NOTES OF THE WEEK

It is almost an insult to expect an intelligent reader to maintain his interest in the Parliament Bill. The interminable repetitions of the discussions we have already endured grow so intolerable that only professional politicians can be expected to survive them. There is not a single point made that has not been stated times without number; and the charge of wilful obstruction seems inevitable. Nevertheless we shall not make it, or, if we do, we shall not regard it as very grave.

The understanding from the outset was that the Bill will now pass both Houses. After all, it is almost an insult to expect an intelligent reader to be fully discussed and if in England full discussion means discussion until everybody is sick of the subject, we will set our teeth and wait for that conclusion. On the other hand, there must be no complaint and if in England full discussion means discussion until everybody is sick of the subject, we will set our teeth and wait for that conclusion. On the other hand, there must be no complaint and if in England full discussion means discussion until everybody is sick of the subject, we will set our teeth and wait for that conclusion. On the other hand, there must be no complaint.

One significant omission, however, from the list of subjects to be considered by Mr. F. E. Smith's new Committee is land. The omission is so striking that we wonder attention was not instantly drawn to it. With this single exception, that the Backwoodsmen, in short, are quite safe if only they do not take Mr. Chesterton's immediate advice. But there is another consideration to which both he and we have drawn attention. It is the probability if not the certainty that a temporary union between the backwoodsmen and the people will be necessary before very long if the present drift of things in a capitalist direction is ever to be stopped. Liberalism of the modern type is a purely opportunist movement; it has neither a past nor a future. On the other hand, the backwoodsmen represent nothing if they do not represent the past and the tradition of England, while the democracy stands for the future. An alliance of these against the opportunism of the present moment is not only possible, but philosophically as well as practically called for. If the Unionists are accessible to ideas the new movement is the most promising we have seen in England for some time.

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programme need never have been drawn up. It will simply be Toryism without the Democracy. The sound line to pursue in this matter is one on which we have often insisted: it is the invigoration of Parish Councils. There we have, thanks to a Tory government, an admirable instrument of the rural revival, rusting for lack of use. We are quite convinced that the real as distinct from the sham regeneration of England must start in the smallest units of administration, namely, in the parishes: and if the Unionists mean business and not simply electoral bounce, it is to the parish councils that they will turn an early attention.

Everybody who remembers the opening pages of the history of the County Councils will recall their uniform dulness. Until Lord Rosebery lent his then distinguished name to the London County Council and the Glasgow Tory alderman had shown what business methods could do in municipal government, the County Council Act was little more than a dead Bill. Similarly, we are awaiting now a quickening impulse to be given to Parish Councils to transform them from a paper to a real existence. It is a sad fact that not one of them has so far distinguished itself as to set an example to the rest. Their history is a blank. To galvanise them into activity, to employ them for the purposes to which their considerable powers enable them to be put, are obviously in the straight path of reforming backwoodsmen. Thereby these latter will be not only dignified but assuredly occupied it. In rural problems there is similarly only one new principle: it is the vitalisation of Parish Councils. Mr. F. E. Smith's Committee may be advised to turn its eyes from city problems for a moment to the source of city problems, the smallest units of administration, that which we have often insisted: it is the invigoration of Parish Councils. That is beyond the power of Liberals to bring about. It is the natural domain of Toryism.

For it may safely be said that in city problems pure and simple the Liberals are on the whole better instructed than Unionists. We dislike these hard and fast distinctions between two parties who in general agree so very well. But when we are discussing ten-dollar and ten-pound wages offered nothing else can be expected. The only remedy for the shortage of teachers is to offer higher wages. Higher wages would attract a still abler class, perhaps University men. There is the beginning of the reform of elementary education.

Insurance Bill when he undertook the measure that he was clear in his mind about the details of his famous Budget before it had been discussed at a dozen Cabinet meetings... We do not participate in the case of the Invalidity Insurance Bill, for the Government has had a difficult course to steer. In the first place it only became evident after some weeks of discussion that invalidity and unemployment were two distinct subjects, the one had no more necessary relationship to the other than the relation of a new principle.

The Holmes Circular has been temporarily deprived of its limelight by the Report on Elementary Schools, which again complains of a shortage of certificated teachers. Strange that nobody should yet guess why the shortage exists or why it will continue. The reason is, we suppose, the same as other occupations where the same qualifications offers at least double the pay of elementary teachers, and even more in the way of prospects. An elementary teacher, after five or six years of costly training, finds he can earn £80 a year, with the intoxicating prospect of one day rising to £120. After forty years of this princely salary he may retire on a pension (towards which he has contributed annually) of something like £40. In any other occupation he might have begun at £40, so ended at £120, and without losing his sense of manhood in the process. We certainly do not underrate the services of elementary teachers in declaring that they are well worth the wages of insurance agents, bank-clerks, and excise officers. And if more and more males decline the service at the wages offered nothing else can be expected. The only remedy for the shortage of teachers is to offer higher wages. Higher wages would attract a still abler class, perhaps University men. There is the beginning of the reform of elementary education.

We shall be expected to say something of the reprieve of Stinne Morrison, but what can we say except that we are thankful that this time Mr. Churchill has listened to the humane voice of public opinion? It may be argued that penal servitude for life is as bad as capital punishment for the prisoner. In fact, we are often told that a petition for reprieve is a cruel kindness. But we are really not concerned, strange as it may seem, with the prisoner so much as with the public. The exaction of the old blood revenge of capital punishment is, in our view, infinitely more degrading to society than to the individual who suffers by it. Society is immortal and must dree its weird, and if in this stage of civilisation we retain as a society the instincts of revenge which characterise barbarism, it is a long weird we must dree. Not crime, as Nietzsche says, soils a community, but punishment. Crime is individual, but punishment is a social act. The case of Stinne Morrison has fortunately for us been entangled with other questions than merely his guilt or innocence. Of neither of these, we frankly admit, are we yet certain. But we are certain that everybody who followed the case closely must have been convinced that, guilty or innocent, Morrison was condemned by means which themselves form a part of the law of crime. Reprieve being now settled, the question remains why Morrison should not be discharged as well. Reprieve assumes guilt with extenuating circumstances. If the prisoner is guilty it is of a lesser crime, and if it were, there are no extenuating circumstances. We understand, however, that the discharge is under consideration.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

About two years ago, or thereabouts, a German firm, Messrs. Mannesmann Brothers, endeavoured to get certain concessions in Morocco, and in doing so they came into conflict with the French and Spanish authorities. There were several misunderstandings, international and otherwise; and finally the Mannesmanns turned to their own Government for assistance. For a long time the Wilhelmstrasse dilly-dallied with their claims, and many were the encouragements given in accordance with the nature of the official relations with France and Spain, not to mention Great Britain. Finally they were "turned down," but now they seem to be bobbing up again. Hence more trouble in Morocco.

Indeed, when writing in this journal several weeks ago, I found nothing to upset me on this subject. The question, which has given rise to some comment among non-readers of The New Age, is looked upon as a bright, harmless boy. This kind of nonsense may do for the Cocoa Press; but not for those who know their subject. The Foreign Office has no definite plan in view but I hope to be able to show the discerning leader-writer of The New Age what was really meant when the Foreign Office with other important documents, and I observe from the newspaper reports that the French authorities have made two or three arrests on suspicion in connection with this other than the article.

Now, France hopes that Germany is bluffing about the Mannesmanns again, and she is therefore trying to arrange with Spain a satisfactory method of dividing Morocco into two portions, one French and the other Spanish. The Franco-Spanish secret treaty guaranteeing mutual support in the partition of Morocco should now be called the open-secret treaty, since everyone knows about it. It leaked out of the French Foreign Office with other important documents, and I observe from the newspaper reports that the French authorities have made two or three arrests on suspicion in connection with this.

It will have been noticed that, in view of the recent disturbances in and around Fez, both the French and Spanish Governments have not disclosed any intention of sending a large expeditionary force to the country; but they have nevertheless made known their decision to safeguard the rights of their European countrymen in Morocco, which comes to much the same thing in the end.

Indeed, when writing in this journal several weeks ago, I stated that Spain had further designs on Morocco and gave a few details so I find nothing new in Mr. Cunninghame Graham's outburst regarding Spain and Morocco in the "Daily News" of April 7, an article which has given rise to some comment among non-readers of The New Age. Mr. Graham's article contains several of those half-truths which are so difficult to combat; but I hope to be able to show the discerning reader where he is not strictly accurate.

"At last," he says, "the religious incubus is being faced, and Canalejas has been forced by circumstances to show a bold front to the Pope." Now, Canalejas is not being forced by circumstances. He is infinitely more radical than Mr. Graham's article would make it appear; and he has been slow in dealing with the religious question because the backbone of the Spanish people, the agricultural element, is strictly Catholic. Although, as I have said before in these pages, they object to the unfair commercial competition of the Mannesmanns again, the last thing they have in mind is the degradation of the Church as such. Mr. Graham himself admits that no Spanish Government "wants, or could want, to attack religion in itself." But this does not say that the more extreme supporters of Señor Canalejas would not do so if they got the chance.

I dissent from another passage in Mr. Graham's article, in which he says that: "Just at the moment when the Great Powers seem to have glimmerings that great armaments must lead to ruin in the end, Spain starts to build a fleet. The fleet is useless to her, as she owns no colonies; but the army, monstrous in size in relation to her needs and her finance, is still more useless than the fleet. She has no frontiers that she can possibly defend."

Well, all comparisons of Spain and her neighbours and the frontiers she may have to defend are fallacious unless numerous other factors are taken into account. By way of example I will mention only one instance, viz., France. The Spanish Budget for 1910 showed an estimated revenue of £43,600,000 and expenditure of not quite £41,000,000. Of this expenditure, £6,500,000 was devoted to the army, and £1,240,000 to the navy. The Spanish field force is about 220,000 men, and there are troops of the second line and reserves of about 100,000. France, with a revenue in 1909 of £760,217,000 and an expenditure of approximately £32,000,000 for a total field force of 1,250,000 men (the peace strength being about 600,000 men, including the colonial troops, as compared with a Spanish peace force of some 80,000 men). The population of France is not quite 40,000,000, and of Spain just about 20,000,000.

On the other hand, France has several good battleships of modern construction, and on the whole a fairly formidable navy. Spain, however, has only one battleship, which was built in 1887, and her two cruisers were built in the nineties, so that she cannot be altogether blamed for wanting a navy, though she is not so far behind other nations. The Spanish Budget of 1911 includes £4,000,000 for a total field force of 1,250,000 men (the peace strength being about 600,000 men, including the colonial troops, as compared with a Spanish peace force of some 80,000 men). The population of France is not quite 40,000,000, and of Spain just about 20,000,000.

In short, I am regretfully forced to the conclusion that Mr. Cunninghame Graham can tell us all little about the Latin countries as Mr. Keir Hardie can tell us about India. He seems to have studied the Spaniards individually rather than collectively, and for descriptions, whether of scenery or individual objects, his style is excellent. But when he talks politics he reminds me of the feuilleton writers for the evening papers when they try to discuss art.

As for the "Daily News" leader on Mr. Graham's article, it is almost beyond comment. Many of us have known young children to catch from their parents and repeat a series of phrases which, whatever they may signify to a matured mind, mean nothing to them. When, therefore, I find the "Daily News" leader-writer ringing the old, old glib changes on Ferrer's "judicial murder," King Alfonso's "Austrian mother," and so on, I feel sympathetic rather than critical. Mr. Graham's article is headed " alguns de los escritores," and I respectfully suggest that the gods applied this threadbare tag to the "Daily News" leader-writer.
A Second Letter to a Backwoodsman.

By Cecil Chesterton.

My LORD,—When last I ventured to address you I pointed out certain reasons why I, though a democrat and representing the opposite pole of political thought from yours, should be glad to see you reject both the Parliament Bill and any scheme of "Reform" that the so-called "Conservative" leaders may put forward, and why I think you could quite safely do so.

I propose, in my second letter, to point out some of the reasons by which such a course might be defended.

It is, of course, the policy of the "Liberal" half of the political gang and of their organs in the press to represent the struggle as one between Democracy and Aristocracy. I beg your lordship not to fall into the trap thus carefully laid for you. Of course, you do not believe in Democracy, and you are honest enough not to pretend to do so. But really the question of Democracy does not arise. Do not put yourself into a weak position, and encourage the rhetorical hypocrisies of Mr. Lloyd George and his imitators by challenging the right of the Democracy to govern.

Carry the war into the enemy's camp. Challenge their right to represent the Democracy. Then you will be on strong ground.

