THE OUTLOOK.

Is it Too Late?

Is it too late to save our national honour from a gross betrayal? That is the question which all decent Englishmen must be asking themselves when they read Sir Edward Grey's confirmation of the rumours of an Anglo-Russian agreement. It is a singular defect in our democratic institutions that even Parliament has no control over the most vital issues of foreign policy, alliances and wars being made by the executive solely on their own responsibility. Even if it were not so, we doubt if the present House of Commons would remain so long in a state of national humiliation through which the Government may choose to drag it. But the indignant protests of a whole people no Government can afford to despise, and we believe that such protests will be forthcoming in full measure as soon as the nation realises the danger. Alas, it is hard to make the nation realize it! In another column we print a vigorous protest from the pen of E. Nesbit, which we commend to any of our readers who may be doubtful about the necessity of immediate action. We will add one word to her unanswerable plea. Granted, for the sake of argument, that we care nothing for the liberty of the Russian people or for our own fame as the historic friends of freedom; granted that profit is the only end of our diplomacy; what profit are we likely to derive from negotiation with Russia? Is it not written on every page of history that Russia never gave a pledge that she did not break, never offered a price that she honestly paid, never accepted a concession without instantly demanding another? Fifty years ago the Tsar solemnly pledged his royal honour that he would not keep a fleet in the Black Sea. No sooner was one of the Powers that had exacted the pledge disabled from enforcing it than he shamelessly repudiated it. The same thing happened in Manchuria, and Russia would again have enjoyed the fruits of her perfidy had Japan proved as humble and helpless as we. The same thing will happen again if these ill-starred negotiations are concluded. If we sell the birthright of our honour and traditions, what guarantee have we that we shall receive even our miserable mess of potage? The Austrian Social Democrats have, we are glad to see, protested against the civilisation of the Hague Conference towards a Power stained with perfidy and murder. Cannot our own Labour Party be persuaded to do the same?

Clemenceau and the Wine Growers.

Macaulay said admiringly of Lord Palmerston: "What a knack that fellow has of falling on his feet!" The same praise must be conceded to M. Clemenceau. We do not like his politics; we entirely concur in the same? "What a knack that fellow has of falling on his feet!" We do not like his politics; we entirely concur in the same? "What a knack that fellow has of falling on his feet!" We do not like his politics; we entirely concur in the same? "What a knack that fellow has of falling on his feet!

The majority of ninety by which he secured his vote of confidence this week was a considerable reduction on that by which M. Millerand's vote of censure was defeated a week earlier. It would seem even that he is trying to meet the wishes of the wine-growers by a Bill to check adulteration. But the peasants are still in revolt and the agitation shows no signs of abating. The Socialists again have a policy which points to the root of the problem, and the Socialists are now as completely organised as ever the Catholics were. Only an exceptionally commanding personality could, in a country of which the two main traditions are respectively Catholic and Democratic, keep in being a Government which at one and the same time harnesses Churches and shoots down strikers. Something must doubtless be allowed for the instinctive French preference for a strong centralised administrative police, the conference which created first the Monarchy, afterwards the Committee of Public Safety, and later still the Empire, and which still keeps the Republic "one and indivisible." But sooner or later we fancy that M. Clemenceau will be obliged either to make his peace with the Socialists or to follow Bismarck to Canossa.

Doing the Honours.

There is a certain irony about the rapidity with which the Liberal sham attack on the Lords is followed by the elevation of four good Liberals to the despised and hated ranks of the Peerage. When we examine the personalities of these four gentlemen, the irony becomes still more delicious. We have nothing to urge against any of them considered as reputable citizens, but we do not think that the most fanatical supporter of the Prime Minister could pretend that there are not (to use Carlyle's phrase) "in all England four diviner men" than Sir James Kitson, Sir James Blyth, Sir Samuel Montague, and Mr. Alexander Peckover. The two outstanding qualifications common to them all is that they are all very rich men and have probably subscribed liberally to the party funds. How unkind of Mr. Bellow to hint in the presence of his leader in the House of Commons that peerages were occasionally bought and sold! For the rest, the honours may pass as fairly well-earned. We have nothing to urge against any of them considered as reputable citizens, but we do not think that the most fanatical supporter of the Prime Minister could pretend that there are not "in all England four diviner men" than Sir James Kitson, Sir James Blyth, Sir Samuel Montague, and Mr. Alexander Peckover. The two outstanding qualifications common to them all is that they are all very rich men and have probably subscribed liberally to the party funds. How unkind of Mr. Bellow to hint in the presence of his leader in the House of Commons that peerages were occasionally bought and sold! For the rest, the honours may pass as fairly well-earned. Sir W. S. Gilbert's knighthood is thoroughly deserved, and may be regarded as some sort of reparation for the idiotic behaviour of the Lord Chamberlain in the matter of "The Mikado." Sir William Crozier is, we take it, the first Trade Unionist to obtain a knighthood, and we congratulate him, though his political views are his own policy in opposition to antagonists formidable separately and, it might be thought, irresistible in combination. It is not easy to fight Catholicism; it is not easy to fight Socialism; it is not easy to fight the whole population of three departments banded to destroy the very machinery of government. Yet M. Clemenceau has fought all three, and his Ministry still stands. Will it stand for long? It seems incredible. The majority of ninety by which he secured his vote of confidence this week was a considerable reduction on that by which M. Millerand's vote of censure was defeated a week earlier. It would seem even that he is trying to meet the wishes of the wine-growers by a Bill to check adulteration. But the peasants are still in revolt and the agitation shows no signs of abating. The Socialists again have a policy which points to the root of the problem, and the Socialists are now as completely organised as ever the Catholics were. Only an exceptionally commanding personality could, in a country of which the two main traditions are respectively Catholic and Democratic, keep in being a Government which at one and the same time harnesses Churches and shoots down strikers. Something must doubtless be allowed for the instinctive French preference for a strong centralised administrative police, the conference which created first the Monarchy, afterwards the Committee of Public Safety, and later still the Empire, and which still keeps the Republic "one and indivisible." But sooner or later we fancy that M. Clemenceau will be obliged either to make his peace with the Socialists or to follow Bismarck to Canossa.
not of our colour. Sir Robert Morant is an excellent type of the hard-working and efficient public functionary whose services are certainly not overpaid by a K.C.B. Knighthoods should always be a more real distinction than peerages, because they are not hereditary, but are (or should be) the reward of personal merit. The Legion of Honour. To such an aristocracy Socialism has no objection.

Labour and the Lords.

We need hardly say that we find ourselves much more nearly in sympathy with the Labour Party's amendment concerning the House of Lords than with the Government's resolution. We think, indeed, that some sort of second chamber is desirable, as a bulwark less against revolution than against reaction and especially against that particularly perilous form of reaction which goes by the name of "Liberalism." But that the House of Lords, as at present constituted, is a hindrance to national progress and ought to be abolished is a proposition to which we do not think that any Socialist will take exception. Mr. Henderson in speaking of the amendment was wholly in order, and in tune, and we are glad to note that he courageously denied to the Education Bill the credit of embodying the views of the people, and pointed out, as we did that week, that the machinery proposed by the Government would probably prove more fatal to distinctly social legislation than the present system. The Labour amendment, of course, defeated, and, equally, of course, the Government carried its original resolution by an overwhelming majority, but we are sorry that this majority should have been swelled by the votes of the Labour Party. We think that they should have put up a speaker to point out that the refusal of their amendment proved the Government's crusade against the Lords to be hypocritical and unmeaning, and so either voted against the resolution or walked out of the House. As it is, Liberals may attempt to claim their support for a policy the utter futility and even meagreness of which they have themselves demonstrated. In the same way the proceedings of this year's Trade Union Congress with reference to this question must be closely watched. One Union has, we see, given notice of an anti-Lords resolution. To this in itself we have no objection, but we must be careful to keep clear of any complicity with Liberal hangovers. Of course there are some trade leaders who will always be ready to play the Liberal game, as have those twenty-two Liberal-Labour members; whose manifesto against Colonial Preference would have appeared somewhat outmoded to the elder Mirabeau, and quite unsupportably antiquated to John Stuart Mill, but it is essential that the Labour movement as a whole should avoid such pitfalls. Cannot some Union be induced to move an amendment bracketing the House of Lords and the Liberal Party in a single condemnation? We have little doubt as to which is the more "useless, dangerous, and meet-to-be-abolished" of the two.

Ireland Again.

