Tom may note the result. Half our modern novelists have observed their characters through illicit chinks which they have made in walls intended to conceal. And what do they get by it? An illicit knowledge, as inadequate as it is scandalous. Hence comes, too, the bewilderment of the bystanders. In truth they are not personages at all, but dummies stuffed with notebooks.

What proof is there that they...
The Maids' Comedy.

CHAPTER XII.

Which relates the Happy Ending.

Now when the Lady had done whispering with Sir Roderigo, she rode up to Dota Filjee, who had not come forward but remained at the rear of the company and nearest to the Pass, satisfied to see her mistress safe and disenchanted, and impatient for the signal to set about Damsels. But Dorothy perceiving it, a smiling maid, drew Witvoet by the bridle into the midst of the company, and there she spoke sweetly in praise of Dota Filjee. "Behold, all courteous knights and ladies, the merriest maid in all the world! She went forth in exile with laughter to encounter such wizards and giants as do always beset the path of distressed damsels; and, with these eyes, I saw her put to flight a giant-enchanter and scatter his spells with but one word. But that gentle lady blushed and snorted and muttered, 'Eternal woman!' and stalking away, in his turn, tackled the Knight of the Purple. "Are you still set on the scheme?" he enquired. "I'll leave for Cape Town the moment you have my introductions ready," said the youth. "I hope no harm will befall you," answered Sir Roderigo; "but such things are very seldom much relieved;" we must have another talk, you and I. And what do you make of all this business of knights and enchanted maidens?" "I can make nothing of it," replied the youth, "unless the whole thing was arranged as a shake-up for my lady," and he roared heartily: "Poor old Rogers disputes that honour with you. He thinks it was all meant for him. I thought it was all meant for me! The chances are, my dear boy, that we shall never get to the bottom of it. The more I discover, the more mystified I become. A good game well played, and I'm out! Let us hope the beautiful Lady will keep her promise and induce that Sage of hers to print the whole story." 

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Mrs. Myburgh, undaunted by Mynheer's rebuff, but strangely, the more set upon match-making, threaded her way through the company and began to converse with the flower-like Dorothea. But the hints and innumerable subtleties whereby your match-maker ordinates his assurance of the irretrievable damage to be done, were quite thrown away upon the utterly unmarriageable Dorothea, whose cherubic nature had been intuitively comprehended by that old bachelor, Mynheer, but was not like to subdue his grandson's world-weariness or sister-in-law. And at last the poor woman becoming desperate, put the boldest question even she could possibly have framed, and waited. At this solemn moment, our Lady observed Sir Roderigo beckoning, and Dota Filipje was left alone. Mr. Mynheer said Dota, "my Lady had no idea of such a thing. I suppose I should do all the marrying, but I've my orders to wait until Tante Kinkeje comes back to earth and finds me the proper husband." "But what do you mean about coming back to earth," cried Mrs. Myburgh, "where is Tante Kinkje?" "In heaven," said Dota. And that was a foil which sent Mrs. Myburgh away, indignant, but gladly convinced that the whole De Villiers family was quite mad, a scandal which propagation had kept her busy for several minutes. So surely patronage, which is not based upon real sympathy and understanding, turns to antagonism!

By this time the sun was gone and the fires died fast in the west, and everyone was left-taking of everyone else. Mrs. Myburgh and Rogers soon rode away together, but the rest, conversing, applauding, and reassured, seemed anxious to draw out the ceremony to its most pleasing end; and, except Dota Filipje, whose impatience to be home at last broke all bounds, and she let Witvoet have his head up the Pass, crying out that she would hurry forward and light the lamps; a winter's night of deciphering. And presently I will do it, and then you, if you desire, may smile and shame Satan—fitter, perhaps, for heathens than Christians, but, even if only of use to the heathen, better than being quite profitless. Say what you will, but beware lest he suspect that he could not have written the thing himself in his sleep; for, then, he would never exchange me!

And now—adieu! I owe you a thousand thanks for, sure, you must have guessed that my pen has often done small justice to its sublime topics. But I promise, for the future, to frequent no society but angels', and shall succeed further, therefore, if not to try to follow my Lady. Meanwhile, please you, pray Heaven to mend my lame leg!

Chapter XIII.

Wherein the Romancer takes Courteous Leave of the Three Gentle Readers.

We speak of sweet and truthful souls! decorum bids me pay my dues to the tradition of all Merrimen, and, with a few well-chosen malisons, condemn this wretched effort of my pen. Containing nothing that ever passed as excellence—no lures or admonitions for the Multitude, whom, rich or poor, literate or ignorant, I know not how to address, be it to catch their pennies or save their souls; displaying no solace for the public vanity which so loves tears and self-reproaches, nor studying any of the common popularities, love, or money, or religion; empty of learning and feebly philosophical; in a weak, affected style and crippled vocabulary; finally, being nought, as everyone knows, but a borrowed legend, as, certainly, no eye of the attempt, nor even malice at the pitiable failure—what may be thought, said, or done by the most tolerant friend for so poor an article?

There, good souls, as handsome an humility as I could muster though the rain fell upon me for a twelve-month!

Complain not too hastily, as I fear ye may, of my heading you chapter as the happy ending, nor over-blame me for turning a lame leg or ever I had escorted my Personages home. Truly, I believe it outside mortal nature, and so forbidden to achieve a round ending to a comedy. Your tragedian may sit at his ease and select from a score of pretty and neat catastrophes to let him out. But consider the plight of those old romancers who have forced the conclusion of their merry tales! The tales metamorphosed under the writer's very eyes and could scarcely be distinguished from vulgar tragedies. Reflect upon all the bright-haired heroes and heroines abandoned by their helpless chroniclers at the hymeneal altar, put to oblivion, never to be spoke of again by so much as a sentence that might convey. Go into that matter of the death of Falstaff; most horrid a cutting off! Think of (and bemoan, ye must!) the great and noble Don Quixote, rheumy slain by his author in despair of his ever being done with! Nay! 'tis certain that a merry romance is meant never quite to conclude.

But all this is not what I intended to say, sweet souls! Preserve your truly Buddhist patience with me, for now I come begging favours. I want you to beat up, on my behalf, the wood where is preserved the boon to authors and bane of literature, the Sympathetic Critic. With assistance, a jog of the elbow, or a little dust thrown in the eyes, that Personage may easily be induced to make my fortune. Seek him, my good and imaginative friends. Point out particularly the Defects of this work. And he is a moral fellow, remember! So make him discover, though by your denials, that here does exist some sort of a nonsensical moral—"to smile and shun Satan"—rather than being quite profitless. Say what you will, but beware lest he suspect that he could not have written the thing himself in his sleep; for, then, he would never exchange me!

The End.


By Jacob Tonson.