The Parliament Bill is not a measure to enable the will of the People to prevail over the opposition of the Peers. If it were, its authors would welcome the proposal to refer all matters in dispute to the Peers. But, in fact, such a proposal produces a perfect panic in their ranks, and they exhaust their ingenuity in wild attempts to show that to consult the people on any question is contrary to the essential principles of Democracy. The Parliament Bill is a measure to enable not the People but the Ministry to over-ride the opposition of the Peers.

Now it is clear that any democratic defence of such a Bill must depend upon the production of proof that the Ministry represents the people.

Your opponents will maintain that the Ministry virtually represents the people because it is responsible to the House of Commons and the House of Commons is responsible to the electors. How far can either of these propositions be sustained?

First as to the House of Commons. That House is not an assembly of delegates freely chosen by the electors and each provided with a definite mandate from his constituents to pass certain laws. The electors are asked to choose between two men from nowhere, each provided with an official "programme" in the framing of which the electors have had no part. They choose the one they dislike least; but the mandate they give him is not of their framing. They may dislike almost every item in his programme; but they dislike, perhaps, his opponent's programme more. They are therefore compelled to vote for him. He is elected, and every measure he supports, however notoriously unpopular, is supposed to have the Will of the People behind it. Under the Parliament Bill every such measure can be forced through both Houses whether it has been approved by the electors or not.

I have called the candidates "men from nowhere." But in fact, of course, they are nominees of the Party Caucus, which often pays their election expenses out of its secret funds (largely secured by the cynical sale of those honours which you, my lord, have at least inherited from a long line of ancestors) and whose consent is practically always necessary to his nomination. Consequently, when elected, he finds himself not the master but the servant of the Ministry. If he ventures to vote against them he risks the withdrawal of the support of the Party Caucus which alone has enabled him to enter Parliament. He sits simply to register the edict of the Ministry and is not responsible to him; he is responsible to them.

The "Ministry" then is the supreme power in the State. It nominates and controls the House of Commons; it now seeks to nominate and control the House of Lords. How successful is its attempt to keep a check upon its proceedings, except the check of an active revolt of the Democracy, which your lordship would be the last person to wish to encourage. It becomes, therefore, essential to consider of what type of man it is composed.

It is selected by a process of simple co-operation by a small clique of wealthy professional politicians. These men, and they alone, decide who shall, and who shall not, be members of the supreme body that really rules England. When a Minister decides to place on the Front Bench his wife's impecunious nephew, or his own private secretary, or the son of a Jew who has lent him money, there is absolutely no machinery by which such a thing can be stopped. I am not aware of a single case of the House of Commons ever discussing such an appointment—though plenty such are made every year. The very idea of that House condemning it and driving the fortunate parasite from office is out of the question.

It is clear, therefore, that the issue is not at all whether the mass of the people or the rich class shall rule. The issue is whether that section of the rich class (and that the basest) that does rule now shall in future rule without the slight check afforded by the presence in the legislature of a certain number of members of their own class, who are not subject to the control of the Ministry, who believe in your intrigue, and who have certain inherited traditions of honour of which the politicians are wholly ignorant. Such a check your lordship and those like you supply. Pending the complete democratisation of our political machinery I think that check a very valuable one, and I should be sorry to see it removed. Had no such check existed, the Licensing Bill, detested as it was by the people, condemned sensationally at every by-election, hated no less by the Radical workman than by the Tory, might now be the law of the land.

But one thing is essential. If you wish to succeed you must dissociate yourself utterly and explicitly from that group of professional politicians that calls itself "Conservative." You are told that you ought to submit because the people have twice rejected your claims. They have done nothing of the sort. You were never in the running at all any more than I was. What they have done is to declare by an infinitesimal majority (for the Irish, who vote with an eye on a single object, must be excluded for this purpose from the arrangement) that they prefer the little group of professional politicians that calls itself "Liberal" to the little group that calls itself "Conservative" or "Unionist," or whatever it does call itself. But you are not bound to accept that defeat as your defeat. Put your own case before the public and put it on the right ground. Challenge the democratic pretensions of the professionals. Point out that they belong just as exclusively to the rich class and stand just as exclusively for its interests as you do, and that the only difference is that you are honest and have inherited your position from a long tradition in a sense truly national, while they are necessarily corrupt and have acquired theirs either by toadying or by purchase—and you will be astonished at the amount of support you will get from the ordinary citizen, who has no very strong political convictions, but is getting pretty sick of the whole dirty business of party politics.

So much for the Parliament Bill. Presently I shall hope to address you on the subject of the "Reform" scheme.

Meanwhile I offer to your lordship my best wishes and encouragements.

Cecil Chesterton.
Interests in the Commons.

By T. H. S. Escott.

Brewers and Bankers, men of hideous omen, Engineers follow with immense abdomen, Flashy Directors with their diamond rings—Such is the sum of our six hundred kings.

So, in one of the best poetical satires produced by the nineteenth century, a “Letter to Disraeli,” did a most musical and unjustly forgotten poet, Mortimer Collins, describe the nation’s collective wisdom in St. Stephen’s most persons, unfamiliar lines introducing these died out of parliamentary date remarks might have been used by Colonel Griffith-Boscawen or Lord Hugh Cecil to point the moral and adorn the tail of their argument. The epithet “corrupt,” as applied to the Chamber in which he employed in the purely Pickwickian sense. When LordShaftesbury called “Ecce Homo” the “wickedest book ever vomited from the jaws of hell,” Lord Salisbury, in the true peacemaker’s spirit, mildly remarked that it was “only this nobleman’s way of intimating his intention not to read the volume.” With his father’s command of rasping phrase, Lord Salisbury’s son combines his contemptuous estimate, cynically expressed rather than seriously entertained by his father, of representative institutions. Sir Robert Walpole did undoubtedly speak of having known only one lady who would not take money, and she took diamonds. He did not, however, lay down the abstract proposition about every man having his price. He simply said concerning certain impecunious and notoriously unscrupulous M.P.’s on whom he and a friend happened to be looking, each of these men has his price. There was then within the parliamentary precinct an office well known to the Whips where votes on a division were bought and sold. Colonel Griffith-Boscawen’s facetious suggestion of voting by ballot in Money Bills divisions did not imply any insinuation that parliamentary morals have not to-day advanced beyond the point reached in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

At the same time the House of Commons has always been a House of interests. It became so indeed on its first having a separate existence from the peers, when it began to meet by itself in Westminster Chapter House. The typical shire knight of that period, as often the typical burgess too, was the original of Chaucer’s Franklin in the “Canterbury Tales.” This was the country gentleman, who combines a comfortable home on his rural estate with a safe and not too laborious seat at Westminster. His paternal acres did not always yield him enough for his wants; he therefore missed no chance of supplementing his rents with running cargoes of marketable goods from the Low Countries or elsewhere across the English Channel. A century and a half later the Pyms, the Hampdens, and their colleagues in establishing the supremacy of the Commons, were indeed squires, but of small rentals and much practical knowledge as to the necessity of reinforcing these by quietly turning their little commercial opportunities to the best account. Descending to times comparatively modern, the financial operations necessary to Marlborough’s wars gradually made the capitalist a power in Parliament as well as in the country. A little later, whole rows of seats on either side below the gangways were occupied by those who represented the West India interest, then the greatest of extra-political powers. Now too began to assert itself the East India faction. Even in the nineteenth century, the managers of the first Reform Bill had to consider claims for compensation made by half a dozen Hindustan nabobs for the disenfranchisement of the close boroughs that they opened. The railway interest, the most puissant, of course, that ever existed, dates from the second half of the Victorian epoch. The dimensions of this can only be estimated from a few figures, which, as they are not universally known, or indeed accessible, may be given here. In 1850, the entire capital invested in English railways amounted to £2,130,000,000; by 1883 these figures had quadrupled. Computed by pounds, shillings, and pence, the railway interest at Westminster was represented by £6,985,000,000. More recent analysis would show this wealth to be not very unfairly divided between both Houses. A more recent parliament interest, created by the process of locomotion, is that whose president, Lord Northcliffe, belongs to the non-elective Chamber. In the Lower House, however, as well as in the Upper, the automobile group has become strong enough to account for a good many votes on a division. A little while hence, it may not indeed rival the railway men, but it seems likely to run the brewers a dead heat.

Lord Salisbury once said that the alleged necessity of direct labour representation in Parliament reminded him of Samuel Johnson’s words: “Who feeds fat oxen should himself be fat.” Than Lord Salisbury during the two periods of his descent of the peer knew more, or more practically, about the ramifying influences of capital and of the City. In his day the wealth acquired by commerce had not attained its existing dimensions, or become the parliamentary factor which it has since become. Without the Labour benches, on the Speaker’s right below the gangway, being filled in the fashion Lord Salisbury did not live to see, Parliament would be not a representative gathering, but a close body, a coterie, and a cabal. The Burials Bill of Gladstonian days, throwing the churchyards open to Nonconformist rites, was in progress, facetious pessimists amused themselves with fancy pictures of the profanation, shocking or simply ludicrous, of which the sacred precinct would certainly become the scene. Anticipations almost equally terrible were raised, in the late Lord Salisbury’s time, by the appearance before the Speaker of the earliest workingmen M.P.’s. Then came the County and Franchise Bill of 1884, followed by the return to the elective Chamber of a perfect industrial battalion. What was the sequel? Lord Salisbury’s nephew, who to-day leads the Opposition, is famous above all things of manner. He may therefore be accounted a good judge of deportment. The Labour Party had scarcely been formed on its present basis, when some superfine friend consoled with him on his strange companionship in the House. “On the whole,” he replied, “I have never seen the general standard of behaviour so good. My firm conviction is that the new men will teach us social lessons which we shall all be the better for learning.” This view has been progressively justified by events. The Speaker of to-day comes of the old Tory family, the Lowthers, that secured the return for Appleby of Toryism’s reconstructor, the second William Pitt. He, too, has borne his testimony that the industrialist M.P.’s have given him as little trouble as any other of his parliamentary subjects. It is indeed matter of common notoriety that no M.P.’s of to-day show more alacrity in their acceptance of the ruling of the Chair. As regards the interests represented at Westminster, there is no questions the expendiency of a counter-weight to the plutocratic element, to the trusts and syndicates which, in the way already described, have acquired such power in the work of legislation. Parliamentary order and decorum constitutes as much as any other a House of Commons interest. On Mr. Balfour’s and Mr. Lowthe’s own showing, it would therefore really seem that the below-the-gangway M.P.’s already specified perform a two-fold office of common usefulness, as well as constitute a guarantee for the maintenance of the Assembly’s most incorruptible traditions.
The collapse of all forms of dogmatic Christianity during the latter half of the nineteenth century is a matter that will well repay the careful attention of the student of history and sociology. The most interesting of this collapse, or decay from within, is afforded by the Roman Catholic Church. The great co-equal, sometimes rival, sometimes coadjutor, of the secular powers of the civilised world during the middle ages is now left stranded a hollow wreck, imperfectly concealing in the quasi-integrity of its outward forms the total savagery within. In a recent work, the ex-Jesuit father, Mr. Joseph McCabe, has traced the fact of this decay and shown it to be not confined to one country, or group of countries, but general throughout all the nations comprising what is known as Christendom. He shows it to have followed closely in all cases the advance of education. In the Latin countries, Catholic religion is to all intents and purposes dead in the large towns, while even in the countryside it is not more than half a century ago. In France, with the exception of some of the districts in the south-west, Catholicism can hardly be said to exist any longer as a living faith. It would be interesting could we get at the facts as to the number of voters, i.e., the number of persons for whom the apellation Catholic is more than a mere label. An eminent authority friendly to Catholicism has estimated the number of French Catholics at not more than "three or four millions," all told, out of the nearly forty millions of the French population. This estimate, which certainly confirms the impressions of those acquainted with modern French life, even if it be only approximately true, would fully justify the statement that Catholicism in France is dead. The same writer, Sabatier, puts the number of French Catholics in the earlier part of the nineteenth century at thirty millions. These figures, which, as Mr. McCabe shows, cannot be much exaggerated on either side, are indeed significant. A similar state of things to the above is to be found in the other Latin countries with the exception of the hold of the Church on the peasantry, who, in many cases, are wholly illiterate, is profoundly reducing. In the German Empire, in spite of appearances, the strength of the "Center" representation in the Reichstag is demonstrably due to the inequality of electoral districts. Mr. McCabe points out that while the Social Democratic deputy represents 70,000 votes, a Catholic deputy will only represent 21,000. The Catholic vote is shown to have fallen from 27 to 19 per cent. in 20 years. In Austria the Romano Catholic faith, while dead to all intents and purposes in the large centres, retains a steadily diminishing hold in many peasant districts of the Tyrol, Steurnarck, Karnten, etc. In Hungary the strength of the Church lies exclusively in the illiterate peasantry. As regards the smaller countries of Western and Central Europe, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, they all tell the same tale, viz., a heavy loss to the Church, in the number even of its nominal adherents, while its real influence is reduced to a fraction of what it was two generations ago or even less. The statistical and other details confirming what is here said will be found set forth at length in Mr. McCabe's book, "The Decay of the Church of Christ." There is a general impression abroad that the Catholic Church may be losing in the Latin Countries, it is gaining in those occupied by the Anglo-Saxon Race, while its real influence is reduced to a fraction of what it was two generations ago or even less. The inequality of electoral districts. Mr. McCabe points out that while the Social Democratic deputy represents 70,000 votes, a Catholic deputy will only represent 21,000. The Catholic vote is shown to have fallen from 27 to 19 per cent. in 20 years. In Austria the Romano Catholic faith, while dead to all intents and purposes in the large centres, retains a steadily diminishing hold in many peasant districts of the Tyrol, Steurnarck, Karnten, etc. In Hungary the strength of the Church lies exclusively in the illiterate peasantry. As regards the smaller countries of Western and Central Europe, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, they all tell the same tale, viz., a heavy loss to the Church, in the number even of its nominal adherents, while its real influence is reduced to a fraction of what it was two generations ago or even less. The statistical and other details confirming what is here said will be found set forth at length in Mr. McCabe's book, "The Decay of the Church of Christ." There is a general impression abroad that the Catholic Church may be losing in the Latin Countries, it is gaining in those occupied by the Anglo-Saxon Race, while its real influence is reduced to a fraction of what it was two generations ago or even less.
political, and personal influence. The first and most obvious explanation is that Catholicism shares in the common fate which has overtaken all traditional dogmatic faiths resting on authority—the "institutional religions" of the world, as they are sometimes termed. The fact is, moreover, that the process of the partial death of human culture which civilized mankind in modern times is fast outgrowing where it has not already outgrown it. The early and classical expression of decay is the familiar antithesis between the dévot homme and the honnête homme. The advance of human knowledge and the condition of mind engendered by modern thought generally, has, within the last half century at least, caused the attitude of the honnête homme to become typical and normal one for civilized mankind in general. Yet, in spite of this, we see the forms of dogmatic Christianity still outwardly subsisting, at the worst, in a state of decayed grandeur, and still nominally exercising some influence. How is this? The answer is, that the decay in the vitality of these dogmatic creeds, the progress of the outgrowing of them and of the fundamental conception of the world on which they are based, is modified in its manifestations not far into the early middle ages. Even to-day Mr. Farnell in his "Cults of the Greek States" is able to quote an instance of peasant practices in the same districts, clearly deriving, with but little modification, from the ancient cult of Dionysos. Taking this tendency of the human mind into consideration the wonder is not the extent to which Christian observances continue in vogue but rather the extent to which they and the beliefs of which they are the expression have lapsed, and that within a comparatively short period.