Is it possible that Mr. Birrell is actually going to succeed in getting a Bill through Parliament before the present Government retires from office? It really looks as if his Evicted Tenants Bill would go through, for it is apparently acceptable to the Nationalists and is not strenuously opposed by the Conservatives. It is the last relic of Mr. Birrell's Irish programme, since the University proposals have been abandoned and the Council Bill killed, and for the poor Minister's sake, as well as for its own, we wish it success. In itself it is, of course, a very plain instalment of justice which the Irish people have a perfect right to demand, though we may remark that it will probably be a long while before so much justice is conceded to mere Englishmen. It is just this feeling that English grievances receive at present far less attention than Irish ones that makes some of us, like Hodson in Mr. Shaw's play, a trifle impatient of the continual exploitation of Irish distresses. Mr. Redmond, we see, has been exploiting them vigorously at Jarrow, where he has been pleading for the rejection of Mr. Pete Curran, an Irishman and a Home Ruler, but one who does not limit his sympathies to one side of the St. George's Channel, in favour of Mr. O'Hanlon. We trust that the workmen of Jarrow, English and Irish, will resist all attempts on the part of parochial Jingoes like Mr. Redmond to divide them into hostile camps.

Mr. Lloyd George and the Investor.

The President of the Board of Trade, at one time regarded as the most Radical member of the present Government, will soon be looked up to as the sole protector of property in a land threatened by the predatory ravages of Socialism. He waxed quite tearful in his eagerness to assure the shareholders in tube railways that the Government contemplated nothing that could possibly justify any nervousness on the part of investors. In similar vein he told the House of Commons that while the country had a right to demand reduced rates, shorter hours of labour, and the like, yet if all these things were to be done for a great public purpose, they ought not to be done at the expense of the investor. That the investor should take the profit of national-taking, to the success of which they have contributed not a single effort of brain or hand, and should then throw on the community the whole burden of coping with the evils produced by their desire to get as much work out of their servants for as little wages as possible, seems to Mr. Lloyd-George just and reasonable.

Yet he coquetted with railway nationalisation, probably because he contained incapacity and incompetence of our railway companies have forced even the capitalists to realise the necessity of controlling them. The case of national ownership was made out with overwhelming force, and no serious reply was even attempted. We hope that this reform, long overdue, will in time and so that in future we may cease to protect the foreigner against our own producers, and to hand over the profits of a State-created monopoly to the investors for whom Mr. Lloyd-George feels such a tender care.

More Imbecillities.

On the top of the banning of "Mary Barton" comes the prohibition of living statutory. It is a grave disappointment to some of us that the Moderates, who were returned to power by a reaction to which London must wait for an efficient and economical electric supply till Parliament over their electric scheme. The Progressive and Moderate policies in this matter have killed each other, and London must wait for an efficient and economical electric supply till Parliament and the Council can agree. This is not a very satisfactory outcome; but it is perhaps better than having a new source of immense wealth over to the exploitation of monopolists.
The Anglo-Russian Alliance.

An Appeal by E. Nesbit.

The persistent rumours of a proposed alliance with the Russian Government are causing alarm and uneasiness in decent men of every shade of political opinion. An alliance with Russian Government means, in plain words, an alliance with men in power, who have not scrupled to use that power to crush with every circumstance of ahominable cruelty the people of their country. When we have free speech, a free Press, free Parliament, free justice—freedom personal and political. The Russian people have none of these things. Their efforts to obtain, peacefully, what our fathers won for us by lamplight and dagger, have been met by imprisonment, exile, execution—without trial, or with a trial that is the bitterest mockery. Are we to permit Sir Edward Grey to bind us in bonds of amity with such a government as this?

The simple methods by which Englishmen make known their desires are denied to the Russians. In Russia to hold a public meeting in favour of, say, a free Press, is punished by imprisonment, or worse. Even to read a tract advocating freedom of the Press, means not only exile or imprisonment, it means death—death made horrible with torture, shameful with outrage. A young man visiting his sister, carelessly leaves on her table a tract on Torture. Upon—the fourteen-year-old child is hanged. A woman weeps to see a Jew burned alive: she is cut to pieces by the swords of Cossacks. Thousands of men and women are tortured and murdered. Children butchered every year, by the government officials. And these infernal deeds are going on, now, while Sir Edward Grey is contemplating an alliance with the Power that complacently counts on, now, while Sir Edward Grey is contemplating a treaty. We in England are the fathers of the Liberal system. It is for us to speak out, to let our voices be heard in indignation and protest. It is for each of us to say, and to see to it that the world hears us, that England shall not be allied with the Government of Russia.

And the moment for indignation, for protest, is now. There is no time for petitions—for the slow, heavy movement of political machinery. These alliances are not concluded by Parliament, but by the Cabinet. The country is not consulted. We shall not hear, officially, that this base thing is to be done, until it is done. Therefore, on the mere rumour that such a thing is deemed possible by Ministers we must speak out. Therefore, we must speak out on the instant, without fear as with- out delay. We are a free people. What have we to do with the Jew-hunters, murderers, torturers, who make up half the Elite of Russia? Why do we hold the hand of friendship to hands dyed in the best blood of a noble people struggling for Liberty? Are we, from any possible commercial or political gain to associate the name of England with a Power that be the Emperor of Darkness? No man, surely, can answer these questions, and answer "Yes."

Answer "No," then, in the name of God and of common sense. For, be it noted, we have nothing to gain from the friendship of Russian despots. An alliance with them will cost us much, and will gain us nothing. We must not go against the abhorrence of the Russian people, and their just enmity in that day when the battle between common sense. For, be it noted, we have nothing to answer "Yes."

You who read, could you take the hand of a man who had tortured a little child to death? I appeal to you, then, show that you, at least, do not rate lower than your own private honour the honour of England. This is what you can do. You can write a letter to the member who represents you in Parliament—a letter to the journal in whose pages you have read so often the tale of blood and cruelty. If you remember this, you will write such letters we shall have, within two days, a body of expressed public opinion such as will compel our Ministers to pause, to reconsider, to retreat from a position that threatens the honour of England. Write your letters, then—it will not take you long—and do your part in protesting against this proposed alliance with Russia, an alliance that would be no less a diplomatic imbecility than a black national shame.

To Empire via Denshawai.

About a year ago a party of British officers got mixed up in a village row at Denshawai, in Egypt. They had gone to amuse themselves by shooting pigeons, the domesticated pigeons of the villagers, and had apparently not been careful. By accident an Egyptian woman got wounded, the officers were mobbed and lost their heads, two of them ran for help while three were beaten by the crowd, and one of these ran dropped dead. Now it does not need a very profound knowledge of the psychology of the British officer to recognise in this incident all his characteristics bravado and stupidity. The officers had not taken the trouble to either understand the language or the humanity of the villagers, who were treated as creatures of another species. Consequently at the first sign of the breakdown of the formal nexus of behaviour which enables the British official to communicate with the Egyptian village, the officers were hopelessly bewildered, lost their heads and gave way to panic. Had there been anyone at headquarters to put the matter right by a stiff reprimand, matters would have been no more serious than a schoolboy's row with a gamekeeper. But apparently those at headquarters got even more panic-stricken than the officers, and without the excuse the British official; get the rest of the riotous villagers. As a result four men were hanged, and eight were flogged and some imprisoned.

On the face of it, this story is incredible; one imagines there must be something more behind it. That something more, according to Lords Cromer and Grey, is an Egyptian National movement which has to be sternly suppressed. But even granting that there is an Egyptian Nationalist movement, is there any evidence at all that the mobbing of some stupid men at Denshawai had anything to do with it? In fact, there is no justification whatsoever for this belief, there are no reasons, only motives, and the motives are those of bewildered fear. Now, even if Denshawai were a separate incident, it would be a very serious matter to recognise that our administration in Egypt is so fatally wrong-headed. Whatever conclusions we may draw it is at least certain that our administrators do not understand the temperament of the people they are governing. The question becomes, have they made any effort to understand? Have they, for instance, of those officials who are thrown into contact with the people of the country can understand their language or are versed in the etiquette of their social life? In South Africa many Boers keep their hats on their heads when they enter a room and expectorate at leisure on the carpet. This conduct would be considered a little outré in London. Is it not perhaps possible our officials, so transgress in an equally absurd manner. You could only turn to the files of any newspaper to see that these things are quite common in Russia. No one minds, no one interferes. Russian officials of all classes practise on their victims tortures and outrages so horrible, so vile, that they cannot be spoken of in plain English in a public spirit. And no one is punished. No one is even reprimanded.