This appearance of a definitely literary article in an English popular magazine ought not to be allowed to pass without notice. In American popular magazines articles of serious interest are not at all uncommon, but the English magazine has fallen in these days to such a depth of abject triviality as was never before touched by any periodical journalism anywhere on earth; and any effort to rise from that abyss should be signalised. I am therefore glad to signalise, in "T.P.'s Magazine" for January, a respectable though somewhat wandering account by Dr. Arthur Lynch of Romain Rolland's episcopal novel, "John Christopher.

It seems as if the ten volumes of "John Christopher" may, after all, appeal to the imagination of England and America as they have appealed to the imagination of France. Assuredly Mr. Gilbert Cannan's translation, as translations go, is very able and satisfactory. But Dr. Arthur Lynch is extremely misleading on one point—and an essential point. For some mysterious reason he is apparently anxious to prove that the inspiration of "John Christopher" is not fundamentally French, to prove in fact that it is largely Teutonic in origin. Nothing, I am sure, could more subtly wound the just racial pride of the author whom he celebrates than this entirely false suggestion. In support of it, Dr. Lynch makes some singular statements. For example, he says that Clamecy, where Romain Rolland was born, is "near to the Eastern frontier." Now, if there is a town that may be said to be in the very heart of France, that town is Clamecy. It is probably about 170 miles from the Eastern frontier, and not a very great deal further from the English Channel. Dr. Lynch also says: "Only one having affinity with the Teutons could dilate, as the author does, on all the details of domesticity so seriously, even though with
a point of real humour." Here we find once more the old fallacy that the French are incapable of domestic sentiment, and possibly of any real sentiment! As instances of "the true touch," as distinguished from the alleged Teutonic touch, Dr. Lynch cites Alphonse Daudet's "Thirty Years of Paris," and the plays of Alfred Capus! He might as well cite the comedies of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and the London stories of Mr. E. F. Benson against "The New Machiaveli" or "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Alfred Capus is a writer of no literary importance whatever, and "Thirty Years of Paris" is the mere amiable superficial suyery journalism of a man of agreeable talent. Both are representative, not of France, not even of Paris, but of the bourges, the bourges-compromise—"a little of everything"—which is much that is infinitely more important than the boulevard. Far from admitting that thoroughness, long patience, depth, and tender sentiment are qualities which may be observed as frequently and as perfectly in France as anywhere else. The temperament of Romain Rolland is much more faithfully representative of France than any of the facile and charming but one-sided talents which fence forward. One of the chief uses of a translation of a work so intimately observed as frequently and as perfectly in France as are essentially French qualities, qualities which may be lost through the police and the libraries I cannot say. The battle as a whole is not yet over. Perhaps it has scarcely begun. I observe with pleasure that "The Outlook" has taken up the scandalous case of the censoring of Mr. Neil Lysons's " 'Cottage Pie,'" and Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Edward Garnett have contributed excellent letters on the subject. It is significant that all specialists in the subject—Mr. Wells's "The New Machiaveli." The wildest rumours were recently afloat as to the treatment to be accorded to this masterly and courageous work, one of the most shattering novels ever written by an Englishman. * *

In the end, the best answer to the circulating library ring is another circulating library, outside the ring. It gives me great pleasure to announce that Messrs. Curtis and Davidson's Library ("At the Sign of the Sybil"), Church Street, Kensington, adheres strictly to the principle of supplying any book published by a reputable firm. Subscribers to other libraries, therefore, who are getting a little weary of being treated like infants, now know where to go for an adult diet.

REVIEWS.

By S. Verdad.


This book is founded on a fallacy, and its conclusions are in consequence entirely wrong. Mr. Angell's main point of view is that nations are actuated by material considerations, that they engage in wars and conquests for the purpose of protecting or adding to their trade, that the conquerors are bound to suffer to some extent on account of the delicate balance of international trade, whether they secure an indemnity from the conquered people or an increase of territory, that nations in general (European nations, of course, in particular) are suffering from an "optical delusion" because they persist in thinking otherwise, and that, if this point of view were brought home to them, all armaments would be seen to be superfluous.

There are several minor fallacies, biological and otherwise, such as the argument concerning duelling; but this is the rock on which Mr. Angell appears to have been shipwrecked. Nations are not always actuated by purely material motives (the struggle for existence, the desire for power). There are times when whole peoples are seized with this will to subdue—the Aryans, the Romans of the Empire period, the Manchus under Nurhachu, the English at the time of Elizabeth. There are times, also, when enthusiasm for one superior man may bring about the desire for expansion—e.g., the French under Napoleon I, the Prussians under Fre- drick the Great. Again, when the ruling classes of a country, still in the vigour of their powers, are urged on by the will to conquer, they may take the necessary steps to secure the assistance of the mob by the purely material motives. Mr. Angell suggests, they are habitually resorted to; an increase of trade and wealth, or by scares. Examples of this are to be found in the circulating libraries, however, when they ostracise, do not give reasons. To do so would lead to argument, and argument would be fatal to them. To give reasons might also lead to libel actions. The surprising thing is that some aggrieved author or publisher has not already discovered grounds to rob an author or a publisher of his reputation as an honourable man. Authors and publishers, especially as they are so often forced to do so, are not to be charged with issuing pornography. This point need not be insisted upon. I give the warning. The Vigi- lance Society, of which the chairman is Sir Percy Bunting, in the "Contemporary Review," has, I learn, been busyng itself lately on behalf of the purity of periodical literature. But whether it has been trying to influence the police and the libraries I cannot say. The battle as a whole is not yet over. Perhaps it has scarcely begun. I observe with pleasure that "The Outlook" has taken up the scandalous case of the censoring of Mr. Neil Lysons's " 'Cottage Pie,'" and Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Edward Garnett have contributed excellent letters on the subject. It is significant that all specialists in the subject—Mr. Wells's "The New Machiaveli." The wildest rumours were recently afloat as to the treatment to be accorded to this masterly and courageous work, one of the most shattering novels ever written by an Englishman. * *

As to the private censorship of the libraries, it has its diverting side, too. The Times Book Club, for instance, recently sent out notice that it did not supply the following books:—

"Die Sexuelle Frage," by Auguste Forel.

"The Devil's Motor," by Marie Corelli. I have not read "The Devil's Motor," but it is an appalling thought that a book written by Miss Marie Coreilli and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton should be placed on the index expurgatorius of the Times Book Club. Surely the august Club can not have ostracised Professor Forel and Miss Corelli for the same reason, or for similar reasons! Circulat-
English ruling classes of the eighteenth and nineteenth century, and Austrian aristocrats of the present day. 

Mr. Angell may be right or wrong in saying that the absorption of Holland and Belgium by Germany would not increase the wealth of Germany, and that individual Germans as a whole would not be a penny the better for such a change. Nevertheless, it may be seen by anyone who reads the Dutch newspapers, that individual Germans have secured a grip on Holland already, and that the turn of Belgium is obviously coming. And Germans as a whole no doubt think that they have not yet become in the slightest degree, better pleased, because their recently awakened desire for expansion has been gratified by the prospect of this absorption.