As regards the second of the causes mentioned as tending to mitigate against the rapid extinction of theological creeds and their cults, namely, their being so intimately bound up with the structure and traditions of existing society, and hence with the interests of the economically and politically privileged classes of that society, it is unnecessary to do much more than call attention to the old logic-chopping Jesuit whose profound' and, as regards the vast Germanic populations of central Europe, with everything else in its favour and only education and enlightened thought against it, one would certainly have imagined that such a great organisation would have made a better show than it has. Certainly the facts suggest either a want of ability or a gross mismanagement on the part of the heads of the ecclesiastical hierarchy.

And what has the Church got to show on the other side? Here we come to the problem. It may be asked, has it succeeded in imbuing many not unintelligent persons in this country, and elsewhere, with the notion that it is making progress? The answer is, bluff! We hear sometimes talk of the modern Catholic revival. Where is this revival to be sought? The real truth is this: in addition to the old logic-chopping Jesuit whose profound cleverness we are always hearing puffed, there does exist a small literary sect, mostly of literary decadents, in addition to the old logic-chopping Jesuit whose profound' and, as regards the vast Germanic populations of central Europe, with everything else in its favour and only education and enlightened thought against it, one would certainly have imagined that such a great organisation would have made a better show than it has. Certainly the facts suggest either a want of ability or a gross mismanagement on the part of the heads of the ecclesiastical hierarchy.

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which are waived aside in a lofty manner. Such also talk mysteriously and with awe of the mighty progress and universal influence of the Holy Catholic Church. The one thing these gentlemen dislike is plain speech. Straightforward English is for them too utterly "early Victorian." [They don't call everything they don't like "early Victorian".]

He does not say so outright, but this intellectual dude evidently wishes to convey the impression that the great truths established in the fifties and sixties of the last century and that have become incorporated as matters of course in the intellectual outlook of the present age, are, somehow or other, no longer true. He is the same type, mutatis mutandis, that in the early eighties we knew as the knight of the sunflower and the lily, and as personified in Savoy opera in the character of Bunthorne. The successors of this type are machinating the imaginary Catholic "boom" at the present time. The game of bluff can rarely be kept up for very long, and this Catholic pose we may safely assume will pass into some other before many years are over.

If it should be asked, is Protestantism in any better case than Catholicism? the answer must be emphatically in the negative. Indeed it is the collapse of the Protestant church in all its forms, at least of that of d'etre, which has given a superficially plausible colour to the notion of the increasing influence of Catholicism, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries. Protestant Christian decency is in count. The sects may remain but under the auspices of "New Theologies," with their character completely changed. The old theology which gave them meaning is, in any case, explained away with more or less ingenuity where not really needed. To speak in "early Victorian" plain language, the belief in the traditional religious systems is dead.

The New Idolatry.

The adoration of the Virgin is about to receive a serious rival in the camp of Freethought, for a new worship with a new type of priesthood is about to be inaugurated in our midst. What is very remarkable about the new worship is that its creed has a "trinity" with a new type of priesthood is about to be inaugurated in our midst. What is very remarkable about the new type of priesthood is that its worship. The persons of this new trinity are portions we are not yet told. It may require a few years are over.

To the Philistine eye, she often stands at the nadir point of human depravity, but to the spiritual eye of the new faith she is ever an angel in disguise. We fail to see it because we lack that subtle vision which, like X-rays, can penetrate through grime, rags, vice, folly, and wickedness into the inner chamber of her being where her immaculate soul resides. The Don Quichotes of the new cult have faith enough to blind them to all these ugly facts and enable them to believe that love is the distilled quintessence of ethereal and unacculated bliss.

Again, woman, according to the new creed, is at least potentially a paragon of all the virtues, and her imperfections are only apparent. To the Philistine eye, she often stands at the nadir point of human depravity, but to the spiritual eye of the new faith she is ever an angel in disguise. We fail to see it because we lack that subtle vision which, like X-rays, can penetrate through grime, rags, vice, folly, and wickedness into the inner chamber of her being where her immaculate soul resides.

But to worship this divinity as mother makes still greater demands upon the resources of faith. For a mother's love is an impulse that is in constant danger of being perverted and destroyed; and what is worse, when it remains normal, it may be so perverted as to aims to bless and protect, if not guided aright—a skill which is anything but easy to attain. In the sub-human world the emotion is not in this predicament, for it is not liable to these abuses. There it forms a truly protective shield around the defenseless. The mother, bird, or beast, is guilty of neither neglect nor indulgence; and with unerring instinct she withdraws her protection the moment it begins to injure. Of how few human mothers can this be said, if of any. She has been derailed from her guiding instincts and the very intensity of the emotion has become to her in consequence a special danger. She has now only "reason" to guide it, and that requires training and knowledge before it is of much use, and even then it is constantly liable to overcome, if the impulse of affection be at all powerful. All this is evident enough if we only reflect on the fruits of mother-love. For besides the type of mother who, possessed by more or less woman's love, bears to her offspring, we have also those mothers who, through neglect and cruelty, brutality their children into vagabonds, blackguards, and criminals. Then, at the other extreme, we have those who, through wisely indulging and shielding their children, enfeebles their bodies and effeminate their characters to the extent of unfitting them for life's struggles and duties. In this way mother-love is responsible for most of the prodigals and the wastrels of society.

May I suggest, in fear and trembling—for I dread to rouse the ire of priests—that instead of pouring forth perfervid streams of fulsome adulation about a loveliness that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them. The idea of loving about a glory that is so hidden or imperfect as to be directly responsible for planting possibly two-thirds of each generation at the starting point of life in a condition more or less imperfectly, curse them.
In Defence of America.

By Baron G. von Taube.

I confess "The Englishman in America" has been quite a puzzle to me. Of the jolly Gaul coming to judge on English society from the doings of some of the rich and lusty fellows on the rampage (say, "painting carnage" and "le pays où les fleurs sont sans odeur et les femmes sans pudeur.")

The query arises: What is it that all these formidable assertions intend to convey? If a satire, as suggested by the name "Juvenal," against whom is it supposed to be directed? Not the American as a nation, I am sure, as then other standards would have been used. Society, then? Not even that. There is not the slightest evidence given as to the Englishman having come in contact with the genuine American element, considered as the social backbone of the country. Judging from his statements it is some of the M'CAlistersians, or the active "smartsat" set," if A. Hale millionaires that he pays compliments to. But then nobody takes the first group seriously, and as to the second, most of them are not even received by the first on account of their socially impossible positions.

It would be then about as bad a thing as to pass a judgment on English society from the doings of some of the rich and lusty fellows on the rampage (say, "painting the town red"); and still such rich fellows have an infinitely greater significance in England than in the States, where they are simply classed with the fools who want to part with their money, whose vagaries it was hardly worth while to cross the Atlantic to depict. In fact, the article can be studied in its full glory all over Europe where it receives a great deal more attention and appreciation than at home. But if aimed at neither nation nor American society as a criticism, and merely representing personal impressions and experiences, why put it in general terms? Doubtless it would not conform with the rulings of the Aristotelian categories to judge Chinese, Japs, or for that matter Russians as well, according to regulations propagated in Chesterton's "Prigs and Professors," who are supposed to have estimated Dickens's works as vulgar caricatures.

So far as I know, Puritanism is not constitutionally obligatory, but, even if adopted as the guiding principle, what is that nasty letter form and ignorant spirit which means seriousness and meditation before all else, and according to which the Devil would be also given his due? "Juvenal" would have doubtless met with others than mere rich fools in America? Because so much will be clear to anyone even entirely ignorant of American life. Granting "Juvenal's" statements to be characteristic of the Americans as a nation, the whole of the "gum-chewing republic" would out-last even the life of any single generation of its citizens. However, touching now upon the contents of the last article (March 23) dealing with New York and the absence of characteristic features in its denizens it would seem that in the faultiness as well as in the incompleteness of the statistical numbers given. Over one million of Germans is correct, and so is the half million Italians, but the half a million of Russians is absolutely wrong, forty thousand at the utmost and even less, while Chinese and Hungarians, beside a good million of Irishmen. On the whole, allowing an additional half million to cover other nationalities from out the whole world, there are but seven hundred and sixty thousand of real people, showing but little more than one per cent. of the New York population. Considering further that the whole of this alien population—it certainly takes more than one generation to make them Americans—possesses for the political rights, the franchise, indeed, the social and economic kaleidoscope is all ready before you, especially as the laws in the United States protect an individual a great deal less from his fellow-

man than those of most of the European countries. Add to it the yearly landing of over half a million in New York alone, a good part of which human element is not nationally assimilable, and you have the city of New York before you as one of the chief dumping places for all sorts of elements generally found objectionable at home for culture, political, or other reasons.

This material, welcomed to the country exactly on account of the stuff they generally possess, must be sorted, employed, and gradually changed into human creatures characteristic of the different nationalities, else it would make the best within them come out and contribute to the welfare of the land as its new fledged citizen. All of which is done almost automatically under the wise direction of that American minority who failed to attract "Juvenal's" attention. But as the whole of the process is rather energetic, calling for all that there is in man to hold his own, it results in a somewhat characteristic expression of the features, found more prevalent among the New Yorker than the others— to which the "Tribune" is probably alluding—an expression of mental concentration and alertness, found playing in the countenance of the millionaire broker as well as that of the peddler or shoeblack around the corner. This is particularly called a "Dude" on this side of the water, then the Texas and Arkansaw (Arkansas man), besides the typical silverites from Nevada, or the land speculators from Oklahoma. They are all plentiful in New York representing the American backwoods—the importance of which is so much greater, as it is exactly upon the potential energy stored up there that the future of the land depends, and not upon the ephemeral creature of the Dude, displaying its vanity in London, Paris, or Berlin, as well as in New York, Boston, or the grand Chicago, not to forget the very same cut of clothes, generally coming from the London tailor. Besides, all these country greenhorn types are sufficiently distinct from the foreign element in New York to be noticed once.