You who read, could you take the hand of a man who had tortured a little child to death? I appeal to you, then, show that you, at least, do not rate lower than your own private honour the honour of England. This is what you can do. You can write a letter to the member who represents you in Parliament—a letter to the journal in whose pages you have read so often the tale of blood and cruelty. If you remember this, you will write such letters we shall have, within two days, a body of expressed public opinion such as will compel our Ministers to pause, to reconsider, to retreat from a position that threatens the honour of England. Write your letters, then—it will not take you long—and do your part in protesting against this proposed alliance with Russia, an alliance that would be no less a diplomatic imbecility than a black national shame.

E. NESBITT.
one incident. The Denshawai picnic is diagnostic of the most serious imperial disease—compliant failure to understand. One can parallel it almost detail for detail in the incidents which occurred before the last Natal campaign; the failure to understand, the refusal to try to understand, the sudden panic of minor officials spreading up into the central administration; the harsh measures of retribution, the imagination of a "nationalist" or "Ethiopian" movement. All these things were parts of the Richmond incident which precipitated the Natal campaign. If an administration will only go on interpreting to a people, whom it does not understand, long enough, if it will only go on telling them they are dangerous traitors nursing nationalist dreams, that people will come to believe and act upon the Government’s suggestions. The question finally is one of the possibility of avoiding this kind of stupidity. Empire has no meaning for a Socialist unless it means the co-operation of autonomous units. Can we understand and co-operate with the Egyptian people and with the other alien races within our boundaries? If we are to do so it will need a very much greater effort to understand, and it will mean that our administrators shall be really compelled to study the language, habits, and customs of the people amongst whom they are going, at first hand. And this means in all probability the scrapping of a good deal of our up-to-date public opinion machinery in favour of a school-board polytechnic-educated human being. The time, indeed, may not be far distant when we shall be compelled to insist on the public-school coming up to a decent educational standard. From the national point of view that is, and not their class point of view. When one reads in the Blue-books that in the Denshawai hanging-firing affair all possible humanity was shown, and "the arrangements reflected great credit on all concerned," and then parallel this with a quotation from the Natal shooting correspondence, where a delegation of the Church of England certify that the men were shot "the utmost humanity," it is clear that the disease is deep-seated. Unless our administrators can realise that other races and classes are human beings, and can understand them as human beings, there is no future for our Empire. Meanwhile there are some Denshawai natives still in prison. We have made them our enemies, that is the worst of all. We are glad to see that a petition signed by Egyptian notables was presented to the Khedive on June 30, the anniversary of the "hanging incident;" and we hope that the petition will be supported by questions in the House of Commons.

The Anglocentric Theory.

What the idea of Imperialism needs more than anything else at this moment is a Galileo who will disabuse the mind of England of the Anglocentric Theory. From the very moment that a single British colony obtained self-government the Anglocentric theory was in reality obsolete and discredited; but with the usual persistence of dangerous absurdities the theory has continued its hold upon the majority of minds with the tenacity of a limpet. Nothing could better illustrate this than Lord Lansdowne’s unfortunate speech at the Unionist demonstration last week. The assumption upon which he proceeded in his references to Ireland was this: that Ireland was thoroughly and typically little-Englander assumptions, the theory, namely, that England is the sun round which Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the various colonies must and should be content to revolve in satellite obsequience.

There is only one thing to be said of such an attitude. Anglocentricism is not profitable. It is incompatible with Imperialism, it is quite conceivable that by force of arms a single country might maintain supremacy over another country or even over two or three other countries; but it is incredible and impossible that by force of arms or any other force, England can maintain supremacy over two-fifths of the globe. What is more, nobody really proposes such a thing seriously, unless it be the Carmelites, whose notion of Empire is exactly comparable to that of the school-bully’s. At the same time, quite a large body of Englishmen who are not Carmelites easily and unsuspectingly entertain what, in effect, is the same notion. They imagine that in some occult way it will be quite possible to maintain the supremacy of England and at the same time to create an Empire. For them, apparently, the movement will be slow, and, unfortunately, not at all sure.

What, however, we shall have to do is to make clear, in the first place, that England is not the Empire; in the second place, that England is not necessary loyalty to the Empire; and in the third place, that even disloyalty to England may be the highest loyalty to the Empire. All these while obvious enough to the intelligent Imperialists (of whom there may be several hundreds), are as yet far from being obvious to most people. Fortunately, we in England shall be considerably aided in our undertakings by the assistance of the British dominions overseas, whose people for the most part indignantly repudiate loyalty to England just in proportion as they proclaim their loyalty to the Empire. Yet that the Empire is at once a greater and a more imaginative entity than England; and it takes an Englishman a whole generation to realise anything greater than himself, and another generation if it is imaginatively greater. Yet, as we have said, the thing must be done if the Empire is to become a fact. Either England must herself be loyal to the Empire, and abandons her silly claim on the Empire’s loyalty to her; or England must be prepared for the disintegration of the whole system by the action of independent parts.

Let us take the propositions one by one. That England is not the Empire, and does not even stand for the Empire, becomes plain so soon as we reflect that England’s interests are often in conflict with the interests, not only of other members of the Empire, but of the Empire as a whole. For example, it is to England’s interest to maintain the best of her people in England itself, and to send the worst to the colonies. Yet by a strange eider-duck-like devotion, England neglects her own interests and really consults the interests of the colonies, sending them her best sons and keeping her worst for herself. That, we take it, is genuine Imperialism; none the worse for being blind and instinctive; and only a little the worse for being carried out under compulsion. Convert such a blind sacrifice into an intelligent cooperation, and we have the germ of a genuine devotion to an idea of Empire which would carry us far. The conclusion is that England is now Imperial only because she needs our help, because her own interests are often in conflict with the interests of the Empire; and in the third place, that even disloyalty to England may be the highest loyalty to the Empire. All these while obvious enough to the intelligent Imperialists (of whom there may be several hundreds), are as yet far from being obvious to most people. Fortunately, we in England shall be considerably aided in our undertakings by the assistance of the British dominions overseas, whose people for the most part indignantly repudiate loyalty to England just in proportion as they proclaim their loyalty to the Empire.

Finally, let us boldly face the fact that extreme disloyalty to England may be the noblest loyalty to the Empire. That loyalty to England is not necessarily loyalty to the Empire needs scarcely to be demonstrated. An Australian who is loyal to England is generally a nuisance wherever he is. In England he is no Englishman; in Australia he is no Australian. Such amphibious creatures are bound, let us hope, to become extinct sooner or later. At the same time, quite a large body of Englishmen who are not Carmelites easily and unsuspectingly entertain what, in effect, is the same notion. They imagine that in some occult way it will be quite possible to maintain the supremacy of England and at the same time to create an Empire. For them, apparently, the movement will be slow, and, unfortunately, not at all sure.
that Ireland repudiates Imperialism, as what self-respecting country would not when that Imperialism is identified with loyalty to a single country, and that, not one's own? But once let England abandon the Anglicentric theory, and frankly make a conscious effort there is every reason to show that Ireland will be Imperialist of Imperialist. For, be it remembered, that Ireland is the country of practical imagination, of dreamers whose dreams come true. They grow the ideas and emotions on which the Empire must depend for its bonds of solidarity. Put the Empire as a shining sun in the sky, and Ireland will be the first to move about it in order and usefulness at the least expense. The revolt will be one which does not accept the absurdity, but which will be its own decision, and such voting power as women possess will most certainly be used in the future to exclude married women befriend under charters of liberties which are couched in general terms. The result of the innovation would be that a woman would be unnecessary, whenever a liberty had been gained, to get it applied to married women. This would more than double the effort needed in the fight, and would produce the weakness of division in women's ranks. But perhaps its most awful effect would be the demonstration of condition of mind in men which the whole effort of women's revolt should be directed to destroy.