The fact is, Mr. Angell seems to have determined to write a book, and so do so without appealing to the fatuous arguments of humanitarian idealists. For this let him have credit. But, in trying to avoid this trap, he fell into another, the trap of materialism. When one nation attacks another the mainspring is not materialism or better trade; but the fundamental essential of the life of every individual: the Will to Power. Mr. Angell appears to make no allowance whatever for national sentiments, national aspirations, and national imagination. But these things count.

Our author believes that human nature is becoming milder, and in proof of this fact mentions that Anglo-Saxon nations have given up duelling. This statement is merely half-truth. Duelling is now less common in England; but Mr. Angell should know that it is a common practice for an offended party here to ask for an account on the Continent. The Paris papers, particularly Le Journal, often relatively often contain accounts of duels fought now and then by Englishmen who have come to France for the purpose. As for duelling in America, or its more cowardly substitute of assassination or mutilation, Mr. Angell, who seems to hall from the West, will no doubt be familiar with that recent Cudahy case. That duelling may be less common proves nothing; for the feeling that prompts duels is as strong as ever. And even Mr. Angell admits that there are as many duels now as in earlier times in the Latin countries and in Germany.

Half-truths of this nature—for the author's psychological opinions may be ranged in this category—will show the reader that "The Great Illusion" is exactly the sort of book to be quoted by superficial dialecticians, triumphantly, in most instances; for our modern popular education turns out tiresome arguers rather than serious thinkers. The whole series of fallacious arguments is demolished by a virile point of view like that set forth by the German critic Rommel, who, in most instances, triumphantly, in most instances, proves nothing; for the feeling that prompts duels is as strong as ever. And even Mr. Angell admits that there are as many duels now as in earlier times in the Latin countries and in Germany.

By J. M. Kennedy.

Die Politische Krisis in England. By Dr. Magnus Biermer. (Giessen: Emil Roth. 1 mark.)

"Against this Ministerial demagogue [Mr. Lloyd George] we may set the Municipal Socialist, Mr. John Burns, who is a snub, comfortable bourgeois rather than a friend of the people." "Mr. Balfour, the Conservative demagogue. . . ."

These unusual and telling phrases attracted my attention. I naturally turned back and read the thing from the beginning. It was a longish pamphlet, forty odd pages, written in what is at times rather trying German. The author, Dr. Magnus Biermer, is not very well known here, although he lived among us for some years and writing us an extended visit quite recently to observe the causes and effects of the last two elections. (By the way, he is now Professor of Political Science at Giessen University.) His notes have been embodied in a little book, "Die Politische Krisis in England," which Emil Roth, of Giessen, offers us for the trifling consideration of one mark.

I will, I think, be generally agreed that a careful and observant foreigner who has made a deep study of British constitutional history may be seen by anyone who reads the Dutch newspapers, that individual Germans have secured a grip on Holland already, and that the turn of Belgium is obviously coming. And Germans as a whole no doubt think that they have not yet become in the slightest degree, better pleased, because their recently awakened desire for expansion has been gratified by the prospect of this absorption.

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necessary faith in authority. He is a party tyrant, but a political aristocrat and energy."

When speaking of the conference that failed, Dr. Biermer hints at the possibility of another. The new King, he remarks, may assign to his Prime Minister arrangements for a compromise. The Premier, he shows clearly enough that the Irish Nationalists seem probable, he must make way for some other other members of the Cabinet.

It is needless to add that a keen observer like Dr. Biermer is not in by the clappert of the Liberal Press about the alleged "compact Liberal majority," and he shows that many people are of necessity unequal interest and importance the reader must be referred to this excellent little book itself.


Says Mr. W. L. George in his introduction, "I do not claim to sum up the works or the beliefs of those which should be vitriolic in a truthful manner." And he does do very well indeed; but sometimes he draws a conclusion or two from the facts, and these conclusions sometimes lead the reader to suppose that Mr. George is echoing the statements of other people rather than thinking for himself; and we know from the various articles which he has contributed to the New Age that he can think for himself to some purpose.

For example: "The weakness of all absolutist and semi-absolutist governments lies not in the fact that they are bad, but in the fact that they are out of date." Now, absolutism is never out of date, so long, that is, as people are apathetic folk to be exploited, kneaded, and generally licked into shape by superior people. To take two European monarchal instances, the Emperors of Germany and of Russia are absolutists, and the very fact that they have been able to govern in accordance with such a principle for two decades is sufficient to show that "absolutist" governments are not yet out of date. If they were they, ipso facto, be out of existence also. Idle chatter of this kind is often heard regarding the House of Lords, and the parallel is the same. Whatever views may be held concerning the House of Lords, it cannot be called out of date, for the simple reason that nearly three million voters throughout the United Kingdom have returned more than 270 Members of Parliament to uphold it.

In his chapter entitled "Church and State" Mr. George gives the facts with fair accuracy; but his bias against the Church would appear to be extreme. He rails against the Vatican for its reactionary points of view, etc., its claim to guide the layman's conscience, as if this were not the function of every intellectual, from the old Greek philosophers to the philosophers of to-day. It is as significant as it seems to be unattainable, and that is the one epithet that describes Mr. George's mental attitude more adequately than any other. The very terms in which his thoughts naturally clothed themselves are such as Socrates was fond of using, and, perhaps, no one will get at the precise meaning of many of his arguments, unless he translates them first into the equivalent phrases familiar to Plato's contemporaries. One of those phrases might have served Mr. Keary as a preface for his work: Ενδέχεται χρήσις τού λόγου καταφέργατον και κτηνότης εκκέντρου τοίχος τού δείλους.

This verbal absolutism is neither artificial nor accidental. It is as significant that it is not conscious. Mr. Keary deals with all the matters upon which he touches—science, art, politics, economics, theology, and metaphysics, to omit a thousand and one minor issues—as Socrates would have dealt with them were he alive at the present day—nay, rather, as Socrates did deal with them more than twenty-three hundred years ago. The intervening experience appears to have left Mr. Keary almost untouched. We do not mean that he is not conscious. On the contrary, he exhibits an amazing familiarity with all that has been thought and said about these matters from the time of Aristotle to the present hour. Yet he pleads for abstract reason, for he himself quotes the law of graviltation as an eminently instance of a truth capable of rigid demonstration. Exactly in the same way Socrates used to maintain that the study of nature was a futile pursuit, that we could only know that certain phenomena occur in a certain sequence, but that we never could know the laws according to which they occur. Socrates had an excuse for his scepticism. He was born before Newton. Mr. Keary has no excuse, for he himself quotes the law of gravitation as an eminent instance of a truth capable of rigid demonstration. Yet that law was only discovered the other day. For countless generations before Newton men had observed the post hoc in the fall of a stone to the ground; but they waited for Newton to show them the proper hoc. Is it unreasonable to expect that the day will come when we shall find out the exact laws that govern the historical phenomena which, we already know from observation, follow each other in a certain definite sequence? And as it is with history, so it is with human experience of whatsoever kind. It is all susceptible of scientific treatment.
of knowledge, though of necessity beginning empirically, contains in it the elements of a science. What every department needs is the Newton who will evolve from the brute mass of observed facts the philosophical principles hidden in them. Be it remembered that astronomy is a study several thousand years old, while social science is only just struggling into birth.