Again, the hotch-potch of society can be easily formulated. There are probably over a dozen of very distinct social circles in New York, Boston or Washington, even outside of the famous millionaires, with this very pronounced characteristic that the really refined and fully educated people are as a rule the last ones to be found parading before the public, though it is exactly they, and not the others, who made America and maintain it as one of the great powers of the world. As to the diamond sunbursts, putting the question of good taste aside, it would be the last thing attempted by the high-bred American, as it is synonymous with the flaunting of the red rag before the bull and arousing feelings of rancour and resentment within the masses. This is exactly the very thing against which considerable war was waged by the political American, with little success, I confess. Diamonds in public, again, are international, and, if anything, a well pronounced Oriental characteristic.

The salaries of the ministers in the fashionable churches are from ten to eighteen thousand a year, a very acceptable figure for the nine months' work. Viewing the number of English petits bourgeois who have become rich and prosperous in New York, and ministers included, whose first attempt is to ape the lords they profess to despise, it is a fact that everything said to be English—aristocratic if you please—has a good market, tutors and ministers included: but English "Juvenal," that Dr. Chapin's Unitarian Church or the Liberal Anglican of Heber Newton, or, again, that of the late Henry Ward Beecher, was always more attractive to the real cultured circle of New York, even though without English accent and mannerisms. The fact of the matter is that, from a broader point of view, the "Gum-chewing Republic" is the greatest venture of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the historical working out in practice of the principles laid down at the foundation of the
scheme, namely, "The fair and square chance and opportunity for any human being to do something in life, untrammeled by either rank or lineage," will always remain the greatest, truly humanitarian, work in the world's culture. Of which "Juvenal" himself ought to be justly proud, being an Englishman.

That chips fly when constructive material is being hewn is natural, and it is equally reasonable that there should be a display of the very typical negative qualities of the various national elements entering in the composition of the whole. But the converse is equally true, and if the student wants to make a study of the potential stuff within the Frenchman, German, Irishman, or even the Jew, let him come to the United States. All of them have given great types of man under the free spirit of the country, giving full play to individuality. It is true that individuality seems not to find favour with "Juvenal," but then without it neither would there have been any England for him to be proud of as an Englishman.

Paris.
By Ernest Radford.

I have seen Heine's grave in the Cimetière du Nord, Monmartre, and find that the original of the translation you published the other day is engraved on the base of his monument; it is known to me and I am glad to suppose they would have been in the present letter, but I did not know it of course, and it pleases me to suppose they were published because they seemed sufficiently good in themselves. Sunk as the letters are in the white marble, not many will notice them thereto.

Wo wird einst das Wandermädchen
Letzte Ruhestätte sein?
Unter Palmem in dem Saden,
Unter Linden an dem Rhein?

Werd ich wo in einer Wüste
Einsamert von fremden Hand?
Oder ruh ich an der Küste
Eines meeres in dem Sand?

Immerhin! mich wird umgeben
Gottes Himmel dort wie hier,
Und wie Todtenlampen schweben
Nachts die sterne über mir.

There must be something very wrong with the world that can let a poet like Heine feel so utterly lonely as that, and those who will best understand what I mean are the greatest of his compatriots.

There is not a mile of the road on which I ramble, and once having spoken of Heine, I may be led so far from Paris that returning will seem impossible, at any rate before post time, but as the goal is along the line of my own life, I am the least likely to lose sight of it, and where I leave off does not matter.

The most passionate attachment I ever formed was to the genius of Heine so far as I knew it through the shortest and sweetest and bitterest, or as it might happen, the most perfectly song-like of the little marvels of art which abound in the "Buch der Lieder," (not like those "Gems" which are dead, but living as Heine lived). I might have put it more shortly by saying, the most easily mastered of them all, because I never really knew German, and only the shortest were read. Instead of the 250,000,000 of words I am told the Germans command, I only knew those which went to the making of the verses gotten by heart while his Book was my pillow companion, and with which I felt I must try to translate. That the versions were mostly no good does not matter, since I had found the master I wanted most, and no drilling could have been harder, or more salutary in its effect, than that which I gave myself.

Though they were not the cause of it, it was with nothing much more to my credit than a handful of these translations that I became known to the Marxes (the whole story of the relationship would be more properly told by another), and never likely to be forgotten is what it pleased Marx to tell me about that side of Heine of which he had seen so much in Paris when the poet was constantly coming to get the Marxes opinion of verses already so nearly perfect that they wished he would let them alone. Since Heine died in 1856, it war of the happenings of many years earlier that he was speaking to me, but I who seem to myself to be talking of yesterday only, see nothing at all remarkable in his having remembered so much so well.

You may remember some letters from Heine to Marx which, translated for English readers, were reprinted in The New Age. I had them from Eleanor Marx, who had very often said how much she wished a more personal account of her father than any that had appeared could be written by someone who knew him, not as the economist merely, but as his best friends in England did. There was little that I could have done, coming so late on the scene, and it is only a glimpse of the man that we get in that parcel of letters, such as are they, they may help some future biographer to draw Marx as he should be known.

I think my next will be for ladies only (such as they are at home), when I have not so much to think of, but finding a grandson of Marx in the Editor of L'Humanité, which is the organ of Jaures' party, has been like putting the last link on a broken chain, and between here and the end of this letter you will see there is not much space for small talk. Monsieur Longet showed me, by the way, the prospectus of a new American book upon Marx, and as he seems to think it well done, I hope you will see it in England soon.

Ode to the Cherubim.

Ye knew me when my heav'n-rapt eyes
Knew men as nought but moving shades
That came between me and the skies
Whereon the cloudlet looms and fades.
Ye were my infant cronies, fed my ears
With melody ere I could guess at speech or tears.
Ye served me as beseeched
My Order—me, a Minstrel-Priest—
While yet of life I deemed
'Twas all a chanting, dancing feast,
Nor dreamed that I was fall'n, so near me streamed
The Dance Celestial. Scarche my robe of pain
Was weaved: nor saw I that I would forget again.
What lured me here from heavenly dance
To pass the gates of this desolate whote?
I was not then so little worth
That gracious God could spare my glance.
Whose is the guilt for which I cry?
Since thing so innocent as I
Could ne'er have mocked the saints, or done
A single wrong. The sun
Sent no bright beam o'er dewy floor
As fled the eyes I lifted to adore.

Ye shared with me my senses' earliest gleams—
Together heard the Sea congratulant,
Murm'ring that this was Life! We dreamed our dreams
On one same pillow, wakened, jubilant,
To seek the sun among the flowers, chased
The butterflies, outran the rains; by streams
With elves and fays we flitted, pious paced
Deep primrose woods—our blithesome breath a hymn,
An alleluia piped by cherubim.

Ye left me. Long and vain ye cried.
In vain the Day demanded me.
Rebuke and hindrance shocked my pride,
And voices strange commanded me.
I found life's desert—in a room.
I stared at foreign eyes of endless gloom.
A golden bell at early morn,
A silver bell at eve!
But a child that's cried itself forlorn
Hears not as cherubs that ne'er did grieve.

She stirs, she wakes, she weeps. Spring's azure flight
Scarce cleaves the pearled barriers of sight,
Ere Dionysos from his dolphin'd prow
Leaps to the shore.

Time reigns. And 'neath his sway
Acts every man his destined day.
But Time is not immortal,
Time must end!

Each soul that gains death's portal
Tells that the ring of Time shall blend
With God's ethereal breath,
And birth shall cease, and there be no more death.

Yes, while I speak this holy thing,
A Power doth dissipate the ring.

Pain!
Radiant stars in Heaven shine
Of That whose truth is of itself to be:
Abiding, non-created deity!

I see the golden cables of the Laws august,
That fetter star to star and orb with orb adjust.
That range the heavens, that plumb the deeps eternal,
Where the Gods that rule the Gods bow the knee to God Supernal.

Ere my soul falls back from that high vision,
It hath gained immortal knowledge, memory elysian
Of That whose truth is of itself to be:
Abiding, non-created deity!

I see the guardant sceptres of the Laws of earth,
That stand 'twixt infant man and the lust that gives him birth.

The law that flesh is mortal and the law that limits pain,
Enjoins no more than man can bear, and frees his soul again.

Sudden and sweet from silver throats
I hear Ye, Cherubim!
Singing familiar hymn,
And all the rare, elusive notes
That ease my wand'ring day,
Ye sang to me ere
The magic tunes,
The solemn runes
That charm'd the harp of my inward ears,
Ye sang to me ere
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The magic tunes,
The solemn runes
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Ye sang to me ere
The magic tunes,
The solemn runes
That charm'd the harp of my inward ears,
Art.

By Hunty Carter.

The "Mill" is a disappointment. In spite of pushing it has produced nothing worse than the following taken from the "Daily Telegraph":—

"Once lost to Britain it is lost for ever. The "Mill" sums up all that is profound and noble in the landscape art of the Western world. It is supreme imaginatively and technically, supreme in impressiveness, supreme in cologne art in light. It is an expression of earth-beauty and spiritual significance that can ever take its place. This picture was an inspiration to Holbein. As a student of landscape art, I understand that it asserts itself that, if secured, it will be the inspirer of and try to place—place for living British painters and for countless native artists still unborn, thereby that landscape can be so exalted as to reveal the very secret of the innermost.

Never was instant action more imperative in the interests of our national collection, in the interests of national art, in the interests of native artists. I hold that this is the first great opportunity to follow the lead of King Edward, who, shortly before his death, had made it a reserve fund for the reilation in this country of works of art of supreme merit. George III. was founder of the Royal Academy; Rembrandt to "Mill". National Gallery, form a monument to Edward the Peacemaker from which none could do greater or more enduring honour to his memory.

The picture presented a distinguished artist on the steps of the National Gallery beating the big drum for Rembrandt, to say nothing of Lord Lansdowne, is laughable. I commend it to look for ever (£27,000), and to have paid Holbein he shows the dealer beating the big drum for what time the modern artist, with his hands in his empty pockets, turned disconcerted away. Slip Mr. D. Y. Cameron, the manner of sense and not much remains. What does he mean by "Once lost to Britain lost for ever"? Has he never heard of American millionaires that go bankrupt? Of other millionaires that leave their gold and silver and household goods to idiot offspring who get rid of these encumbrances with remarkable speed? Has he never heard of the wandering habits of "masterpieces" and of their tendency to revisit old haunts after many days, very depraved, very much reduced in price. Look how the fluctuation of the picture market served Wilson. One of his finest landscapes was sold a few years ago for £5,000. Recently it exchanged hands for £100. Lord Lansdowne's predecessors acquired the "Mill" for £300. If we were able we shall get it for the £100 note. Who knows? Mr. Cameron reminds us of the "Mill" inspired Turner. There have been two or three revolutions in painting since Turner's day, and modern men are seeking other inspiration than the masters the post-impressionists, for instance. When George the Third founded the National Gallery he had no idea that it was to be utilised as a Stock Exchange for heirlooms, and as a centre for picture auctions knocking ancient masterpieces down to the highest bidder, or he would have left the matter alone. Owing to the operations of incompetent directors and scheming outsiders, the National Gallery is more like a National Mausoleum. It is chocked with "remains." A critic of understanding would not give a fig for a whole roomful of some of its stuff. To reward Edward the Peacemaker for his attention to art by placing him at the head of the National Gallery, as Mr. Cameron proposes to do, is like rewarding a generous patron of literature by forcing him to swallow the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

To-day the tyranny of the old masters plays so material a part in the progress of new men that their assistance is of little use even to those from whom it is not withheld. Upon this conviction I travelled down to the new jerry-built-picture-palace-electrified Chelsea to sample the works of our most prominent. Our present inadequate system of exhibition gallery had banished almost off the earth—to be precise, very close to the World's End. I found Spencer F. Gore dissipating at the Chenil Gallery in an invigorating bath of fresh pure colour, in which he has steeped himself in a variety of other subjects, landscapes, and interiors and balmy dances, balanced by more reticent portraits of Mornington Crescent. I preferred his landscapes. Landscapes are less liable to be infected by the tendencies of schools. In his realistically dreamy landscapes, he luxuriates in Nature, touches the heroic, expresses its soul, and offers one the privilege of enjoying huge slices of its joy of life without stepping out of doors. Thus seated at home it is possible to wander in imagination across that far-out impression (21), living itself in a big way in soft luxuriant greens and ridged purples, to the delicate luminous horizon; or to stand on this coloured bridge (20) watching the sky and trees and tall grasses making love in the transparent water beneath; or to linger in this old-world garden (23) with the wide spread of green leaves fluttering with the silver-blue sky, and the red roses dancing round the white sundial, and the mellow flood of light and purple patches tripping gaily across the greensward. Pictures such as these exist.