Man has regarded his wife as more his slave than his sister or mother for long ages. He has made laws and customs which have expressed this feeling. As in the world of inanimate things, man seized upon that which was the most valuable to all for his own private advantage, so his desire for property in human beings was strongest where the greatest personal advantage was to be reaped. Both from economic and sex considerations wives were desirable, and the only way known to primitive man of securing what he desired was by physical force. So woman, the worker and the wife, was won by enslavement. The rebellion against enslavement was recognised by the male victor as dangerous to his interests and readily sought to maintain under physical fear, the resentment of women has only been expressed by fits and starts, while in silence it has wrought havoc among the higher possibilities of human comradeship. Ages of such conditions have finally produced some justification for the masculine dread that free women would refuse wifehood and motherhood. It is this fear of loss — the loss of subject wives accepting all the conditions laid by men upon them that justifies the measure that restricts the freedom that reaches the married woman. Under cover of arguments which profess concern for racial progress, under cover of the chivalrous protection of the married woman by laws which are couched in general terms, the sentiment of ignorance, the "wife owner" seeks to protect his ownership. It is not wifehood or motherhood that he seeks to protect, but the arbitrary conditions which are set up around it, and from which he derives benefit. As his desire for ownership centres around his wife, the gaining of liberties by women other than wives has not had to meet the full force of his opposition. The last relic of his overlordship of the clearest manifestation of his control is included in the general terms women, and therefore must benefit by everything that women in general win. This clear and rational position would simply undermine the disabilities of married women. They would collapse like ruins from which the supports had been withdrawn.

The wisest course for Suffragists seems to be to keep the measure voicing their demands in general terms, assuming the very obvious fact that married women are women. If this fact be disputed, it will be time enough to act when the male lawyers have rendered themselves ridiculous by trying to prove it. Then the line to take will be one which does not accept women, but which finally removes it from the statute book and rejects it.

I believe women, having once considered these arguments, will be convinced of the unviability of the course suggested. Moreover, they may find themselves in a new point of view from which to regard the efforts occasioned to include married women in the new roll of voters simply because they are married. In spite of the superficial contradiction between the words "women" and "married" and "married" women are a class apart from other women, and not entitled to the same fundamental human rights, is unreasonable and dangerous. In the past men have made this assumption without challenge, and have made and administered laws for women from the standpoint it created. But the tacit admission of the legal absurdity on the part of women by the introduction of special terms into the new enfranchising measure, will be an acceptance of the position, and will almost certainly be used in the future to exclude married women from benefit under charters of liberties which are couched in general terms. The result of the innovation would be that a woman would be unnecessary, whenever a liberty had been gained, to get it applied to married women. This would more than double the effort needed in the fight, and would produce the weakness in women's ranks. But perhaps its most awful effect would be the demonstration of condition of mind in men which the whole effort of women's revolt should be directed to destroy.

Married Women and the Vote.

One of the heaviest charges brought against the advocates of the immediate establishment of sex-equality is that the measure they have hitherto supported would not remove the disabilities of married women. In spite of the fact that the measure in question was drawn up by a sole law firm, and is based on the principle of equal voting rights, this charge may be quite true. If it is so, however, it will not be because of any fault in the Bill, but because of the inconsistency and unreason for which a measure was adopted. The broad general statement of equal rights will cover the whole ground. This position is supported by the action taken in 1869 to exclude married women by legal quirks and quibbles, after an Act which really enfranchised them had been passed, is quite conceivable. Because of this danger the Suffragists responsible for the drafting of the last enfranchising measure "whether married or single," though this action was against the better judgment of many of their leaders. By these dissenters the phrase was regarded as unnecessary to secure the voting rights of married women, while its inclusion in the Bill was felt to be a dangerous precedent.

Once women have won the right to vote on the same terms as men, it will surely follow that the qualified married woman will be admitted to the use of the franchise as freely as the qualified married man. If marriage does not disqualify the man, it will not disqualify the woman. If the clause, "women are persons in one clause of an Act of Parliament and who are not persons in the next clause, the exclusion of married women by legal quirks and quibbles, after an Act which really enfranchised them had been passed, is quite conceivable. Because of this danger the Suffragists responsible for the drafting of the last enfranchising measure "whether married or single," though this action was against the better judgment of many of their leaders. By these dissenters the phrase was regarded as unnecessary to secure the voting rights of married women, while its inclusion in the Bill was felt to be a dangerous precedent.

Once women have won the right to vote on the same terms as men, it will surely follow that the qualified married woman will be admitted to the use of the franchise as freely as the qualified married man. If marriage does not disqualify the man, it will not disqualify the woman. If the clause, "women are persons in one clause of an Act of Parliament and who are not persons in the next clause, the exclusion of married women by legal quirks and quibbles, after an Act which really enfranchised them had been passed, is quite conceivable. Because of this danger the Suffragists responsible for the drafting of the last enfranchising measure "whether married or single," though this action was against the better judgment of many of their leaders. By these dissenters the phrase was regarded as unnecessary to secure the voting rights of married women, while its inclusion in the Bill was felt to be a dangerous precedent. 

Once women have won the right to vote on the same terms as men, it will surely follow that the qualified married woman will be admitted to the use of the franchise as freely as the qualified married man. If marriage does not disqualify the man, it will not disqualify the woman. If the clause, "women are persons in one clause of an Act of Parliament and who are not persons in the next clause, the exclusion of married women by legal quirks and quibbles, after an Act which really enfranchised them had been passed, is quite conceivable. Because of this danger the Suffragists responsible for the drafting of the last enfranchising measure "whether married or single," though this action was against the better judgment of many of their leaders. By these dissenters the phrase was regarded as unnecessary to secure the voting rights of married women, while its inclusion in the Bill was felt to be a dangerous precedent.
Pomp and Pageantry.

The present vogue of neo-mediaevalism is a curious thing. One can dismiss it curiously enough by talking contemptuously of "the pageant craze," or one can babble of "unrivalled splendour" in the manner of a dramatic critic pining his midnight homage to "Mr. Tree's latest production; it is all a question of point of view. One approaches the Oxford Pageant with a certain trepidation born of doubt as to what is the proper mood in which to enjoy it. The special trait from Paddington is a heterogeneous mob of well-dressed people, many of them Americans. Americans have an instinctive passion for pageantry, for quaint ceremonial and costume; and one has a momentary vision of a possible announcement on the advertising hoardings of New York or Chicago: "Mr. Charles Frohman presents the Oxford Pageant, as played in England, with the original scenery and effects.

Enormous attraction!" But such frivolous imaginings are all dispelled as the pinnacles and spires of Oxford come into view, and the Oxford atmosphere envelopes us; the atmosphere which inspired the ancient University to build and present a thing of this in and all other places dedicated to God's honour and service, true piety and sound learning may for ever flourish and abound.

The play is a High Street crowd, and almost impassable. A knight in chain armour is riding his bicycle to the Pageant-ground, and he takes off his helmet with a sweep as he passes a Georgian lady with powdered hair and a puce cravat; two ancient Briones are seated in a motor car outside the Mitre Hotel, and they are saluted gravely by a venerable prelate who dates from the Tudor period. A gentleman of Charles I's court contrives the most skillful evasive movement of a roundabout while he arranges his wig with care. Yet Oxford does not laugh. These are the commonplaces of pageantry.

The pity of it is that the whole affair is for the benefit of people who are too much in the past, who feed their minds overmuch upon tradition and ceremonial. It is interesting to observe the spectators as they flock in to the Pageant-ground. Decorous, comfortable people, all of them; some with a genuine interest in details of costume and historical accuracy, some with their minds open to larger and more general impressions, some merely in search of a new sensation, and "doing" the Pageant. There is no admittance for the people of the Oxford slums; they must be content to like the streets and watch the visitors arrive.

The show begins with stateliness and dignity; one scene follows another amid decorous applause. Monarch after monarch arrives in his royal barge. One perceives that in medieval times the domestic affairs of royal personages were discussed in a publicity which is in these days only achieved through the medium of "Reynolds's Newspaper." The spectacular effect reaches its height in the scenes of the Stuart period. Oxford was loyal to Charles I throughout the Civil War, and one man out of fifty suspects that she is loyal to him still. The Roundheads were rather vulgar people, perhaps.

And all the gorgeous magnificence of colour there are is the one great success, and dramatic value, being the expulsion of the fellows of Magdalen by James II, and the other a part of the "Masque of Medieval Learning," a morality play in which the medieval undergraduate makes his choice between the pursuit of learning and surrender to the follies and vices of youth. But dramatic interest is hardly aimed at; we have pomp and circumstance, the pride of childhood, the glitter of armor and the flutter of banners, a blaze of colour upon the spurious meadow with its background of trees; and as the grand finale is reached, and hundreds of massed figures in the costume of the latter days are far away in the distance, the power of history and tradition seems suddenly overwhelming.