Yet this very detachment from prevailing modes of thought enables the author to present points of view which, however little they may commend themselves to "philosophers of fashion," no doubt, arouse considerable attention among less biased students familiar with the realities of life. Of the number of these stimulating audacities are our author's recognition of the truth that there is no real chasm between so-called intuition and ordinary intelligence, that the former is only an obscure relation of the latter, and that, in short, the difference between the two processes lies in the fact that the one is unconscious and the other conscious. Take also his realisation of another truth usually ignored—that there is the closest possible connection between reason and what Christians call conscience; that sound and disinterested reasoning cannot be without a sincere love of justice; and that an argument is an affair of ethics as much as an intellectual process.

The same independence of judgment Mr. Keary displays in dealing with such fashionable dogmas as the Evolution theory, the doctrine of Heredity, and many other things of that sort. Our author stands in no awe of authority. Scientific sacerdotalism inspires him with as little reverence as religious fanaticism, and he includes in one genial condemnation all fallacies, whether tolerable if we can bear it. By' communion with men. The book is a fireside book for lonely people in harsh and hasty days in which we live, and about his says it in his own manner. There is about his style an over anxious either to convert or to convict his. He in- plays in dealing with such fashionable dogmas as the. The same independence of judgment Mr. Keary displays in dealing with such fashionable dogmas as the Evolution theory, the doctrine of Heredity, and many other things of that sort. Our author stands in no awe of authority. Scientific sacerdotalism inspires him with as little reverence as religious fanaticism, and he includes in one genial condemnation all fallacies, whether tolerable if we can bear it. By' communion with men. The book is a fireside book for lonely people in harsh and hasty days in which we live, and about his says it in his own manner. There is about his style an over anxious either to convert or to convict his. He in- plays in dealing with such fashionable dogmas as the. The same independence of judgment Mr. Keary displays in dealing with such fashionable dogmas as the Evolution theory, the doctrine of Heredity, and many other things of that sort. Our author stands in no awe of authority. Scientific sacerdotalism inspires him with as little reverence as religious fanaticism, and he includes in one genial condemnation all fallacies, whether tolerable if we can bear it. By' communion with men. The book is a fireside book for lonely people in harsh and hasty days in which we live, and about his says it in his own manner. There is about his style an over anxious either to convert or to convict his. He in- plays in dealing with such fashionable dogmas as the.

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The Pageant of My Day. By Major Gambier-Parry. 

Major Parry tells us at some length, and with many a felicitous phrase, that a life lasting to old age is tolerable if we can bear it. By communion with Nature, by acquaintance with literature, particularly classic literature, by the reverential perception of the abounding mystery of life and existence, we may grow old gradually and with a good grace, as becometh gentle- men. The book is afireside book for lonely people in sentimentally retrospective moods: even the curious pedantry that makes Major Parry give the reference for his quotations in foot-notes has its charm for such people. The book is reminiscent of many other books, which are quoted; and chapter nine, with its thumbnail sketches of Palissy, Livingstone, R. L. Stevenson, etc., has the remote savour of Smiles' "Self Help." And over all broods a smoky mist of Dr. Haddon's. The English gentle- man worshipping an unknown God in a foreign chapel; in short, Matthew Arnold preaching the unbuttoned ethics of Emerson in the simple phrases of William Wordsworth. The book is a good book of its kind; but young people would be depressed by it. It should be presented to our grandparents when they sing "Nunc Dimittis."


Art, to-day, in common with the main divisions of human activity, is trying to speak afresh in simple terms of first principles. Thus the contention that art and craft should be based on reason is but another sign of the general return to foundations. In primitive times each form was the reasonable outcome of the moment and of environment. How largely form first arose based on reason may be gathered from Dr. A. C. Haddon's well-known encyclopaedic "Evolution in Art." (Scott, 6d. net.) Dr. Haddon's anthropological burrowings in British New Guinea carry us to the dawn of art and craft and enable us to trace the life-history of design as it arose among primitive peoples. There is a great deal of fascination in this story of man as soon as he emerged from clay set to work to explain himself in the material of which he is composed. But its most interesting point is the general suggestion that we are all potential artists. No sooner did primitive man begin to make things for use than he also added his trade mark in beauty. Thus, art happened because there was nothing to prevent it happening. It appeared in the simplest fashion, interpreted by the simplest means, and in the simplest materials. To-day art does not happen because it is not encouraged to do so. We have exiled spontaneity. We have not allowed machinery to get the mastery of us. We have degraded art to a mechanical pursuit, have made it a profession for ex- perts. As a consequence the public who do not prac- tise it, regard the artist as a secret society, a small clique of artists. When individuals who do practise it regard the public as an intolerable nuisance coming from the other place.

Dr. Haddon's book in effect flatly contradicts the silly prevailing fallacy, and says plainly that the artist, craftsman and the public are one and the same person. But they do not know it, and when they do, when Selfridge realises that he has as much right to call himself an artist as Sargent, and as much right to be allowed to develop on artistic lines, then we shall emerge from our cells, glass cases, and picture de- positories, from studios, museums, and exhibition gal- leries and begin to move on a level with life once more. The inference is, though genius affects long hair, long hair is not the cause of genius, and though artists affect picture-painting, picture-painting is not the cause of artists.

There are a great many persons who ought to study Dr. Haddon's book. Apparently Mr. Charles F. Binns is one of them. Mr. Binns is one of them in penning on his subject, "The Potter's Craft." (Constable, 6s. net): "It must always be an open question how much credit for artistic feeling can be given to primitive races." Against this is Dr. Haddon's "the beautifying of any object is due to impulses which are common to all men, and have existed as far back as the period when men inhabited caves." Again, "there are certain needs of man which appear to have constrained him to artistic effort; these may be conveniently grouped under the..."
January 26, 1911.

four terms of Art, Information, Wealth and Religion." Dr. Haddon has adopted an unnecessary classification. The needs of artistic expression may be reduced to one, namely Information. The one instansible craving of man is to say something about himself in one form of language or another. That is, he seeks to define himself according to his experience. And just as all utilities spring from the instinct of self-preservation, so in reducing art to the final analysis, it will be found that all that is of the least reproductive instinct. The art of creation is the creation of art.