It is difficult to say as much for Mr. Phelan Gibbs' decorative experiments at the Baille Gallery. In the first place, Mr. Gibbs' "Post-Impressionist" pictures, as he terms them, do not play on the scale for decorations to be carried out on a large scale. It would be impossible to hang some of his blazing colour studies on a modest wall without setting fire to the other pictures; and one could sample some of his sunny landscapes without getting sunstroke. Treat his decorations differently, remove some of those very thinly painted studies (65, 69, 17) from their frames, and let them weave themselves into fine tapestries; let village craftsmen turn that interesting panel (27) into a stained-glass window; let that telling landscape (23) take refuge in the theatre; and we should see at once the surprising value of much of Mr. Gibbs' work.

At present Mr. Gibbs' work, or that portion of it which is decorating Messrs. Baille's walls, appears largely engaged in breaking the heart of Miss Wakana Utagawa's interesting collection of Paintings on Silk (of the original designs for Japanese colour-prints) hung in an adjoining room. While it is so engaged Mr. Gibbs himself had better run round to the Little Theatre and instruct Mr. Granville Barker in the nature and aims of the new movement in the theatre. He might impress Mr. Barker with the importance of indulging in a little impressionist scenery and effects. Beyond this, he might point out to Mr. Barker the necessity of bringing plays into the theatre, and of using all the resources of the stage—limited though they are—to give them the representation they demand. This is a point which Mr. Barker does not at present understand. He has proved it by his treatment of the six Anatol dialogues, in spite of his endeavour to treat them without giving them colour values. Two of the scenes were, I know, done at the Palace Theatre. Mr. Barker contrived to take them to the Little Theatre without depriving them of their youthful freshness. He succeeded in giving them to four middle-aged weary scenes, that slouched on to the stage in an untidy fashion and had the appearance of bres.

In the first scene there was the conventional vacuous lighting, a door half off its hinges, a ceiling quarrelling with the flats, a white figure composed against an empty window space and two black figures composed against a wall. A mass of our most prominent. Our present inadequate system of exhibition gallery had banished almost off the earth—to be precise, very close to the World's

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been called in to compose one of his finely imaginative scaffolding scenes. Scene III. was amusing. It was a dark red interior lit by a yellow lamp, while outside the sunlight was seen blazing furiously. An attempt was made to introduce or suggest the fourth wall by planting a fencer on the footlights, upon which the young person engaged in the scene tossed her feet in the face of the audience. Scene IV. was a horror, and, in its way, as hideous as the appalling setting to "Rococo." The walls were drab and drunk, and the window space and exterior backing characterless. There is no need to continue. Mr. Barker is apparently bound "ROCOCO."

One must live, in spite of anything Voltaire may have said to the contrary, and to live we must all eat; excepting, of course, those of us who sit in sealed and locked glass-cases at Earl's Court, subsisting on cigarette and mistess, and most essentially, the necessity of life is the only thing it is easy to obtain. For houses may be done without, and there are always trees under which one may get some sort of shelter, and clothes need be rarely renewed; if you are careless, your coat, like your tanner, will "last you nine years." But food and drink one has to get every day, and the least that might be expected of Nature is that she should supply it in some form or other.

But it is just in this connection that Nature breaks down. Drink one can generally get from her (except on Salisbury Plain), but with respect to food she fails completely. The tramp cannot drop a grain of wheat in a hole and wait six months for it to grow. He wants to find something to eat here and now. And this Nature does not generally give him; for she is prodigal for two or three months of the year, and absolutely niggardly all the rest. In August and September the vagrant may browse on the luxurious blackberry and the genial nuts. Crab-apple, sloe, pippin—the there is something everywhere. Every hedge, every copse will supply the raw material for some sort of a meal; and absolute starvation is impossible. But in May things are otherwise. The flowers are still in the heart of the blossom, the nuts are but tiny green blobs. For the rest, grass as fodder is apt to pall, and stinging-nettles have little savour unless they have been boiled, and little substance even then.

The fields, too, are as barren as the wilder lands. Corn is barely above the surface. The time of the turnip is not yet; and the carrot and the potato are too small to be worth stealing. Nature and the farmer, in fact, have conspired to prevent the wayfarer from getting into his nourishment with his own hands. There is one thing which may be found when at this time of year, and that is the swede, which one comes across stacked in the corners of fields. But if one is well-advised and not quite famished one will pass the swede by in another' time. For I have heard it stated—and see no reason for disbeliefing it—that the swede is ninety-nine per cent. water and one per cent. solid stuff. When you have eaten one you are sated but not satisfied. It has no savor and, in fact, is what medical men call a "red herring." As a rule it is a greater joy which one can share—and that is the joy of eating when and where one likes. By the roadside, in the middle of a street, on the steps of a private house: the more public the place is the better pleased one feels. An immense relief that, for, in general, we moderns (a delightful phrase) are ashamed of our natural appetites. We will only eat and drink where we can make a convention of eating and drinking, where, in fact, everybody else is doing the same. Your well-dressed citizen would rather die of hunger than stand with his back against a lamp-post in the Strand, take a loaf from one pocket and a knife from the other, and make a square meal. But a change of attire makes all the difference. When the tailor's model disappears the man comes upon the scene. As the unadressed savage has no modesty, so the ill-dressed European has no conceit and little self-consciousness. And your rugged rascally drinking fountain, munching a mound of bread between his two hands, and out of sheer joie-de-vivre will roll the last crumbs into a pellet, and flip it at a policeman's back.

Thus and thus do I endeavour to persuade myself. But do the fellows who are really forced to sleep out and starve ever attempt to contrast their position with the effect, in fact, is very much the same as what might be produced if you had swallowed a balloon whole. So there is really practically nothing to supplement the food that one begs or buys.

Getting food by begging is an easy enough thing to do, but the results are not always very satisfactory. There is a greater joy which one can share—and that is the joy of eating when and where one likes. By the roadside, in the middle of a street, on the steps of a private house: the more public the place is the better pleased one feels. An immense relief that, for, in general, we moderns (a delightful phrase) are ashamed of our natural appetites. We will only eat and drink where we can make a convention of eating and drinking, where, in fact, everybody else is doing the same. Your well-dressed citizen would rather die of hunger than stand with his back against a lamp-post in the Strand, take a loaf from one pocket and a knife from the other, and make a square meal. But a change of attire makes all the difference. When the tailor's model disappears the man comes upon the scene. As the unadressed savage has no modesty, so the ill-dressed European has no conceit and little self-consciousness. And your rugged rascally drinking fountain, munching a mound of bread between his two hands, and out of sheer joie-de-vivre will roll the last crumbs into a pellet, and flip it at a policeman's back.

Thus and thus do I endeavour to persuade myself. But do the fellows who are really forced to sleep out and starve ever attempt to contrast their position with the
favourably with that of well-houseled and well-fed people. And when they happen to stray into a casual ward, as I have done for a jest, do they ever bring themselves to think that it is what the boarding-house advertisements call "a home from home"? They may do, but somehow or other I doubt it.

Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tomson.

I OPENED Mr. John Masefield's novel of modern London, "The Street of To-Day" (Dent and Co.), with much interest. But I found it very difficult to read. This is a damning criticism; but what would you have? I found it very difficult to read. It is very earnest, very sincere, very carefully and generously done. But these qualities will not save it. Even its intelligence, and its alert critical attitude towards life, will not save it. I could say a great deal of good about it, and yet all that I could say in its favour would not avail. It would certainly be better if it were considerably shorter. I estimate that between fifty and a hundred pages of small talk and miscellaneous observation could be safely removed from the book, without impairing the coherence of the story. The amount of small talk recorded is simply terrific. Not bad small talk! Heard in real life, it would be reckoned rather good small talk! But artistically futile! Small talk, and cleverer small talk than this, smothered and ruined a novel more dramatic than this—I mean Mr. Zangwill's "The Master." I am convinced that a novel ought to be dramatic—intricately, spiritually, or physically—and "The Street of To-day" is not dramatic. It is always about to be dramatic and it never is. Chapter III, for instance, contains very important material, essential to the tale, fundamental. But it is not presented dramatically. It is presented in the form of a psychological essay. Now Mr. Masefield's business as a novelist was to have invented happenings for the presentation of the information contained in this essay. He has saved himself a lot of trouble, but to my mind he has not yet come to understand what a novel is.

Mr. Masefield's style suffers in a singular manner. It is elaborate in workmanship—perhaps to the point of an excessive self-consciousness. But its virtue is constantly being undermined by inexactitudes which irritate and produce doubt. For example: 'They entered the tube station. In the train they could not talk much. Lionel kept his brain alert with surmises on the character of the passengers. Like Blake, a century before, he found ' marks of weakness, marks of woe,' on each face there." Blake in the tube! Mr. Masefield will produce a much better novel than "The Street of To-day."

French literature may or may not be theoretically dead. Some people, even in Paris, assert that it is—"for in Paris, as in London, there is a band of pious pessimists for whom "the last really great writer" has always just expired. But I am inclined to think that not for a long time has French literature been quite so obstinately alive as it is to-day. I have recently named several new authors of unquestionable interest and force. I now announce another discovery in the shape of a novel, "Fermina Marquez," by Valery Larbaud (Charpentier, 3frs. soc.). "Fermina Marquez" is a first novel. It deals with school-life... No! You are entreated not to carry your mind back to "Tom Brown's Schooldays," whose success was one of the most notorious proofs of the atrocious taste of mid-Victorian days—certainly not even of "Stally and Co." A French schoolboy is not an English schoolboy. The French school system is probably, nay assuredly, bad; but it does produce boys of sixteen who talk philosophy and women with far more maturity than an Englishman of twenty-five. "At twenty-three I am a specialist in Walter Savage Landor. Happily at twenty-three or four he often begins a second youth. The scene of "Fermina Marquez" is an expensive boys' school, on the outskirts of Paris, chiefly patronised by wealthy South Americans and other exotics. The hero is a young French lad. You will here find the horrid daily business of earning synthesised and aggravated into a really epicical theme, and herein is the chief merit of the book. It is admirably written, and very well constructed, except at the end, when the author has manufactured out of death and old memories an effect that is somewhat too facile. No novel by a new and young French author has interested me as much as "Fermina Marquez"... Mr. Masefield is very evidently a born artist, and he has already learnt to write in a style at once distinguished and powerful. All that I know of his general literary activity is that he is a specialist in Walter Savage Landor.

Among other French works that have lately roused my interest I should mention a French translation of the Polish novel "A Flame in Silesia," by Sigismond Podfilipski (Plon, 3frs. soc.). This novel is very witty in parts, and it is not sentimental. There are now, apparently, authors in Poland—I do not mean Sienkiewicz. I read the other day an English translation of Vaclaw Sieroszewski's "A Flight from Siberia." This novel was published by Hutchinson a couple of years ago without any preface or due heralding, and so far as I know it attracted no particular notice. It is a very remarkable work indeed; the close is magnified by the introduction. The Backwash, "A Flame in Silesia", Mr. Masefield's convincingness. A modern novelist may not permit himself these freakish negligences. Another instance of the same fault is the Christian name of Mrs. Bailey in "The New Machiaveli." It was immensely clever of Mr. Wells to christen her "Altiora." But in so doing he marrè the extraordinary brilliancy of his picture of her. If you insist that I am talking about trifles, I can only insist that a work of art is a series of trifles.

Mr. Masefield's style suffers in a singular manner. It is elaborate in workmanship—perhaps to the point of an excessive self-consciousness. But its virtue is...
Revenge.
By W. L. George.

It is six o'clock in the morning. The Place du Palais de Justice lies wrapped still in the grey mist of January; from life, and man from man no longer. Barracks stand little knots of gendarmes at the entrance of the little street, while every side of the Place, prison wall, barrack frontage, closed estaminets, is lined by infantry. The soldiers stand elbow to elbow; they are almost invisible in the gloom, for alone their belt buckles and bayonets glitter in the pale light of a winter day. There is a stir among the cuirassiers, for the drama has begun. Yes, the window has burst into radiance and the eyes of the soldiers are upon it, there is a feeling of tension and desire. The old man raises his head, looks with filmy eyes in his pocket-book a few words Favier has scribbled for the window where, every minute, day affirms its right. Human justice has spoken; your brother will be avenged.

"Father, he is avenged by men.
"Are we going to help the murderer to escape God?"

The old man shakes his head, but he is in no mood to argue with his son. His eyes bent on the stone steps, he has forgotten all save his murdered son whom he is now going to see avenged. He is a bare-legged child, then a schoolboy with a satchel and pockets that rattle, full of marbles, as he runs; he sees him again, a cheerful soldier, with a fresh face and short cropped hair, as a bank collector in blue livery.