It is a remarkable social phenomenon, this assemblage of a thousand performers and five thousand spectators to glorify the past and exult in its greatness. It has been for months past the principle topic of conversation and an absorbing interest for hundreds of people; and through this long summer afternoon we have watched the result of their efforts. Yet one has some misgivings about it all. As we approach Paddington on the return journey we come back to realities. There is a certain ingenuity in this, and a certain savor of the little houses whose backs are towards the railway-line; a certain demand for our immediate attention. "Let me get you to seem to say: "what of the future"? This familiar question becomes more insistent than ever this evening. One begins to realise that in spite of all the glories of pageantry, it may be a very dangerous narcotic.

Ashley Dukes.

The Shrine of the Jester-Critic.

Ever since the time of Noah there has been a tendency in all of us to build little shrines of refuge for ourselves and our own responsibilities. Some of the old shrines were sacred to the belief in the immortality and the remembrance of each human soul; and the effort of preservation in terror of all human imperfections. Other shrines were dedicated to the belief that women might develop into angels if they could contrive to concentrate all their thoughts on one worthy or inane object. One of these kinds of shrine still very popular is sacred to the god called "Beggar My Neighbour"; it is very handsomely decorated. There are other little shrines looked upon with great suspicion by people who are more deeply concerned with the progress of natural law.

Shrines of this kind are erected to Ambition, Egotism and Excellence; they are not popular or decorative, and the builder generally ends by sacrificing himself upon his own altar. Shrine-building is necessary to social life, with its rhythm of murder and rape; the self-righteousness of these shrines must be disguised, and we build a shrine to conceal our moments of concession to natural law from our hours of virtuous disapproval of it. We contrive codes of manners and eat too frequently in order that we may eat without indecent appetite. Civilisation is artfully contrived that we may forget the ignominy our body heaps upon the jesting critic in our heads.

I am writing in praise of social decency, and the upper part of the head is the symbolic sanctuary of social decency, for the nose and mouth certainly have not real, aristocratic habits. The Jester-Critic, who, after all, is our real redeeming force, our supposed to live somewhere in our skulls, whence he can look out and laugh at our struggles with superhuman forces. His laughter comes of what we call introspection, and inquisition into the progress of natural law. The Jester-Critic really makes us doubt if there is such a thing as progress at all. His own development is curious. The older he is the smaller he gets. At first he laughed loudly at the deformities of all people who differed obviously from his own standards. Then he laughed at curiosities in morals and extravagance in manners. Finally, the awful day dawned when he saw his own deformity, his own immorality, and his own inconsistency. After the first pangs of his shattered pride he separated himself from these things and called them natural law, and his own development is curious. The older he is the smaller he gets. At first he laughed loudly at the deformities of all people who differed obviously from his own standards. Then he laughed at curiosities in morals and extravagance in manners. Finally, the awful day dawned when he saw his own deformity, his own immorality, and his own inconsistency.

Ashley Dukes.
try and save our souls; more healthy to clear the air with storms than to live stagnant among the dead and dying. We believe in him for ourselves. We know this inner voice is telling us the truth. We start the fight and we believe in ourselves. Suddenly our hands tremble and we find it is too battle-dread. We still believe in ourselves, in our own capacity to fight the illusions of social life and to shatter the old shrines which hold no heart of glory, but we do not believe in other people. That is the horrible truth. There is a kind of ecstasy in expression which forces us to shout a war cry. Then the reaction comes; we ourselves are prepared to know, dare, and be silent if we suffer; but we cannot bear the responsibility of taking others by conventional sufferings and sympathizing and plunging them into some kind of martyrdom they cannot endure. So the little dead shrines stand on centuries after they empty. We still pretend we are preparing for another life by avoiding the three great teachers, Experience, Solitude, and Meditation. We still think it right that women should be legally all sex and no brain. We still refuse to move on until we are beaten and tortured into activity. And why? Simply because we have no faith in each other.

We know home life is not happy, and we pretend that if we go to church it is not improving; we pretend that it is. We know going to bridge parties and theatres and dinners bores us, we pretend it does not. We do not do all these things because we think the rest of the world are really worthy of them. And, after all, nobody wants to do them; but each wants other people to do them in order that they may be kept out of mischief. Yet it is these very superstitions that drive us into mischief. If we were masters of them our own Jester Critic would soon laugh us into good behaviour; for mischief that is not a reaction from overwhelming boredom is not amusing. The root of all evil is our belief that other people are not as clever as ourselves. We cannot bring ourselves to think it is possible for a moment. Our children supersede us generation after generation, yet we still think them silly and untrustworthy; we still try to protect them from the natural consequences of any mistakes they may make; we deprive them of all chances of learning by experience; and we consider we have done our duty by them when we die leaving them our property and our ineffectual blessings.

Human relationship is so subtle in its action and reaction that it seems almost impossible to hope that our mutual distrust can be overcome. A lover secretly absorbs his beloved because he suffers from his desires. Parents are jealous of their children's friends; children are resentful of the restraints of home-life; teachers conceal more than they teach. And, as a wise man said: "The only people who really help us are our enemies; we can always learn something real from them." And another artist who was a pirate in the Greek Islands, said: "I am a servant of the Lord God of War, and I know the lovely art of the Muses."

Human unity is more roughly stimulating than love, and it is especially stimulating to women whose limbs are lax with centuries of inactivity. They have been scavengers of Love so long that many of them are seriously considering the service of the "Lord God of War" as a desirable alternative. I do not mean that for they cannot exist without each other, and social order is impossible under their double rule. But laughter sweeps them both aside, and our indestructible follies sink away like lashed hounds at his outcry. He kills the solemn devil that makes the worse appear the better part. He is here with us, safe in our own brains criticising, reproaching, controlling. Let us welcome him gladly for he will save us from ourselves and make human relationship something nobler than a mere obsession of selfishness and humiliation.

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD
By H. G. WELLS.

At present, when education is fast levelling up the entire population of the civilized world, there prevails a widespread conviction that the day is at hand when there will be a radical readjustment of the class divisions into which society is now split up. The upper and middle classes are distinctly uneasy at the immeasurable vague theories with which the air is filled, and which they copiously lump together under one label——"Socialism."

What, precisely, is this terrible new doctrine? Think of the thousands of people who are asking this every day without being able to obtain any satisfactory answer. It is high time, therefore, that some one of those able to answer should be put before the world. This is the task which Mr. H. G. Wells, the world-renowned author of "Anticipations," and so many other famous works, has set himself to accomplish in this series of papers.

Did Christ Condemn Adultery? An entirely fresh consideration of Sexual Morality, With incidental discussion of general Meta-Christian principles. To which is added a Criticism of Tolstoy's book, "The Relations of the Sexes," sent to the writer by Tolstoy's representative, Mr. V. Tchertkoff.

By H. CROFT HILLER,

The author contemplates publishing the above book himself, before arranging about quantities, he makes an experiment by asking readers of "The New Age" intending to buy the book, which will cost not more than 8d., to send him applications on postcards, addressed H. CROFT HILLER, Didsbury, Manchester.

SUSAN AND LILIES
By JOHN RUSKIN.

A unabridged reprint of the first edition of this delightful book, the most hissy tear of all Ruskin's works, containing "The Chief Truths I Have All My Life Endeavoured to Teach." Post free, 7d.; Cloth, 1/6.

London: A. C. FIFIELD, 44, Fleet Street, E.C.

EXTEMPORNE SPEAKING
By the REV. J. SUGAR PORTER, M.A.

"Teachest not the theory, but the practice of Oratory. Numerous lessons that will make the fullest, teach language, word-putting, enunciation, etc. In its scope and aim the work stands alone. Price 2/6 net.
of the method of prohibition. Really one would have thought that the world was old enough for even a Bishop or a Silvester Horne to have realised that prohibition does not prohibit. As it was in the days of Noah, so it is now, however; at the first breath of a rumour of a suspicion of something wrong, Bishops and Rabbis and all pretentiously moral persons are loudly and shout for prohibition of the accused thing.

In the profoundest sense, of course, prohibition is the Nonconformist Conscience. The Nonconformist Conscience always says No, and never says anything else but No. It is the apothecary of negation, the very Absolute Nothing. But let nobody imagine that the Nonconformist Conscience is confined to the petitioners of the L.C.C. Re
tuence upon prohibitions and repressions is one of the commonest forms of official weakness. Mr. Morley in India, Mr. Bircall in Ireland, the mining magnates in the Transvaal, the Tsar in Russia, Clemenceau in France, in fact, every constituted government appears to be for ever at the mercy of the principle of the human spirit against prohibition; it follows that every constituted government has a good deal to learn both from intelligence and from Christianity. And what it has to learn is the simple demonstrable truth that prohibition does not prohibit. The L.C.C., for example, must learn that their prohibition of living statuary will have not the faintest unsettling effect upon popular morals. If anything, their action will lend an additional glamour to the forbidden things; for in a people of any spirit, nothing is so attractive as the prohibited. So far from prohibition prohibiting, it does the very reverse. The Bishop of London, the Rabbi, Silvester Horne, and the rest have really added to the attraction of the Music Halls, and should be thanked (as no doubt they silently are) by the managers.