If this point had occurred to Mr. Binns he would have had no excuse for his question. He would then have opened naturally with the next statement, "the production of pottery was, at first, the supplying of a need." Thence he could continue, as he does practically, to demonstrate in turn the nature of the material and its use in the building, throwing, glazing, decoration and firing of pottery, thereafter concluding with some useful receipts, and a visit to a school where children are taught how to work out their own plans, and to the advanced craftsman who is not above accepting hints from a practical potter. But all the same I should be aware that Mr. Binns had left out one or two things he ought to say. He makes no reference to Etruria and its famous Jasper ware. Hence my excuse for taking him there. Perhaps it is not for him to point to certain pathological features in the potter's craft, such as the prejudice against throwing and glazing. But he ought not to neglect the important question of co-operation. If he will go to the Baillie Gallery in Bruton Street he will understand my meaning. The exhibition of examples of Chinese ceramics, beautiful in form, colour and decoration, reveals the necessity of, as well as what can be done in the way of successful co-operation of "specialists" under one master-potter. They create a unity which produces a work of art, each adding his own personal note without interfering with the artistic unity of the whole. Mr. Binns would doubtless object that such work was produced by workers who had "plenty of time and unlimited patience," and the modern potter "is less patient" and interferes with the artistic unity of the whole. Mr. Wadsworth is late of the Royal College of Art. He says on the history of pottery, which it appears is more largely the history of mankind than any other craft. Thence he could continue, as he does practically, to turn aside for a moment from Mrs. Christie's stitchable patterns to the pageant of patterns in M. A. Joudain's comprehensive history of English Secular Embroidery (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net.). Though the book is concerned with the technical ways of art and the history of our own embroidery from a collector's standpoint, the feature of the work is its admirably illustrated designs. These may be studied with understanding for suggestion (not imitation) of richly decorative and individual patterns. Such patterns it may be said will not appeal to the typical student of the provincial school of art, who would be far too lazy to study the reason of their creation in order to set to work to create designs of his own originality. This point of view, though not that of the new art and easily imitated, is referred to the counsels of Mr. John W. Wadsworth. Under the latter's tuition he would learn to make things do all sorts of strange gymnastics to fill up spaces; how to contort plants into something resembling ugly bits of bent wire in order to fashion some sort of a design; how, in fact, to go "Designing from Plant Forms" (Chapman and Hall, 6s. net.) in such a manner that if the plant was real, the visitor would demand to know by what right Mr. Wadsworth adjoins them to do knock-about turns. It should be noted that Mr. Wadsworth is late of the Royal College of Art. If so, according to his designs he must be at least fifteen years late even for that ancient government manufactory.

So rarely does a London theatre open its doors to a real debauch of splendid colour that The Little Theatre is to be congratulated on its present enterprise. The Chinese play—produced under the direction of Loie Fuller—plunges one into a colour bath from which one emerges dripping with blazing harmonies to go flaming through unutterably dark and dirty, though fully lighted, thoroughfares, called London streets. After watching the gorgeous play of colour against a background blotted out by a velvet cloth; the wonderful effect created by a skilful arrangement of light thrown upon floating wands, waving scarfs; the rich harmonies of Eastern garments, flowers and lanterns; and finally the expiring glow of singing colour in the magnificent "death" of Madam Chung, the only comparison that occurs to me may be found in the story of R. G. Knowles' Venetian adventure. Mr. Knowles had been dining heavily at one of the palaces at Venice, and prepared to leave. He lit his cigar and amid the blaze of lights, colours, etc., stepped through the door, opened it and stepped out. The story continues, "and when he came to—" Stepping out of The Little Theatre dressed in gay colours I stepped into a Venetian canal—in mid winter, too. Fancy that! as Tesman would say.
Sir,—I have just read Mr. Upton Sinclair's letter on the subject above. I cannot chivy him through his pleasant and flowery wilderness; but I will try to get his argument within the compass of a syllogism. If (as he guesses) I have said something which Sir Robert Walpole has said before, I am glad of it. His ghost will thank me; I hope it! I do not believe, or does he expect us to believe that he believes, that when a group of our present-day political potentates meet together to decide the destinies of the State, they are accustomed to discuss abstruse questions of political philosophy? He assumes that my answer will be "Yes"; but my position is not, "No." So swings he well round perihelion, and then, comete-like, rushes off into the blackness of darkness, whither I do not propose to follow him. He next presents his own answer to the question: "They discuss them just as much as the proprietors of pink discussions the curing of disease and the upbuilding of the health of the community." Here we have the torso of an argument. We have the major and the minor premise, but alas! the conclusion is left to the reader. Let me supply it. (1) The people want good laws and good medicine. Being neither jurisprudential, nor medical, nor lawyers for them, and certain other persons to make pills for them. The chosen delegates supply bad laws and bad pills. Therefore choose your own laws, and your own pills. My conclusion is, "Therefore choose better legislators and doctors."

A tailor advertised, "Try our guinea top-coat, and you will have a fit." I did; but it was my wife who had a fit. Now do you suppose that henceward I may say, "Mouldy is the word, and Not a bit of it; I went to another tailor. Mr. Sinclair tried the cut, and now, I presume, he does his own tailoring. He rules his own affairs. Mr. Sinclair is without sin or this or nothing. Your parallel is apt; stick to it. Tell us all over again in other words: "I, Upton Sinclair, am a shareholding Canning Co., Ltd., of Chicago, and there is at present a board of management. I am one of 1,000 shareholders, including a number of widows, parsons, trustees and signables (so far as the canning of meat is concerned). I deliberately and sincerely propose to abolish the Board, and to entrust the management to the shareholders, or as many of them to take part, either in the Grant, for not being accorded for the purpose, or postcard from home." This is, in effect, what you have said. May I respectfully request you to "come off it" ? I do not really expect you to believe that your electorate or any committee of shareholders would manage the business better than the present Board, bad as that may be. I think Sinclair’s unsound conclusion fairly and logically. Four courses are now left for him: (1) To remain up aloft in his gum-tree, a target for the es of the scoundrel; (2) To climb down with a good goun; (3) To adopt the tactics of the cuttle-fish and the calm, minister, and envelop himself in a cloud of insensibility; (4) Like Brer Rabbit, to "lie low and say nothing." From what I know of Mr. Sinclair, I think he will have the courage to adopt Course 2. If not, there is nothing for it but the Referendum!—to the readers of THE NEW AGE.

** WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.**

THINGS OLD AND NEW.