- his last living, the one taken by Favier, the man for whom they have lit the lamp. He has no words for his black-whiskered son, his heavy, fair son-in-law, who stand by his side, the one boiling over with hatred, the other awkward and a little overcome by his privileged position. For they alone, of all the citizens of Lille, are admitted with the military; the fair man cannot prevent the creeping into his heart of a little importance, for he is a vested interest, he plays a minor part in the drama of the day.

Slowly through the old man's mind flow the memories of many executions he has read of. He constructs the happenings behind the black wall. In a square cell stand the Public Prosecutor, his deputy, the Juge d'Instruction, the almoner, and Favier's counsel. A warder waits by the door. They have already told Favier that the President of the Republic has decided he shall not speak out. The day is almost day now, and the light which forces itself through the pall of smoke concentrates on the figure at the prison gate as if nature itself were on his side. It is an old cracked voice. The speaker is white-haired, bent, his hands rest on two sticks and his old jaws slowly move as if he chewed perpetually.

"Dawn," says a voice on the steps of the Palais de Justice, "Yes," whispers the Public Prosecutor to the warder, "Time enough," says another voice. "I suppose they are waking him up now.

"No, no, Louis," says the dark young man. "Allons, let us make haste, the man's hours are numbered.

"Father, he is avenged by men."

"Are we going to help the murderer to escape God?"

The fair man laughs, a little unsteadily.

"No, no, Louis," says the old man, "that is not
The soldiers in the ranks sway and bend forward, but the officers do not reprove them, for they, too, see nothing but the figure as it shambles towards the scaffold on its hobbled legs. Favier walks slowly, his eyes greedily taking in the details of the familiar Place, the Palais de Justice where he was sentenced, the dirty red brick of the estaminets, the white face of the barracks where the clockwork sentry still paces up and down under the flag of France. He is conscious of little things as the grey morning, the cold he feels on his bare neck, the cobbles which hurt his feet through the list shoes. Around him things which were dream things as the prison gates rolled open and left him blind as a bull leaving the toril have become extraordinarily clear, detached as a stereoscopic view. In his right temple a little vein beats, beats, quick and rhythmic as a drum. But he does not see the scaffold, for the priest walks backwards in front of him, masking the view with the great bat-like wings of his cassock, with the heavy crucifix on which Favier can now see brown streaks of age, like congealed blood.

He dreams, and now he is on the scaffold, with the heavy crucifix on which Favier can now see brown streaks of age, like congealed blood.

“Justice is done,” says the old man. His old jaws begin to move. He feels that Favier had died. In the temple a little vein beats, beats, quick and rhythmic as a drum. But he does not see the scaffold, for the priest walks backwards in front of him, masking the view with the great bat-like wings of his cassock, with the heavy crucifix on which Favier can now see brown streaks of age, like congealed blood.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

A SENSATION has been caused here by a public announce-
ment that London during the Coronation festivities will be a general meeting-place for titled men, from all countries in Europe, in search of rich American wives. For more than a year efforts have been made to bring the subject to the notice of young noblemen in Germany, France, Hungary, Denmark, to say nothing of England.

London will be packed as never before in all history and by a ravenous horde of coronet seekers, many of them determined not to take “No” for an answer. Any sort of a title is better than no title, but it goes without saying that a rush will be made for strawberry leaves, if any happen to be in the market; and when there are no more leaves a crushed English berry would be better than a French plum, a Bohemian crab-apple better than a huckleberry plum.

In the Garde de Allah there are all sorts of fruit, and thousands of American heiresses would be only too glad to eat the apple of discord for the privilege of wearing a coronet of pear-shaped pearls; and some of these good democrats and republicans would be willing to be hung with a rope of pearls if the pearls were taken from the necks of royalty.

When it comes to the question of a big title, if it is British, all scruples of religion and patriotism vanish; all that pertains to home, parents, friends, must take a back seat and be totally dissolved and disappeared. There is a mania for foreign titles. I heard a wealthy clubman say that American democracy will never be a vital force owing to this rage for European titles.

At first it looks as if this mania were confined to the women, but after studying the phenomenon closely the truth becomes apparent. The vision of a coronet with strawberry leaves is too much for the great majority of American men, no matter what their religion or politics, and the clubman was right. To have a grandson heir to a dukedom is considered a greater distinction than to be President of the United States. No one dares to say in public what all ambitious rich men think in secret.

Upwards of three hundred titled seekers for rich American wives are already "booked up" in London for a season of two months. Not only have rooms been engaged at the best London hotels, but in many cases the clever matrimonial agents have secured certain tables in the hotel dining-rooms where their clients will be able to create the necessary sensation. Very little has been left to chance. For the ambitious democratic snob who buys a title for his daughter it is all very fine. The man in the street who knows how to do a wee bit of thinking on his own account wants to know where all this snobbery will end. The few politicians who have not lost their heads are beginning to ask how long it will take America to transfer the greater part of her fortunes to European capitals.

The wealth of America keeps the wolf from the door of Italy and France. The gold left in Rome, Florence, Monte Carlo, Nice, and Paris in a single year would pay for the irrigation of the American deserts. The few poor emigrants bring to the port of New York is less than the oil sold abroad by the Standard Oil Company. The Philadelphians are monarchical aristocrats to the bone, while the Tories at Westminster do not hate the Socialists so much as the Yankee Republicans hate the Southern and Western Democrats at Washington. Yet all prate about democracy and dwell on the glorious privileges of a democratic country. As for the Republicans, they use the word as a thief would use red pepper to blind the eyes of his victim.

The word democracy is on everybody's lips; thousands of editors are using the word as if it meant something staple like salt, pork and beans, gin slings, or molasses. But the truth is the word in America is not so inspiring as a gin sling and not as solid as molasses. To read the daily papers a foreigner would think all Americans were like affectionate brothers and Western Democrats at Washington. Yet all prate about democracy and dwell on the glorious privileges of a democratic country. As for the Republicans, they use the word as a thief would use red pepper to blind the eyes of his victim.

The Philadelphians are monarchial aristocrats to the backbone, while Chicago has one foot in the grave of democracy and the other on the first rung of the ladder of Empire, and between these two the obfuscated inhabitants are assailed by continual cries of fat pigs being turned into sausage meat and the lamentations of a lean piglet that held in the hand of social theorists as the model of the new society. Bostonians regard New York as a Miltons paradise encircled by water, spanned by a bridge, lit
by a statue nicknamed "Liberty," undermined by tubes leading from one hell to another, according to the size of: your pocket-book, the power of your politics, or the depth of your sin. The Republicans regard Boston as a chapter plagiarised from Dante's "Purgatorio," from which the "divine" has evaporated and nothing but the "comedy" remains.

But what can one say of the social situation at Washington? The dramas now being played in the social circles of the national capital is the theme for gossip and discussion at all the leading clubs of New York. Washington Society is now led by the wives of democratic Senators and Congressman from the South and Middle West. The old Republican Stadtpatners, the New England millionaires, and old Yankee bosses have, for the most part, retired to their dens in the North, while they mutter maledictions on the new democratic Senate and the whole social train of followers in the new administration.

The outgoing Republicans are vexed, dejected, silently indignant, chewing the cud of a scanty crop of glory in which more weeds than clover are mingled, and, to make matters worse, Champ Clark, the new democratic mwugwump, has given them a bad attack of mumps, so that they have suddenly degenerated into a party of what the Bowery boys used to call "plug uglies."

For the past sixteen years the wives of the leading Republican Senators at Washington have been called "queens," and their word was law. They, like their millionaire lords, frowned on all who came from the South and the West. They considered themselves the Court ladies of the White House. But the women of the Southern aristocracy refused to mingle with the money-lords of the North. The old Southern leaders are now preparing to take their place as leaders at Washington, and a great gulf is fixed between the two parties, principles, and worldly possessions. Whatever happens it is New York that skims the financial cream from the national milk-pail; it is New York that offers the swelling of the Chicago and the pink pigs of Philadelphia, and it is the New York that blows the chaff in the face of the Western farmers; it is New York that sucks the orange and throws the peel on the pavement; it is New York that dances while the nation fiddles.

In spite of the fact that the Democrats are in power at Washington, democracy is nowhere a vital factor in American social life. There is a political democracy but no democracy in society, not even among the Southern Democrats, who are the most exclusive class in all America. All Americans know this. But the writers who write, for the masses and editors who seek great circulations for their papers sometimes try to make it appear that in America there is still such a thing as social equality. The few educated Americans who believe in such an illusion are without intelligence and consequently without influence.

It is another illusion to suppose that great wealth will open all doors in America. Thousands of doors are closed to mere wealth as they are closed to a good many other things. Exclusive Americans look with disgust and horror on the doings of the so-called smart sets of New York, Washington and Chicago. But it is not the people who wear their names printed in the newspapers and their doings discussed. Nowhere in the world are there so many idle rich as in New York, and the idleness is all the more vicious because the fortunes are so much greater than elsewhere. But the idle rich are becoming sick of themselves, sick of their doings, sick of being criticised, and they have arrived at that point where insanity or chronic melancholia will overtake them unless by some miracle they escape from a form of indolence which is a chronic disease in itself.

A Well-Rehearsed Incident.

(Translated for "The New Age" from the Norwegian of Gustav Wied)

The cab drew up at the gate. But the gentleman inside settled himself comfortably in his corner, as if he would prefer to stay there, drive back to the station, get into the train, and depart. The driver got slowly down from his seat, against which was propped an old battered box, bound with ropes in the absence of the locks and straps which had long ago disappeared.

"If you please, Mr. Warberg," he said, and opened the door.

And then, of course, the fare had to get out.

"Is this box to be taken to the top floor, Mr. Warberg?"

"No, I'm living on the first floor now."

"Oh!"

Warberg stood on the pavement with his travelling rug on his arm and a walking-stick in his hand. He looked gloomily up at the verandah, where the trailing creepers looked in the twilight like long black lace. A sanguine light shone through the window of the verandah door, over which were drawn dark-red curtains.

He uter an inward groan. "I should like to drive off again, Hansen."

"Eh?"

"I should like to drive to the devil, Hansen!"

"Ha! ha!" grinned the coachman, still struggling with the box. "Mr. Warberg doesn't seem to relish the notion of starting work again."

"No, by gad. I don't."

"No," sighed the cabby, sympathetically. "But I suppose we've got to stay where we're put. I thought Mr. Warberg lived on the top floor?"

"Yes, but now I've taken the first floor, five rooms with bath-room, etc., scullery, coal hole, and electric fittings."

"Eh! Eh! But that's getting on. And where have Mr. Warberg's parents gone to?"

"To Jerusalem, or Jericho, my dear Hansen."

"Oh!" said the cabby, who, having now got the box on his shoulder, followed Warberg through the little garden leading up to the house.

"You can put the box down here."

They were outside the door of the flat, and behind the dull panes of the windows could be seen the shadow of a woman who stood waiting with her hand on the latch.

"Shall I carry the old rattletrap right in?"

"No, thanks, there'll be noise enough without that."

"Um--well--that'll be number four, Mr. Warberg."

"What number will that make?"

"Oh, Hansen, Hansen," said Warberg, with a thrilling awe. "Shall I carry the old rattletrap right in?"

"Well, it's precious heavy."

"Thanks, just put it down. What's the fare?"

"A shilling thereabouts, Mr. Warberg. But it's of no account. I can wait."
from which one end had been removed. At the head of the piano stood a sofa made of an old iron bedstead, with a large mahogany Empire mirror resting on a huge oval mahogany table. The table itself was littered with papers, brushes, and pens. On the table near the ceiling were a stuffed eagle and an Egyptian water-vessel. Pictures were hung promiscuously round the walls, over the verandah windows a pair of dark-red curtains draped themselves and at the same moment the door of the flat was half-opened, and a woman's head, with large shining grey eyes and flabby ruddy cheeks, was thrust out.

"Oh, Gunnar, to keep me waiting here!"

"Good evening, Sif," nodded Warberg coolly.

She opened the door wide. The bell rang. She rose quickly, smoothing her hair. "Now look!"

"Is Benjamin in? he asked."

"No, he's gone to buy some bread and white port and prawns. Oh, you shall have a nice supper."

"Yes," she laughed, "and always in eruption!"

She drew him towards the door leading out on the verandah. "Come and see!"

"Is Benjamin in?" he asked.

"No, he's gone to buy some bread and white port and prawns. Oh, you shall have a nice supper. I say, what a fat and jolly fellow Benjamin is! I wish you were a little more of both. Now look!"

She opened the door wide.