But would we then have no prohibition of anything? Obviously it is impossible to take so extreme a view. The tendency to prohibit is as human a tendency as any other, and must be humoured and utilised accord
ingly. On the other hand, it is safe to say that the Nonconformist Conscience is to do what it likes and we are sorry that the L.C.C.

The decision of the London County Council to pro
hibit the exhibition of living statuary was only to be expected. The queer rabble of fifty or so persons, re
presenting every sort of negationism masquerading as religion, which petitioned the County Council against the exhibition might be backed to win, even if they had petitioned against the realistic details of Wellington's bronze horse. The fact that only nine of these persons had ventured to risk their highly inflammable tempera
tments by gazng on the sinister apparitions only intoxicated themselves in the Dionysian way with it, and unless vice does that it is always more trouble than it is worth. What we desire to point out is the utter folly
REVIEWS.

"The Licensed Trades." An Independent Survey. By Edwin A. Pratt. (Murray. 1907. £1 net.)

Unless Mr. Edwin Pratt is a syndicate, he is one of the most remarkable men of the time. Whatever social topic is to the fore, Mr. Pratt is ready with a volume that will discuss it. He also publishes, as he tells us, a journalist, but he can generally use words with fair accuracy. In this volume Mr. Pratt displays even higher characteristics. He calls it "an independent survey," but this is a slip to be regretted. He says: "I have here dealt with the Licensing Problem from the point of view of the actual traders"; in other words, it is a somewhat sober account of what an intelligent publican would say of his temperament crises. Mr. Pratt has the makings of a first-rate dramatist. He has got inside the actual trader; he understands his intense conservatism, his inability to see beyond the threshold of his shop door, and in this volume he satirises him with inimitable gravity. Take, for instance, the chapter on temperance beverages. It is admirable reading. The well-informed publican gets hold of certain American trade catalogues and papers; lets us into the secret of all the horrid chemicals used in making "long" drinks; tells us how trade critics warn their customers to leave no wasps and flies in the syrup jars; and finally gives us statistics showing how many non-alcoholic drinks are far stronger in alcohol than four ale. That is the sort of thing which raises a laugh in the bar-parlour debate, and after all proves nothing at all.

As for clubs, mine host has no patience with them. The amount of drunkenness they promote is really shocking. They can keep open at all hours; their members often buy more than they can drink; they do not pay license fees; or suffer from police interference. Such unfair competition with honest tradesmen is a scandal in a free country. The teetotallers with their exaggerations and avaricious competition with honest traders is a scandal in a free country. The teetotallers with their exaggerations and avaricious competition with honest traders is a scandal in a free country. The teetotallers with their exaggerations and avaricious competition with honest traders is a scandal in a free country.

In his character as trader Mr. Pratt has specially studied the mystery of brewing, about which he has much interest to tell, and he describes the tied-house system from the inside standpoint, whence he makes out a fair case in its defence. When he comes to the question of political reforms, his trader's point of view is less valuable, because it is both ignorant and prejudiced. The trader, of course, has not a moment's thought for the interests of the community, except in so far as they can be made to coincide with his own.

Any taking away of licenses, notwithstanding the admitted law, even after long notice, is pure confiscation. Any interference with the trade will ruin the country. And perhaps the most comic part of the book is the list of some 500 trades, such as asbestos-packed-cock-manufacturers, bankers, bricklayers, electricians, concerns of manufacturers, and 50 others, who will come to more or less destruction if the teetotallers prevail.


Englishmen never have understood, and it is probable that they never will understand, Ireland and the Irish temperament. It is a case where ignorance is not bliss for either party. One way of gaining such an understanding, which rulers should possess of the ruled, is by the reading of Irish history told from the inside—told as it is in the biography of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in the letters of O'Connell, in the memoirs of Wolfe Tone, and in these verbose memoirs of Miles Byrne. History narrated by those who have helped to make it is naturally partisan, however judicial the writers may strive to be, and should be edited and annotated by those who possess not hearts but heads. If the world upon the world haphazard it will be either misleading, or misunderstood, or both. It is to be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Stephen Gwynn deliberately reduced his task as editor to "seeing the points of the narrative, in the correcting the spelling of proper names, suppressing actual repetitions," etc.; even this limited duty being poorly performed, repetitions abounding. He tells us, further, that this publication is an experiment to see whether there be a public "ready to buy reprints of books which have a high value in the study of Irish life." We fancy that there is such a public—in Ireland itself, and in America, but it is not likely to be bought by such an indigested reprint as this. Mr. Stephen Gwynn would have done well to cut down these verbose memoirs to one handy volume, confining his book to those parts which deal with his "notes which commence with the memorable epoch of 1798 in the county of Wexford and finish in Ireland at Dublin, 1803," with the abortive plot of Robert Emmet and the writer's escape to France. Thus confined to a brief résumé of the history of the period, with explanatory notes and a good map, the book would have stood good chance of success—would, indeed, have deserved it: as it stands—two fat, chaotic volumes—we fear it will fall still short of the author's life's pity, for Mr. John Dillon is not far wrong at any rate in speaking of it "as the best of all books dealing with Ireland.

Miles Byrne was born at Monaseed, county Wexford, in March, 1780, and died in Paris early in the year 1862. When only eighteen he was a United Irishman, and actively engaged fighting the English, whom he hated ineradically and intensely. Englishmen wonder why the Irish hate them; let them read such books as these, let them realise that the memory of horrible injuries and injustices lingers long—and then they will partially appreciate the position they hold in the minds of their old enemies and conquerors. Byrne was an Irishman to the last drop of his blood; Irish in his intense love and admiration of his friends and in his equally intense hatred, yet chivalric attitude, toward his foes; Irish in his enthusiasm and his unquenchable Irish in his habit of exaggerating everything of importance to himself: he exaggerates the good qualities of his friends and the bad ones of his foes, the bravery of those with whom, and the cowardice of those against, whom, he fought; to him every skirmish was a battle, every crowd an army, and every large sum of money was vast. He was an active and brave soldier, fighting well throughout the pitiable campaign in Wexford; holding out staunchly in the guerilla warfare in the Wicklow Hills, and later working nobly and strenuously with Robert Emmet. His narrative up to this point is as exciting and as dramatic as any adventure story, full of derring-do and hairbreadth escapes by field and field. The rest of the memoirs of his service in France, in Greece, and elsewhere, and of the life of the Irish exiles on the Continent and in this country, is of intense interest to the student and of utility to the historian. Repetitions abound, and occasionally the narration—even in the earlier portions—is difficult to follow.

But whatever be the faults, there stand out in these pages two things: an intimate portrait of a fine fellow, a whole-hearted man, who fought fairly and fearlessly, and a truthful picture of one of the saddest periods, if not the most sad, in all the sad history of English rule in Ireland. The long note of this memoir's life's protest against the conquering race that had trampled upon and ruined his own, and whatever may be our political opinions, it is pitiable to think that such men as the Emmets, Tone, Lord Edward Fitz-gerald, Arthur O'Connor, and Miles Byrne should have
felt that they had no choice but to take up arms against England; such men—to put it mildly—cannot have been altogether in the wrong. Some of us believe they were altogether in the right.

"A Literary History of India." By R. W. Frazer. New Edition. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

In a fortunate in some ways that Englishmen generally know nothing of India. A moment's realisation of the almost demiurgic task of governing nearly three hundred million people would either persuade them that they were gods or reduce them to a humerous despair. Unfortunately, however, the case is really worse than that of knowing nothing about India. What has actually happened is that the English have acquired a considerable stock of positive misinformation, on the basis of which the opinion in this country builds its fool's paradise. Nothing, of course, can alter this but a persistent supply of accurate information; and we are therefore glad to welcome a new edition of Mr. R. W. Fest's "Literary History of India." It may be remarked, is more than a "History of Indian Literature," and Mr. Frazer, therefore, sets himself the enormous task of reconstructing the series of Events in India from the earliest times out of the literary and oral traditions of the Aryan race. How enormous that task is may be dimly conceived when we remember that the beginnings of Indian history lie in the very clouds of history's perspective. To the student of India the bare chronology of events is a perpetual problem, every suggested key to which proves on trial to be useless. Whether, for example, the Rig Veda, undoubtedly the oldest Indian document, is four or twenty thousand years old is still a matter of some dispute. About its date "those behind cry Forward, and those before cry Back"; and it is probable that the problem will have to be attacked in another way or remain for ever unsolved.