Sir,—Kingsway to-day is fenced in on either side by huge hoardings. These are the opportunity of the advertiser to use as he sees fit with a view to profit. There are probably few great streets in London so open to the advertiser at will as the few great streets in London so open to the advertiser at will. Many money has been blown up, and replaced by houses fit for homes. As things are, the harsh dissonance of colour and design, the crude appeals and crass disorder, excite a very grave displeasure. A friend of mine, perhaps unduly sensitive in such matters, suggested that an attempt might be made to regulate the advertisements on some hoardings. We cannot call an Aubrey Beardsley at will, but we can develop a school of poster artists. And as the advertising public in some essentials of colour and harmony than the great picture galleries—which they so seldom enter except to keep casual acquaintance with the masterpieces. As an optimist, one cannot but believe that the day will come when the miles of mean streets, grey and sordid even in summer's gayest blaze, will be turned all to green and blown up, and replaced by houses fit for homes. And when the community is doing the elementary duty of building itself habitations fit for human beings, the advertiser will be busy, and the streets will be, in this period of reconstruction, a picture gallery for the passer-by, rather than a penance. The public may be divided on one occasion may not represent them on another. The representatives, broadly speaking, represent the electors who are no longer interested. They do so because the electorate are ignorant. Mr. Chesterton admits that education is necessary to the effective working of the Referendum, and it is because education is an indispensable condition that the Referendum is unecessary. The absence of any considerable progress is the representatives have a contempt for the intelligence of the people. Their misguided education is sometimes discovered, but, on the eve of an election, they always come forward with new and attractive proposals (as instance the Referendum), and the electors are misled into voting for measures which promises for the future. On the whole, the electorate is gullible, but those who represent them are by no means fools. If, however, we are to have the Referendum, we must provide that the people were capable of recognizing competence. Were the people capable of coherent expression they would get what they wanted, having already elected representatives, trustworthy men as their representatives. Now, if such a representative body is unable to come to a decision on any particular question of what use is it referring to the country?' Is it proposed to obtain a clear majority by an extension of the units? As to the suggested utility of the Referendum in the near future, should I be surprised to the country to know the people well enough to gull them know what they want, and, and when the level of intelligence required for a Referendum is arrived at, they will get it. The Referendum, after educating the people, will retire knowing that good may come of a proposal to govern by delegates.

C. E. RICHARDSON.
One advertisement in Kingsway demands some attention. It proclaims the glory of a Palladium. The place, however, has no apparent connection with Pallas, the grave goddess of wisdom. It is designed, rather, in honour of Mercury, the messenger; and sham, is redolent of staleness—the unspeakable stale-ness of dead ages and decaying empires. Babylon and Tyre and Rome knew the attraction of such modernism. Are we to drain the stale dregs of the same cup? * * *

**POST-IMPRESSIONISM.**

Sir,—The Manniquins would like to say good-bye to the noble domain. They wore something. Madame Valerie in roses, and the two fat German barons, but the Devoted Boy was there. Minnie Pinnikin, the flat parted hair, stood on the beautiful vista and cried, "Desecrators!" Madame Valerie grieved and went down a passage.

"But the Beck girls—those puddings!" cried Minnie Pinnikin. "Why should you go to meet them at the docks?—besides, you have never seen them in your life."

"I promised, dear," said Valerie. The Devoted Boy was busy trembling. The Carlton Hotel is much larger than Minnie Pinnikin's flat. "Go and tell that child I'll put her to bed if she flows out of the door. Minnie Pinnikin parted her hair very hard and wouldn't join the feast. Valerie was largely everywhere. He was hooking men up from the street.

"You are hooking men up from the street. Madame Valerie's husband a shadow in the door—hug me, Madame Valerie. He's got two fat barons. He wrapped his head in a soft serviette and nursed it on his knee, saying, "Poor old Baron; do take pride in this, the latest of London's Artistic and Architectural Post-Impressionists."

"I'm not paying," said Minnie Pinnikin, very severely, "it is a sin to waste."

"It is a sin to waste."

"I'll give twopence." Then they all danced off the roof into the road, and he was obviously and beyond all argument an old-time mummer. "You can't give coppers while the millionaires are looking," said Minnie Pinnikin. "I'm not paying," said the Baron.

He was looking men up from the street. Very surprising the strength of his thin white hands. Everybody was stood upright on the roof of a low house opposite the flat. The loveliest, ready dance, was like a gipsy angel. Minnie Pinnikin looked out of the window and the flat was empty. "Deserted again," said she; "I'll give twopence." Then they all danced off the roof into the road, and he was obviously and beyond all argument an old-time mummer. "You can't give coppers while the millionaires are looking," said Minnie Pinnikin. "I'll give twopence."

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**EDUCATION AUTHORITIES AND LABOUR EXCHANGES.**

Sir,—There has recently been issued by the Board of Trade and the Board of Education jointly a Memorandum with regard to co-operation between Labour Exchanges and Local Education Authorities exercising their powers under the Education (Choice of Employment) Act, 1905, an attempt to face up to the problem of assisting juveniles into suitable employments at the outset of their careers, and as the views of the writer are probably representative of the great majority of those who have given much thought to the problem, being engaged in the organisation of further education for the class intended to be reached, it may be of some use to give this contribution to the discussion. It finds himself unable to agree with the manner in which the local education authorities are being subordinated to the labour exchanges by the Board of Trade, with the con-

**nivance of the Board of Education. One can only hope that worthy motives are at the bottom of it, and that this assistance to juveniles is not being imported into the functions of the Board of Education, by using the local education authorities as a channel for obtaining a standing in the world which will be of some comfort to the Government responsible for their inauguration. There is, of course, an important difference in the functions of the Board of Trade in connexion with adult labour. In the former case, it is essential that the exchange should be a national institution, because this facilitates the exchange of juveniles between districts where there is no outlet for their labour to one where there is an outlet, but in the case of juveniles no such drafting is desired, and so the organisation of the juvenile labour market is purely a local problem, which should not be dealt with by a local authority. We have to remember that the advising of parents and the filling up of forms giving data regarding children who wish to become servants of the local education authority; the keeping of their records at the evening schools and technical classes will fall likewise on servants of the local education authority; whilst the visiting of parents, where necessary, will be done by local social workers, who would be more likely to work enthusiastically for the local education authority than for the official in charge of the labour exchange. In properly comprehending the problem it is necessary, of course, to rid one's mind, at the outset, of the fallacy that this question of advising the parents of children on "blind-alley" employments has any but the slightest bearing on the unemployment of the unemployed. The Board of Education has not been asked to take upon itself the responsibility for the family that these children, when they leave the day school, shall go to work with as little delay as possible, and it is an economic necessity of society at the present time that for the openings for life-rate work which are given to the children and the children will continue to fill them, advice or no advice. Hence if little Peter, through the influence of the juvenile labour bureau, gets a post that would otherwise be impossible for him to get, have gone to little Paul, he will bless the labour bureau, but little Paul would have equal cause, if he realised it, to curse it, and in the sum total of social benefit there would be none.

What, then, we may ask, is the good of any such attempt to interfere with the normal means by which children are placed in employments, and the answer is at once apparent. It is only in certain circumstances that a man can be made to have an influence on the education of the child. If it can be shown to parents that the most deserving children will be directly helped in most desirable employments, and to employers that they will be assisted in getting well-educated and reliable juveniles, it will give such an incentive to continued education that the standard of education of the masses will be continuously raised, and though it is undoubtedly true that larger possibilities of employment will be opened out to any child who will have been more handily handled by the practical training given in laboratory and workshop and to those who have obtained the rudiments of a commercial education or the beginnings of a trade, the great advantage would be this, that an enlightened proletariat would not have it.