A crimson shaded lamp was placed in the middle of the room on the top of an upright piano which faced the corner near the verandah door. Along the back of the piano stood a sofa made of an old iron bedstead, from which one end had been removed. At the head of the sofa was a palm perched on a high square pedestal (an oblong packing case covered with faded blue curtains). A low green-covered sofa occupied another corner of the room. Behind the fireplace (of green glazed brick) and the door leading to the other rooms stood a writing table, and in the corner near the hall was a large mahogany Empire mirror resting on a huge oval mahogany table. The table itself was littered with pictures, stuffed birds, stone-implements and specimens preserved in spirits of wine. Between the table and the sofa were bookshelves piled with books. On the top shelf near the ceiling were a stuffed eagle and an Egyptian water-vessel. Pictures were hung promiscuously round the walls. Over the verandah windows a pair of dark-red curtains draped themselves from a pole, the gilt of which had peeled off in several places showing the white plaster. On the back of the door hung a shabby fancy-dress costume—a jester's—made of blue and yellow sateen.

Gunnar stood in the middle of the floor. First he could only see the piano and the things near at hand; but as his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, and he saw the whole chaos, he smiled. "Yes, isn't it perfectly insane?" asked Sif, taking him by the arm and turning him round.

"Wonderful! But where has that piano come from?"

"Benjamin has hired it for you. I was with him. He said it would never be your room if there were no piano."

"Hum! Where did he get the money from?" asked Gunnar gloomily.

"From his sweetheart, the Princess, of course. But don't let us talk any more about that now."

She pulled him down on the sofa and sat down beside him.

"Thank you for all your wonderful letters," she said, kissing his hands.

"Wonderful!" he asked, turning his face away.

"Yes, dear, simply wonderful. Both the kind and the unkind ones. Because you are like that, and I love you like that. But why are you so strange; are you not pleased to have me again?"

"Um! It's rather you that has me," he murmured.

"What do you say?"

"I say that I am perfectly tired and hungry with the journey."

She got up quickly.

"Right, now I'll make tea. I'm quite forgetting my domestic duties in the joy of having my hubby again.

Sittums down then and rest while—Shall I tuck him up cosy?"

She put her arms under him and lifted his legs on to the sofa.

"Is he comly now?" she asked, stroking his cheek and beard with her long white hands.

He caught both his hands and pressed them against his mouth, and beard with her long white hands.

"Yes," she said, "and always in eruption!"

"Kiss me," he begged.

She threw herself down beside the sofa and pressed her lips against his. It seemed to him as if a million fire-flies were dancing behind his shut eyelids.

"My life's damnation!" he whispered, and squeezed her hands.

"Oh, Gunnar, don't!"

"My life's damnation!" he whispered again.

She laughed, showing her beautiful white teeth.

"Yes," she said. "Send me away from you then."

"But you'd come again!"

"Yes, I'd always turn up again. You know you can't do without me."

"Kiss me," he begged.

She threw herself down beside the sofa and pressed her lips against his. It seemed to him as if a million fire-flies were dancing behind his shut eyelids.

"My life's damnation!" he whispered again.

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She threw herself down beside the sofa and pressed her lips against his. It seemed to him as if a million fire-flies were dancing behind his shut eyelids.

"Yes, I say that I'm tired and hungry with the journey."

"Good evening, Mette," said Gunnar, preparing to let him in.

"It's cousin Benjamin," she said, and went out to let him in.

Gunnar slowly opened his eyes and let them wander about the room. He smiled dismally. Here he was lying on the same sofa, behind the same old piano, under the same old lamp. What good had been all his journeyings, his letters, his explanations? It was only the room that had changed. No sooner had he met Sif than his senses made him once more a puppet in her hands.

"My little child," said Sif, "my baby boy!" And her white teeth glimmered. "That's how I like you."

The bell rang. She rose quickly, smoothing her hair. "It's cousin Benjamin," she said, and went out to let him in.

"He's also just the same," thought Gunnar. "clean shaven, smiling, fat and jolly like an emasculated deity."

"Good evening," nodded cousin Benjamin. "Welcome home!

"Good evening, Mette," said Gunnar, preparing to rise.

"No, don't trouble, my dear fellow, don't trouble!"

And fat Benjamin hitched up his trousers and sat down on the sofa in a stiff, affected manner, as if he had been about to sit on a red-hot plate. He patted
Gunnar’s arm genially with his chubby hand and smiled.

“‘It is nice to have you home again.’”

“‘Ye-es, one has to be somewhere.’”

Then both were silent. Benjamin sat and looked at his hand, and added his head like an old lady lying on a cap. There really was something feminine about him, for which reason Gunnar had called him by the feminine diminutive Mette. The name seemed to flatter Benjamin.

“Are you still out of a job?” asked Gunnar.

“No, I’m just getting one.”

“Oh, are you?”

Fat Benjamin was in a chronic state of getting a place. He wrote (at least he said he wrote) piles of applications, but still remained without a place. If he did manage to find a job he generally succeeded in turning up at the end of the month in Copenhagen again. He couldn’t stand the people, he said, they were so vulgar.

“Where is your new place?” enquired Gunnar.

“On the Isle of Als.”

“Any woods there?”

“Well, they tell me so. Besides, you know, one can’t go on doing nothing for ever. One really must get something to do,” he added, energetically playing with his tie.

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“Which is your new place?” enquired Gunnar.

“On the Isle of Als.”

“Any woods there?”

“Well, they tell me so. Besides, you know, one can’t go on doing nothing for ever. One really must get something to do,” he added, energetically playing with his tie.

“You can’t think what wonderful prawns we’ve managed to get, Gunnar.”

“Prawns?”

“Yes, Miss Moeller said you must have prawns; they were your favourite dish. And I bought them of such a jolly old woman. She had only one eye, and she kept saying, ‘Smell ’em for yourself, if you like, my little man.’ You simply must go and have a look at her. No, don’t bother; we’ll manage all right.”

Gunnar was again alone. He turned over so as to face the piano, and shut his eyes. Nothing seemed to be of any use. He heard Sif and Benjamin leave the kitchen, pass through the hall, and enter the room. They talked in whispers so as not to disturb him before supper was ready.

Then he grew sentimental, and thought that perhaps after all these two really did care for him.

“Supper is ready, Mr. Warberg.” It was Sif’s voice.

Gunnar turned round, letting his feet down from the sofa.

“Ah, how splendid!” he said.

A small square table covered with a shining white cloth stood in the middle of the room, and on it were placed two brass candlesticks, and between them was a dish laden with pink prawns. There were also diaphanous veils and sateen, cheese and butter. In three fried eggs: also beer and a bottle of white port.

“Where did you get that heap of food from?”

“That’s Miss Moeller,” said Benjamin. “She’s been so busy while you have been away.”

Gunnar looked across at her.

“I don’t like it,” he said, shaking his head nervously. “You know I don’t like it.”

“Ah, but, my dear boy, you can pay another time when I grow rich.”

Then supper began. First prawns with pepper and vinegar, then egg, meat and cheese. They drank beer and port. Then Sif fetched in tea, and Mette passed round a large paper bag of cakes he had brought from the baker’s. He laughed and chaffed in his finnikin way and made the others laugh as well. He talked of his Princess, his fiancée, who was so wealthy that she sometimes supplied him with pocket money. Neither Gunnar nor Sif had ever been allowed to set eyes on her. How he had got to know of her, when he had met her Benjamin would never tell. Her mother was dead, he said, but there was an old maiden aunt who kept house.

“The old nose-bag!” said Benjamin. “I wish she’d quit.”

“When’s the wedding coming off?” asked Sif.

“Oh, never, I’m afraid,” sighed Benjamin. “The old nose-bag won’t have me near the house.”

“Elope with her.”

“But she won’t.”

“Then she doesn’t love you, Benjamin. I would elope with Gunnar to the other end of the world.”

Mette’s chubby face brightened.

“You don’t want me?!” asked Sif.

“‘Elope with her.’”

“‘I wish she’d quit.’”

“‘When’s the wedding coming off?’ asked Sif.

“Oh, never, I’m afraid,” sighed Benjamin. “The old nose-bag won’t have me near the house.”

“Elope with her.”

“But she won’t.”

“Then she doesn’t love you, Benjamin. I would elope with Gunnar to the other end of the world.”

Mette’s chubby face brightened.

“You do hear that?!” she said, bending across the table and patting Gunnar’s cheek.

Gunnar looked at her, and now in the light of the candles he saw her face clearly for the first time this evening. It was a face that had often made him tremble eerily—the large amply mouth, with long crimson lips and beautiful shining teeth; the steel grey eyes that sometimes shone with a kind of feline desire; and the beautiful blue-black hair that, in the early days of their intimacy had moved him to name her Sif, the mythical Sif of the ravenlocks. Then he saw the line of her eyebrows, the creases of his trousers. They were rather tight and didn’t appear to have been made for him.

“Ah, how splendid!” he said.

“Then she doesn’t love you, Benjamin. I would elope with Gunnar to the other end of the world.”

She rose and blew out the candles.

“Now I am going to play for you,” she said, and walked over to the piano. “You lie on the sofa, Gunnar, just as in the old, old days when we lived in the top attic.”

But Gunnar hesitated. If once she began to play all the resolutions he had made with so much labour would vanish, all the promises he had made himself, all the oaths he had sworn, would be broken, and he would again become her unresisting prey. But he really loved her playing, loved to sit huddled up on the rug, and forget everything, forget that he was a living man who worked, slept and suffered, and only listen and listen and allow the music to move around him like a storm of sound.

Benjamin had risen and put his hand on Gunnar’s shoulder. “Yes; you go and lie on the sofa,” he said, “and I will sit here, and Sif will play, and we’ll let sorrow go to the deuce.”

But Gunnar still hesitated.

Then Sif left the piano and came over to him.

“Shall we put ums to bed?” she asked crooningly, stroking his hair gently with her large white hand. In the dim light of the lamp her face looked young and beautiful.

“Help me, Cousin Benjamin,” she said.

“Oh, don’t bother me!” said Gunnar irritably.

“Then she doesn’t love you, Benjamin. I would elope with Gunnar to the other end of the world.”

But they laughingly lifted him from the chair and carried him to the sofa. He made no resistance.

Then Sif began to play, softly and sweetly, as a mother singing her child to sleep.

Gunnar closed his eyes. His thoughts grew gentle and kindly in harmony with the music. He began to think he had wronged her. After all, it was he, and...
he only, who had been responsible for all the distrust, enmity and secrecy of their relationship. He regretted the cruel letters he had written to her while she had been alone, longing for him and saving her money to make him happy when he returned. It was always the case in relationships like theirs. But henceforth he would be different. He would try to be to her what she was to him, kind, affectionate and good. After all, he did really love her.

At this while the music played about him like a wind among trees. And he felt it was to be to her what the woman who suffered in relationships like theirs. Sif suddenly arose, Sif of the raven locks, and blew the lamp out that stood on the piano. Then he heard whispers and soft footsteps, and a door quietly opened and closed.

"Now we are alone, Gunmar," he heard her whisper close to his ear.

In the dark room the only little light was from a street lamp that glowed feebly through the red curtains of the balcony window. Sif sank down beside him and pressed her hand on his. He put his arm about her and raised her up.

Deep within a recess of his heart a little spring was pressed; and a grinning imp with cocked head peeped out, shrugged its shoulders, spread out its hands, and said: "Well, let happen what may happen!"

**REVIEWS.**

**By Alfred E. Randall.**

**Abnormal Psychology.** By Isador H. Cerlat. (Rider. 5b. net.)

Dr. Coriat is one of a group of mental specialists in America who have adopted Professor Freud's method of "psycho-analysis," not only for purposes of diagnosis but as a therapeutic process. From the principle of dissociation of consciousnesses, and the fact that "when an experience or complex has become dissociated, it tends to act automatically, and cannot be controlled by the will," Dr. Coriat proceeds "to show how certain functional nervous disorders are due to perversions of this mental dissociation." Amnesia, neurasthenia, hysteria, psychasthenia, and psychoneurological attacks are given as examples of this dissociation; and the cure consists in making this dissociation conscious, and depriving it of its independency. It is known as the "splitting of the sub-conscious, as in hypnosis and in states of abstraction, in crystal gazing or automatic writing or through various other devices, we can bring these dissociated activities into full consciousness, or in psychological terms, produce a synthesis."

The book is valuable for its detailed examination of a number of cases, and for its summary of the principal work in abnormal psychology. But it does not make clear the limits of the use of psycho-analysis, nor does it prove conclusively that psycho-analysis has any therapeutic power. It seems to be only an elaborate process of eliciting confession, and it is difficult to see why the conscious knowledge of a morbid activity of the mind should make its inhibition easier. And when we find the author insisting that all the ordinary means of alleviating or curing these various ailments must not be used; that the therapeutic value of psycho-analysis, synthesis, and re-education seems inconceivable. The curative power of hypnotism is known; and rest, baths, electricity, and drugs all have their value. It is all the more difficult to say whether psycho-analysis is a therapeutic agent or not, when other agents used to assist the cure. As a diagnostic, it is probably no more successful than any other method that requires so much time and such a high degree of skill to utilise; and of the cases quoted as cured, none seem to be remarkable. At present, the contribution of psycho-analysis seems to be the science of psychology rather than to the art of therapeutics: theoretical rather than practical. The book is unsatisfactory, because while it seems to be intending a law it is really illustrating a theory; and the quantity of evidence offered is too small to establish any conclusion.