What is clear, however, is the fact that so far from Macaulay's contemptuous sentence of 1835 being right, even he was never more wrong. "A single shelf," he said, "of the philosophical library is a sufficient illustration of the native literature of India and Arabia." That may have been true for somebody, but it was not true for Europe. Still less was it true for India itself. As a matter of fact, India has suffered more from Macaulay than from any other of her English educationalists. At the present moment, indeed, there is plenty of evidence to prove that what is needed, and is already being created, in the sphere of such discipline as vades, let us say, the Bhagavad Gita, a little book of incomparable illumination, the wholesale distribution of which in England would be an admirable undertaking for the Indian sympathisers. I also, I think, it is plain that India herself will profit more by Shankara and Kapila than by Spencer; for, after all, the English cannot hope to dragon the genius out of a whole race; and the attempt merely produces abortions.

Mr. Frazer has some admirable chapters on Indian philosophy, which undoubtedly was the metier of the Indian mind as beauty was of the Greek mind and lam

"The Roots of Reality." By F. Belfort Bax. (E. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

While others are combatting individualism in the sphere of economics, Mr. Belfort Bax is directing the attention of philosophers to the failure of individualism in metaphysics. The present work may indeed be regarded as the Socialist metaphysio; and we should not be at all afraid of taking our stand upon it. Mr. Bax's views are characterised by profound insight as well as by wide reading, and his treatment of the main problems of metaphysics is nothing short of masterly. We remember nothing better in metaphysics than his crushing onslaught upon the orthodox Hegelians, whose Pallasgon Mr. Bax properly regards as anathema. Perhaps his anti-pallogistic zeal carries him too far when he states that Plato, for example, was tarred with the abhorred brush. Surely the "Philebus" is as aloogical as Mr. Bax could wish. Besides, as Professor Lutoslawski has now demonstrated, the Platonic
of the methods of the W.S.P.U., could not but feel the
respect and sympathy of the woman who writes the
finely-controlled chapters, "To Prison for the Vote,"
and "The Woman with the Whip," but at the same
time we cannot but feel that she confuses political with
economic issues and looks to political changes to effect
that industrial and social revolution which Socialists
have seen in every country, and which for either sex,
could only result from economic changes.

"The Death of Madonna Laura." By Francesco Petrarach
Translated into English by Agnes Tobin. (William
Heinemann, 5s. 6d. net.)

Petrarch lived and loved in the first half of the four-
teenth century, and the wonder of his love songs has
been a tradition for five centuries. Now, for the first
time, in Miss Tobin's free translation, we English can
catch glimpses of this immortal beauty born of unful-
filled desire. One example will serve to show with
what sympathy and ingenuity her work has been done:
Sonnet lxxvi:--
The most transparent face, the loveliest eyes
That ever were,-and that most glorious hair
To rival which the great sun did not dare;
The laugh and voice that silver-fountain-wise
Took all that heard them by a bright surprise;
The little moon-white feet as soft as air,
And all the body that with tender care
Was once conceived and made in Paradise--
Are the desire of the King of Kings:
And all his winged servants bow to stand
(A thousand times ten thousand mighty cars
Brought to a sudden standstill, rings on rings)
To see him take a little human
And leave slack-reeled His awed steeds, the stars.

"From One Man's Hand to Another." G. H. Breda. (T.
Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

There are grades of imaginative rank among all
writers, and while the "mysteries" of one rank
are unintelligible to another, it is possible for any
good writer to become competent in craftsmanship. G. H. Breda is in
truth in the "mysteries" of high imaginative rank,
but has not condescended to the meaner arts of observa-
tion and translation. One chapter describes a
passage in the lives of a man and a woman that
become "caught glimpses of this immortal beauty born of unful-
filled desire. One example will serve to show with
what sympathy and ingenuity her work has been done:
Sonnet lxxvi:--
The most transparent face, the loveliest eyes
That ever were,-and that most glorious hair
To rival which the great sun did not dare;
The laugh and voice that silver-fountain-wise
Took all that heard them by a bright surprise;
The little moon-white feet as soft as air,
And all the body that with tender care
Was once conceived and made in Paradise--
Are the desire of the King of Kings:
And all his winged servants bow to stand
(A thousand times ten thousand mighty cars
Brought to a sudden standstill, rings on rings)
To see him take a little human
And leave slack-reeled His awed steeds, the stars.

"From One Man's Hand to Another." G. H. Breda. (T.
Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

There are grades of imaginative rank among all
writers, and while the "mysteries" of one rank
are unintelligible to another, it is possible for any
good writer to become competent in craftsmanship. G. H. Breda is in
truth in the "mysteries" of high imaginative rank,
but has not condescended to the meaner arts of observa-
tion and translation. One chapter describes a
passage in the lives of a man and a woman that
become "caught glimpses of this immortal beauty born of unful-
filled desire. One example will serve to show with
what sympathy and ingenuity her work has been done:
Sonnet lxxvi:--
The most transparent face, the loveliest eyes
That ever were,-and that most glorious hair
To rival which the great sun did not dare;
The laugh and voice that silver-fountain-wise
Took all that heard them by a bright surprise;
The little moon-white feet as soft as air,
And all the body that with tender care
Was once conceived and made in Paradise--
Are the desire of the King of Kings:
And all his winged servants bow to stand
(A thousand times ten thousand mighty cars
Brought to a sudden standstill, rings on rings)
To see him take a little human
And leave slack-reeled His awed steeds, the stars.

"From One Man's Hand to Another." G. H. Breda. (T.
Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

There are grades of imaginative rank among all
writers, and while the "mysteries" of one rank
are unintelligible to another, it is possible for any
good writer to become competent in craftsmanship. G. H. Breda is in
truth in the "mysteries" of high imaginative rank,
but has not condescended to the meaner arts of observa-
tion and translation. One chapter describes a
passage in the lives of a man and a woman that
become "caught glimpses of this immortal beauty born of unful-
filled desire. One example will serve to show with
what sympathy and ingenuity her work has been done:
Sonnet lxxvi:--
The most transparent face, the loveliest eyes
That ever were,-and that most glorious hair
To rival which the great sun did not dare;
The laugh and voice that silver-fountain-wise
Took all that heard them by a bright surprise;
The little moon-white feet as soft as air,
And all the body that with tender care
Was once conceived and made in Paradise--
Are the desire of the King of Kings:
And all his winged servants bow to stand
(A thousand times ten thousand mighty cars
Brought to a sudden standstill, rings on rings)
To see him take a little human
And leave slack-reeled His awed steeds, the stars.
steps which must be taken in bringing or defending an action in the smaller affairs which are settled in a County Court. Such knowledge may help in many cases towards her assertion of a rightful independence. We regret that the deceived wife's Sister's Bill as specially proving the need of women possessing a Parliamentary vote. We perfectly think that there is no subject of Parliamentary discussion on which women have not the fullest right, as citizens, to vote or say.

BOOK NOTES.

Mr. Unwin announces for immediate publication a book on "The Dark Ages," by Prof. Joseph F. Tunison. In this volume an attempt is made to collect some of the scattered traces of the triumph of Christianity to the Renaissance. There are chapters on the war between Church and Theatre, on dramatic impulses in religion, on Eastern traditions and Western development, and on the traditions which came by way of ancient and mediaeval Italy. The same publisher also announces a novel by William Hay, entitled "Heritage of Reality Swamp," a story of adventure in Australia in the old convict days.

"Women's Franchise" is the title of a new penny weekly paper devoted to the women's cause which is to be published by Mr. John Edward Francis, of 13, Bream's Buildings, E.C. The portion thing about this publication is the fact that it will be the medium for the expression of the views of all the various societies working towards the enfranchisement of women. The promoters of the venture are to be congratulated on having succeeded in securing the enthusiastic co-operation of the various suffrage societies, whose tactics differ, but whose aims lead to the same goal. We wish the venture every success.