Socialism will in the main, keep pace with the increasing standard of education of the workers of the nation, and any influence which will extend the habits of study and amenability to discipline formed in the day schools over the period of adolescence should be carefully cherished. The tendency of the times is to raise the age for exemption from the day school, and to introduce compulsory curative education up to the late teens, and it seems to the writer clear that the proper policy to pursue will be to leave the education and guidance of the young people until this age is attained entirely in the hands of the local education authority if they are willing to undertake it. Of course, if any local education authority does not realise that it is only as a local authority that it can be made to have an influence on the education of the child, it will be open for the Board of Education to see to it that the local education authority and the advice of the local authority. We have to remember that the local education authority must submit their scheme, which is essentially of local import, which is a necessary part of the educational organisation, and a part which will give education a much-needed driving force, for the approval either of the Board of Education or Board of Trade of this institution. It is not to be taken for granted that either of these authorities propose to subsidise the work.

Local education authorities have to submit to many vexa-
tious restrictions, and in the case of the Board of Education because, as a rule, grants are received from the Board on account of the work for which it claims to frame the regulations, but in this case the Education in consultation with the Board of Trade* pronounce upon the conditions of the local education authority in carrying out a purely local work without making any financial contribution.
I do not argue against co-operation between the local educational authorities and exchanges; in most cases it will be desirable, but if a local educational authority thinks it can best work out its own problem it should be competent to that interference, as has hitherto been the case at Liverpool and elsewhere.

I trust that all local educational authorities will stand out firmly for the option of independent action, as an alternative for financial assistance, from the Treasury.

WM. ALLANACH, B.Sc.

Oscar wilde on the representation of Shakespeare.

SIR,—I make no apology for making you the kindly insertion of extracts from an article written by Oscar Wilde about thirty years ago on the above subject.

At the present moment it will be of interest to readers of The New Age.

G. OWSN.

As regards the theory that Shakespeare did not busy himself much about the costume-wardrobe of his theatre, anybody who cares to study Shakespeare's method will see that there is absolutely no dramatist of the French, English, or Athenian stage who relies so much for his effect on the dress of his actors as Shakespeare does himself.

Knowing how the public is always fascinated by beauty and costume, he constantly introduces into his plays masques and dances, merely for the sake of the pleasure which they give, giving his stage directions for three great processions ('Henry the Eighth,' directions which are characterised by the most extraordinary elaborateness of detail. 'Sands of S.S. and Seals of Anne Boleyn.' and so on. Indeed, it would be quite easy for a modern producer to reduce these pages utterly absolutely as Shakespeare left them, and so accurately, that it would be the most solemn page of the record of the last performance of the play at the Globe Theatre to a friend, actually comprehend, their real character—notably of the production on the stage of the Knights of the Garter in the robes and insignia of the Order—as being calculated to bring ridicule on the real ceremony. The gorgeous and ornate costumes with which the English stage under Shakespeare's influence was attacked by the contemporary critics, not as a rule, however, on the grounds of the democratic tendencies of his characters, but usually on moral grounds, which are always the last refuge of people who have no sense of beauty.

Many of his plays depend entirely on the character of the various dresses worn by the hero or heroine; the delightful scene in 'Henry the Sixth,' on the modern miracles of healing by faith, loses all its point unless an actor is in black and scarlet; and the dénouement of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' hinges on the colour of Anne Page's petticoat.

As for the uses Shakespeare makes of disguises, the instances are almost numberless. Prince Hal and Poins appear as shepherds in clothes of use, but of the quality of the white arion as the waiters in a tavern: and as for Falstaff, does he not come on as a highwayman, as an old woman, as his father the hunter, and as the clothes going to the laundry?

Neither are the examples of the employment of costume as a means of intensifying dramatic situation less numerous. After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth appears in his nightgown as if aroused from sleep. Timon ends in rags the play he had begun in splendour. Richard flatters the London citizens in a suit of mean and shabby armour, and, as soon as he has stepped in blood to the throne, marches through the streets in Crown and Gown and Garter.

And as for Juliet, a modern playwright would probably have lain her out in her shroud, and made the scene a scene of horror merely, but Shakespeare arranges her in rich and gorgeous raiment, with lovely jewels, in order to give the audience the effect of seeing her, and so to see that her own are properly tied on. The deformed figure of Richard was of as much value as Juliet's loveliness; he sets the stage and mind of the audience before her face, and shows the stage effect to be got from both: he has as much delight in Caliban as he has in Ariel, in rags as he has in cloths of gold.

The difficulty Dusci felt about translating "Othello" in consequence of the importance given to such a vulgar thing as a handkerchief, and his attempt to soften its grossness by making the Moor reiterate, 'Le bandeau! le bandeau! may be taken as an example of the difference between the tragedies philosophique and the drama of real life; and the introduction for the first time of the word 'mouchoir' at the Théâtre Français was an era in that romantic-realistic movement of which Hugo is the father and M. Zola the enfant terrible.

Of the value of beautiful costume in creating an artistic temperament in the audience, and producing that joy in beauty which the great ages of art can never be understood, I will not here speak; though it is worth while to notice how Shakespeare appreciated that side of the question. In his productions of his tragedies, acting them always by artificial light in a theatre hung with black.

A real lady in the Fabian case.

SIR,—For the benefit of those who are beginning to wonder what this row is all about, I have provided a tabulated explanation of the part of the stigmata which I have written for my life can think of no better plea than the handkerchief he had given Hubert.

'Have you the heart? When your head did but ache, I knelt before your grave, and gave you yours.'

And Orlando's blood-stained napkin strikes the first solemn note in that exquisite woodland idyll, and shows us the depth of feeling for beauty by Rosalind's comedy.

'I last night was on my arm, I kissed it; I hope it be not gone to tell my lord That I kiss not yet; but he,

said Igome, pointing to the loss of the bracelet which was already on its way to Rome to rob her of her husband's faith.

The great rebel, York, dies with a paper crown on his head; Hamlet's black suit is a kind of colour-motive in a piece, like the mourning of Cièrne in the Cid: and the climax of Antony's speech is the production of Cesar's cloak. The bandeau which the Moor bears with his life's madness as are pathetic as the violets that blossom on a grave; the effect of Lear's wandering on the heath is intensified by the words which he blows from his handkerchief. Cloten, stung by the taunt of that simile which his sister draws from her husband's raiment, arranges himself in that husband's very garb to work upon her the deed of shame, we feel that there is nothing in the whole of modern French realism, nothing even in Thérése Raquin, that masterpiece of horror, which for terrible and tragic significance can compare with that strange scene in 'Cymbeline.'

In the actual dialogue also some of the most striking passages are created by costume. By costume—

'Dost thou think, though I am captivated as a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?'

Constance's: 'Grief fills the place up of my absent child, Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;'

and the quick, sharp cry of Elizabeth—'Ah! cut my lace about!'

are only a few of the many examples that one might quote.

One of the finest effects I have ever seen on the stage was Salvini, in the last act of 'Lear,' tearing the plume from Kent's crest and applying it to Cordelia's lips when he came to the line—

'This feather stirs! She lives!'