**The Amazing Duchess.** By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

Mr. Pearce has performed a miracle in two volumes. Elizabeth Chudleigh was a living figure in the history of the eighteenth century, if only as the notorious Duchess of Kingston, whose Portrait was replaced at the request of the Electress of Saxony by a full-length portrait of herself; but that is the only really remarkable incident in her life. Elizabeth Chudleigh was a woman who suffered in her relationships like the first Duke of Kingston. Mr. Pearce has reduced her to nonentity in his attempt to correct the contemporary judgment of her character. What the real Elizabeth was no one knows; what she was not he has disabused us of in showing," he says in his concluding phrase; and the reader, after ploughing through 700 pages, has only the meagre satisfaction of knowing that the chroniclers and correspondents of her time were ignorant, malicious, and hypocritical. That she was in any way remarkable apart from her position, the scandal she caused, and the friendships she made, it is impossible to discover from this biography. Abroad, she was favoured by Frederick the Great, Catherine of Russia, and Pope Clement XIV.; and the Electress of Saxony was her friend. In England, she was maid of honour to Charlotte, Princess of Wales, was probably a mistress of George II., was secretly the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Hervey, was a constant companion of the mad missus of the Duke of Kingston, and for five years, his wife. She revived the process of jactitation of marriage against the Hon. Augustus Hervey when she wished to marry the Duke of Kingston, but it was long before the death of the Duke, she was tried for bigamy by the House of Lords, found guilty, and condemned to pay her own costs. Beyond this, she seems to have done nothing but attract notice by public exhibitions of hysteria, by appearing at a fashionable London life in the eighteenth century. The book is well produced and illustrated; but the price seems prohibitive.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

**WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.**

Sir,—Mr. Balgray Hill writes in your issue of March 16 that he would be glad to have an answer to Mr. Richard Barry's article, published in "The Ladies' Realm." As Mr. Barry has written for several periodicals in the United States during the past year, and as I have watched the results of Equal Suffrage in our five enfranchised States more closely, perhaps, than your English suffragists have been able to do, I would like to give Mr. Hill a few of the many arguments for the female vote on which we are already published in this country against Mr. Barry's imaginative writings.

Mr. Barry, according to Mr. Hill, found that the question of child labour had never been discussed in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho. Let me quote from an article, written for the February number of Delinquent Youth, the journal of the Denver Juvenile Court. He speaks of the reforms that have been instituted in that city since 1895, i.e., since women were permitted to vote in Colorado. "A vote," he writes, "for the dependent children founded, with three women members on the managing board of five; (2) women made by law joint guardians of their children with the fathers; (3) the age of protection for girls raised to 18 years; (4) compulsory educat.
tion for all children between the ages of 8 and 16; (5) a law to increase the school term, which has increased in all States of the United States, in the anti-vaccinations, and, as those four that occupy Mr. Barry's attention. I will take Colorado in proof (it is better to confine myself to one of the Equal Suffrage States, so that I shall not be accused of choosing each time the State that best illustrates my judgment). In Colorado the divorce increase, during the last few years, has been per cent. in proportion to the population's increase. But, on the other hand, the New York increase, also taken according to the population's increase, has been 50 per cent, and, in Mr. Barry's home State, Wisconsin, even more than a 50 per cent. increase has been. Mr. Hill may have to admit with me that a surface-treatment, such as this one of Mr. Barry's, cannot be relied upon for its truth.

As to number 7, that women sell their influence, I shall quote from ex-Governor Alva Adams, of Colorado, who says that so few women of high social influence lack political interest and, if bribery is offered them, they hesitate about taking it on the grounds that they do not want to support those candidates. They are more characteristic and, as such, shun all publicity. He goes on to say that discussions unfavourable to the emancipation of women arise, not in the States where the emancipation movement has been started by the ten-dollar-a-column writers, who find it an easy matter to persuade the red-ink journals to publish any sort of sensationalism. Colorado.

JEANETTE C. KLAUDER.

THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

SIR,—The profundity of Mr. J. M. Kennedy's historical and philosophic resources, added to the barbed wit of his pen, is irresistible, and the Fabian Society must certainly now consider itself squashed. But having accomplished that—and, after all, it wasn't much—perhaps Mr. Kennedy will consent to a brief extract from the book "intellectual heights" he tells us of, "inaccessible to lesser men, indulged in (how does one indulge in heights?) by Moses and Buddha and, as such, shun all publicity. He goes on to say that discussions unfavourable to the emancipation of women arise, not in the States where the emancipation movement has been started by the ten-dollar-a-column writers, who find it an easy matter to persuade the red-ink journals to publish any sort of sensationalism.

Colorado.

JEANETTE C. KLAUDER.

The paper concludes with the words "the Education Care Committee and the Juvenile Advisory Committee, as I go without saying that the whole of it is well worth reading. But the above extracts may serve to refute the suggestion that the British public would, if only it had been presented with fair reports of the proceedings against Dreyfus, have agreed with the verdict of guilty, or considered the question of his guilt an open one.

C. G. MARKREITER.
feel sure that the development of the scheme will bring Mr. Salmon his best reward; but I would like to point out some parts in the position of the modern advocates of apprenticeship.

First of all they are endeavouring to plant an integral portion of the old Guild System in the inhospitable soil of our scheme of free competition, which is in every way its exact opposite.

The Guild System was founded upon the assumption that the provision whose interests were to be studied in a State, that the creative aptitudes, therefore, must be fostered and protected at all costs as being the prime asset, material and spiritual, of the community. The master craftsmen, in his authoritative civic capacity, saw to it that the processes between the conception of an article and its sale were more rich and various; inventive imagination worked for the elaboration of the process, and there was in consequence ample scope for a seven years' apprenticeship in the gradual initiation into the mysteries of production.

The competitive system, even as we find it displayed in the pages of Adam Smith, is based upon the pre-eminence of the consumer, and the pursuit of cheapness in his interest.

In consequence, the whole energy of the inventor in an age of inventions has been directed to the elimination of labour and the simplification of process for the sake of cheapness. Immense strides have been made in this direction. The wealth of National industries, even in 1776, Smith could write that "in the common mechanic trades the lessons of a few days will certainly be subverted young and anxious to any young apprentice in the complete manner, how to apply the instruments of his trade."

"It is not for me to disagree with so many erudite economists and philosophers, whose theory that the aptitudes less worthy of consideration than the aptitudes may be said to underly the entire commercial system to teach our boys, during four or five years, a trade that tedious for everybody, made "the art so short, the life so long to live," and ridiculous for everybody, they mean to subsidise the employer to teach our boys, during four or five years, a trade that a competitive system has made it possible for them to pick up in a few weeks.

Now it is precisely in the industrial organisation of the great empires of labour that we find the perfect fruition of the competitive system; they are organisms exquisitely adjusted to the modern commercial atmosphere; their craftsmen have been simplified and chained into machine-tenders, shunters, packers, vanboys, and unscript labourers, and they are surrounded by a fringe of semi-employed labour which, in the spirit of enlightened competition, in the name of beneficent economy, enables the employer to keep wages down to the ideal figure. In these organisations, even where skilled labour is highly paid, skill that provides for the workman a cult-de-sac rather than a career, and each grade of labour is so distinct from every other that the ladder of advancement and moral pre-eminence has made it possible for them to pick up in a few weeks.

It is the small working employers who can assist, and should be assisted by the Association, and among these the handicraftsmen, above all, it seems to me, provides in his calling the ideal field for the operations of an apprenticesing society, for only in the handicrafts is there a perfect ladder of advancement and a complete absence of limitations in the educational scope of the normal system.

At present, however, the handicrafts are under a peculiar cloud of my life. I have endeavoured to see that the Eton school, in which the rudiments of their profession are being taught to young would-be craftsmen with a good deal of success; but while production has been everywhere encouraged and organised, consumption has been left to take care of itself, with the result that the supply of craft work has already outstripped the demand for it.

Now until the municipalities begin to realise their responsibility and fill their public buildings with the work of their school-trained craftsmen, to better work lies before those who have endeavoured to set on foot ascheme to promote the activities of a new type of apprenticesing association than that of stimulating the demand for craft work. The municipalities have everywhere provided schools, and in consequence the supply of craft work has already overstrained the demand for it.

"The competitive system, even as we find it displayed in the pages of Adam Smith, is based upon the pre-eminence of the consumer, and the pursuit of cheapness in his interest."

The competitive system, even as we find it displayed in the pages of Adam Smith, is based upon the pre-eminence of the consumer, and the pursuit of cheapness in his interest.
expect supermen from a "creature" who writes of herself: "If I am not a success, it is no one's fault but my own."

But I find that, after all, I have strayed into the field of private life. I hardly dare to write about anything in the actual world which is important for the public. I am bound to commit divorce. Now they will be bound not to,

The Weavers and "The Newly-Married." We are in the habit of considering this to mean that it is so great that we cannot grasp it; it may quite as well mean, I say, with greater probability, that it is unlike anything which we know.

Sir,—Spectators of "Juvelen"s" gladiatorial combats with American shadows, must be wondering (since all America is loud, stupid, and shoddy) where the public is for the first-rate journals (which I omitted to mention in my article) incongruous, myriad, formal expressions much the same as solid. The People haven't really made up their minds to use the old Biblical word, they are formalisers.

**ASHLEY DUKES.**

**THEOLOGY.**

Sir.—As regards the chief point of Mr. Elliott's criticism, I would repeat that the great difficulty which the modern mind finds in accepting the old views rises from the fact that any sufficiently nebulous idea is now thought fit to rank as a noumenon (meaning not only a proximate cause, but an underlying absolutive). The phenonemo is geometrical. If we say that the Trinity is a noumenon (meaning not only a proximate cause, but the Phenomene), the phenomena are geometrical. If we insist on trying to think and talk about the noumena we must (as phenomena) either think geometrically or verbally. Neither does the first-rate journals exist together with their first-rate reading public, or they only look for a wife, as a noumenon, to the breeding of the superman that does brute matter. Just as a liquid differs as entirely from a gaw as does as solid.

**M. B. OXON.**

**A NEW GAFFER AND GAMMER?**

Sir.—Overhead in a smart restaurant. Personae, a maidish lady and a young man under age. The People haven't really made up their minds about her. However, she may think better of it.

"Mr. Elliott might well remember another formula which says, "The Peace of God which passeth all understanding." We are in the habit of considering this to mean that it is so great that we cannot grasp it; it may quite as well mean, and, I feel, with greater probability, that it is unlike anything which we know.

With regard to Mr. Strickland's letter in your last number, as he knows all about the subject and takes no interest in it, I will merely say that his residence in the East does not seem to have taught him that "yoga" (which I did not use) and "marga" are not quite the same words, and that the "Three Paths" is a misnamed phrase. In case anyone who is interested may be puzzled by his objections, I would add that the three methods which I named are, speaking diagrammatically, the "horizontal" artifactual; while Raja yoga may be placed, and the seeds of Press jollification, I'm sure that journalistic America will respond—somehow!—LONG ISLAND.
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"A striking shot at the world of desire. The author is troubled because the world is a wilderness of economic wrongs which drive women to the places of Aholah and Aholibah in search of economic truthfulness that sears. Here there is no glamour on matter or manner, no relief from the grim pressure of painful truth. There is truth enough in 'A Bed of Lies' to make the dullest of us ashamed."—Manchester Guardian.

"It is not a proper book for everyone to read, though it is quite a proper book for anyone of the requisite capacity to make the dullest of us ashamed."—Daily Telegraph.

"A sincere attack on the world of desire. The author is troubled with the grim pressure of painful truth. There is truth enough in 'A Bed of Lies' to make the dullest of us ashamed."—Manchester Guardian.

"A powerful and earnest 'novel of ideas' which holds the interest from the first page of his sincere work to the last."—The English Review.

"AN INTENSELY PAINFUL, STIRRING, AND TRULY UNFORGETTABLE BOOK."—London Daily News.

A most remarkable book. The author is a public benefactor who discovers the hows and whys of this modern day of 'mediaevalism.' It fascinates and it terrifies by its merciless exactness, and its warning let us say at once that it is intensely interesting admirably proper book for anyone of the requisite capacity to make the dullest of us ashamed."—The New Age.

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