As regards the resources which Shakespeare had at his disposal, it is to be remarked that he was more than once complains of the smallness of the stage on which he has to produce big historical plays, and of the want of scenery which obliges him to cut out many effective open-air incidents, he also writes of Falstaff's proposal a most elaborate theatrical wardrobe, and who could rely on the actors taking pains about their make-up. Rosalind, he tells us, is tall, and is to carry a spear and a little axe; Celia is smaller, and is to paint her face brown so as to look sunburnt. Bottom is in homespun, Lyndsay is distinguished from Oberon by his wearing an Athenian dress, and Launce has holes in his boots. We know the pattern on the Dauphin's armour and on the Pucelle's word, the crest on Warwick's helmet and the colour of Bardolph's nose.

On the subject of stage beards Shakespeare is quite elaborate: he tells us of the many colours of the beard, and a hint to see that their own are properly tied on. The deformed figure of Richard was of as much value as Juliet's loveliness; he sets the stage and mind of the audience before her face, and shows the stage effect to be got from both; he has as much delight in Caliban as he has in Ariel, in rags as he has in cloths of gold.
always remember that I am talking with one mild eye on her and one severe eye on the publishers of the offence.

As regards this letter, I begin:

"Round the neck of my heart" is a Shakespearean quotation, and ought therefore not to be sneered at.

"I said, My trouble is in egging people on to the "(class) war. It does not require conviction for the moment.

And now Mrs. Bentinck goes about referring to me as to "not troubled with intellectual convictions."

This is un-fabulous. I add: it is blessed, it is blessed, it is the man who is not troubled by his own convictions.

"I said, "When I spoke of the universal thirst for power, I was thinking of normal healthy people." Whereupon Mrs. Bentinck says: "If Mr. Kirby wants to restrict the discussion of this motive and motives which actuate normal healthy people, etc."

The rest of the sentence does not matter, because I never said I wanted anything of the sort. I can trust the normal healthy person to betray his instincts to me; but I don't care tuppence for the quack theories about them which he calls his motives. To trust his evidence in that connection would be worse than calling in the supermen to judge. I draw my own conclusions from what I observe.

Mrs. Bentinck takes exception to my statement that a necessity cannot be one of the qualities of a superman, in an ironical voice to think of this the next morning we give up to having a molar out, and says, "It will assuredly be necessary, but I don't call it necessary."

The removal of a tooth is what I call the necessity, and I don't see how I can properly regret that. I might regret the misbehaviour of the tooth which necessitated its removal, but I don't think the necessity is what Mrs. Bentinck calls the necessity, she is using the term in a complementary, and therefore an alternative (not con-current) sense. It is not the way, even if a necessity is regrettable, because you are always sorry for the absence of the thing desired—in the instance given, comfort in the region of the tooth. So that, whichever way you take it, "regrettable necessity" is nonsense; in one case, as I said, it is a contradiction in terms; in the other, a piece of tautology. It isn't a simple enough thing to me; though as it is logical, it may inspire Mrs. Bentinck with mistrust.

Neither can I regret Mr. Belfort Bax, although I only hugged his name in an ironical way to think of this the next morning we give up to having a molar out, and says, "It will assuredly be necessary, but I don't call it necessary."

I thought of that the S.D.P., and then specially of Mr. Bax, remembering something he had written to the effect that, while certain events in history were inevitable, others might conceivably not have happened—or words to that effect which struck me as humorous.

But the reason why I am glad I brought in this Mr. Bax is that the mention of his name provokes Mrs. Bentinck to an exhibition of that healthy spirit of hatred which is so dear to the memory of the race of the English Protestant.

Moreover, speaking of my own surroundings, she says she is "conscious of the type of mind engaged by these nightmare muck-raking ideas," I was taught to rever the glory of Mr. Bax in the outer darkness of her dis-pleasure, and her rule of universal harmony has at least two immortal exceptions.

Me and Bax mortui te salutamus, Mrs. Bentinck! It only remains that I salute Asquith and Mrs. West. I was sufficiently interested to re-read the report of the current cause célèbre, when (as is my wont) I turned from browsing in the fat meadows of the

"Times" to refresh my soul in the mountain pastures of the "Daily News."

I was, however, struck by a dissimilarity in the two reports. Each paper devotes three columns to the report of that much-reviled organ of éclaircissement, the "Daily News."

For the delectation of your readers I have made the appropriate extracts. The italics are, of course, mine:

**DAILY NEWS.**

Plaintiff added, in reply to counsel, that she had been asked to dine with Mrs. Asquith at Cavendish Square. Mrs. Asquith came to see her, and she returned the visit.

His Lordship: Had you been to Mrs. Asquith's to dinner? Plaintiff: I think I went, as well as I can remember.

His Lordship: You would not forget a thing like that, would you?—Well, it was not a very important thing (Laughter).

His Lordship: You think you did dine?—Yes.

What did Mr. Asquith do?—He dined with me. He dined with us once at Tilney Street.

That was when you and Mr. West were living together?—Perfectly.

Then the invitation was from Mr. and Mrs. West?—Yes.

His Lordship: Therefore, when you were separated, such an invitation could not have been sent.

Mr. Gill said that as far as he could remember Mrs. Asquith said that plaintiff did not dine with her.

Mr. Asquith (rising from her seat by the solicitor's table): As far as I can remember—

His Lordship: If Mrs. Asquith has anything to add she shall be recalled.

**T I M E S.**

Mr. Duke: Did you go to dine with Mrs. Asquith?—I think I went.

His Lordship: You would not forget a thing like that.

Mr. Gill said that Mrs. Asquith had said that, so far as she could remember, she had not dined at her house.

Mrs. Asquith (rising from her seat in Court): So far as I can remember—

His Lordship: If Mrs. Asquith has anything to add she can be recalled.

**DAILY NEWS.**

The Judge: There is one thing which ought to be cleared up. Mr. Gill asked a question which led to the lady saying she was not invited to Court in the time of Queen Victoria, because she had taken proceedings of divorce against her first husband.

Mr. Duke (to the witness): Do you know what was the rule in Queen Victoria's time with regard to persons who had been parties to divorce?—I believe they did not attend Court.

Whether they were innocent or not?—Yes.

**MORNING POST.**

Mr. Justice Darling (to Mr. Duke): There is one thing which I would like you to ask the witness, which I pointed out to Mr. Gill at the time. Mr. Gill asked a question which resulted in the plaintiff saying that she was never invited to Court after she and her husband had been separated since the time of Queen Victoria. That follows the question as to whether she had not taken proceedings to divorce her first husband.

Mr. Duke (to witness): Do you know with regard to Queen Victoria's time what was the rule in respect to persons who had been parties in a divorce suit?—I believe they did not attend Court.

Whether the person was the petitioner or respondent?—I believe so.

**T I M E S.**

His Lordship said he thought Mr. Gill should explain what the rule was in the time of Queen Victoria.

Mr. Gill said he had been surprised by the piquant details of the cross-examination of Mrs. Asquith and Mrs. West, and was sufficiently interested to re-read the report of the current cause célèbre, when (as is my wont) I turned from browsing in the fat meadows of the
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