The members of the Fabian Society who are responsible for the idea of a Fabian Summer School, are to be congratulated on the success of their organisation. The list of lecturers for the first session, beginning July 27, looks most promising. Of these there are four courses: 1. Great Socialists and their Lives. 2. Present Problems of Social Reconstruction. 3. Economic History. 4. Miscellaneous. And among the lecturers are such well-known and able people as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Sidney Webb, Hubert Bland, Aylmer Maude, B. L. Hutchins, F. Lawson Dodd, and Haden Guest. The school will be held at Pen-yr-allt, Llanbedr, Merioneth, N. Wales, from July 27 to September 14, and is open to members of the Fabian Society and of other Socialist organisations. For terms and particulars write to Mr. J. W. Shaw, Fabian Offices, 2, Clements Inn, Strand, W.C.

The pamphlet by Mr. H. Croft Hiller, advertised in our last number, "Sex and Life," should have a good sale. Readers of his volumes on other lines of thought will be interested in his position as a flashing and brilliant pen. The "Saturday Review," we remember, was particularly enamoured, and was in danger but for the timely appearance of Mr. Hiller as the liveliest living writer.

A new magazine, "The Colonial Office Journal," has just appeared; and it is to be hoped that a copy will be placed in every library in England. The first number contains digests of the latest official reports, and summaries of Colonial commercial information. Nothing could be better calculated to educate the British public in the real meaning of Imperialism; and we extend our heartiest greetings to the venture, and commend it to our readers.

Admirers of the works of Bernard Shaw will be glad to know that they will have an opportunity in the autumn of witnessing a stage performance of his "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Special arrangements have been just concluded between Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Vedrenne-Barker which will enable the Managers of the Court Theatre to give this fine play at the Savoy Theatre, with Mr. Forbes Robertson in the original part of Caesar and Miss Gertrude Elliott as Cleopatra, and it is hoped that the company will include several of the artists who were in Mr. Forbes Robertson's original production of the play in America. But, owing to the engagements which Mr. Forbes Robertson has for his provincial tour, it will not be possible to open the Savoy Theatre with this production; it will therefore be given for a limited number of weeks in the latter half of November next. The opening performances at the Savoy as far as the evening bill is concerned will be "You Never Can Tell" on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, commencing on September 24 next, although the second week will have been definitely settled yet.

Mr. Werner Laurie will shortly publish "Sunshine and Sport in Florida and the West Indies," by Mr. F. G. Aflalo. Mr. Aflalo in his new book breaks new ground, forsoaking his favourite fishes and birds and turning his attention to his own species. Primarily, of course, the author's interest throughout his trip in Florida, the West Indies, and along the Spanish Main centred in the fish. Yet new plays will be given has not been definitely settled yet.

Mr. A. C. Fifield has just issued a pocket edition of Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" at threepence. This amazingly cheap reprint should have a large sale among Ruskin readers, and it will serve as a companion volume to the same publisher's threepenny edition of "Unto This Last."

DRAMA.

The Incubus.

Whatever else Brieux's play may indicate, it does undoubtedly show the enormous superiority of realism over romantic rubbish, from the professional actor's point of view. The chief woman's part, that of the "Incubus," Charlotte, is very unpleasant, so that one appreciates all the more Miss Mabel Hackney's acting that makes us like Charlotte just for the sake of her rather crude humanity. Also it does not matter one bit that the situation in the play is the very stalwart of dramatic stuff, because it is so treated as to be interesting by virtue of substituting observation for convention and humanity for melodrama. The Incubus is far less interesting than the relations between a man, a woman, and her lover. That the situation is complicated by the man and woman not being married and by the lover being very deeply in love with the passionate, romantic type, only adds to the trivialities. This situation is one essentially involving all the littlenesses of men and women, that is if it remains a situation; if it does not, then it is solved in some way or other quite too severe for sentimental dramatic treatment. The real crudity of the sex-relations dramatists have failed to tackle; always excepting Euripides "Hippolytus," which it is possible, however, only ancient philosophers and post-Darwinian, post-Lamarckian scientists can understand. But Brieux gets to work on these very unpleasant trivialities, and makes them so real that one's attention and admiration are alike compelled.

Pierre, the man, has taken unto himself a mistress, Charlotte, in order to escape the responsibilities of marriage. Charlotte has accepted the position in order to escape the probability of starvation. There is only the sound between them, and they lead a cat and dog life together. Charlotte is stupid, jealous, exacting, exasperating, disturbing, and generally intolerable; Pierre is dull, irritable, inconsiderate, and selfish—in a word, they are a rather usual couple. And out of this most unpromising material Brieux makes a sympathetic human play. The three acts drag one through a really terrible exhibition of objectionable human traits, and yet at the end one finds oneself sympathising with Charlotte and Pierre, as one would in ordinary life. In the last act Pierre has cut adrift from Charlotte, and she, in
Music for the People.

Scene: Hyde Park, around the bandstand on a fine evening. The military band has just concluded a selection from Tannhäuser; loud applause from the crowd in the enclosure; less strenuous applause from those outside the ring. Three men are sauntering round; Dodson, an ardent Radical of the Polytechnic (Regent Street) brand; Smith, a staunch Tory of the "don't you make any mistake" type; Latimer, a non-party man, regarded by his friends as a man of hazy, indeterminate views, and by himself as a man with a singularly fair and open mind.

Dodson: Do you hear that applause? And yet, Smith, you pretend that the people don't care about music. Why, look at the crowd—

Smith: Crowd, of course there's a crowd. Who wouldn't be glad to get away from the noise and dust of the streets into a park as 'ud do credit to any nation? And when there's a tune going on—

Dodson (impressively): I tell you they're beginning to realize the refining; you can't push a poor away that applause. These bands are exercising a splendid educational effect on the people, and if they only kept to the better class music—what do you say, Latimer?

Latimer: I don't know that I am enamoured of your "educational" label. But in so far as they make for clean, honest, sane relaxation, as they do, I'm for 'em.

Dodson: Now, look at that party in front of us sitting down. Quiet, intelligent, respectable-looking young women. Did you see how they enjoyed Tannhäuser?

Smith: They enjoyed the bang and the blare as quiet-looking girls usually do. You watch 'em when the "Blue Moon" is played. They like that just as well—and probably better—because it's livelier.

Dodson: Very well, we'll watch them.

Latimer: But well, we'll watch them.

Smith: Crowd, of course there's a crowd. Who—

Dodson: Do you mean to say that the Gaiety and the other places where this twaddle is performed exert an educational influence?

Smith: Oh, confined your mutual improvement—I say there's no harm in a good, honest laugh.

Dodson: I can't laugh at those things.

Smith: No, you've always nobly hankerling after Extension lectures—and something instructive.

Dodson: I certainly hold that even an amusement shall have some educational effect.

Smith: I suppose you never take jam without putting a powder in it?

Dodson (ignoring interruption): Some educational effect, I say. It either elevates or degrades.

Smith: Elevates! Always talking about elevating! Pity you weren't born a steam crane!

Latimer (diplomatically): That's Handel's "Largo," isn't it, they're playing?

Dodson: Yes, a lovely thing. And see that young servant girl and her sweetheart on our left. They seem
The Younger Craftsmen.

At some time in the distant future, when the present plague of commercialism and ugliness is finally banished, the Younger Craftsmen, a candlestick, a picture, or a piece of art, is illuminating.

The Sweetheart (agrieved): 'Ell, Lizer. Got the 'ump. Yer've been as quiet as a mouse for the last five minutes!

Liza: He !7 ? Sorry (places a comparatively small foot on his stalwart numbing nine as a mark of confidence). It's that old tooth of mine a-nagging.

Sweetheart (relieved): Oh, that's all, is it? I was afraid you was worrying over that row with the nuisius. But this 'ere tune is enough to give a cat fits. (Consults programme.) Handel's Lager—just thought it was precious, eh? P'haps 'is bottled stuff has more fazz and go in it. (Laughs loudly.)

Liza (vaguely, but admiringly): You are a one.

Dodson (angrily): And it's a good thing he is only one and not half a dozen. What right has he to spoil other people's pleasure with his inanities?

Smith (with a chuckle): Well, what did you expect in the lower classes?

Dodson (oddly): It's absurd to generalise from a lout like that. And I think that phrase 'lower class' is most objectionable.

Smith (facetiously): 'Smart set,' then, if you prefer it.

A Severe-Looking Woman (to her husband): I wish you'd sit still, John, and not hum. I want Freddy to listen to this. You know he has just learned to play it on his violin!

Dodson (triumphantly): You see!

Latimer (under his breath): Yes, thank goodness we don't hear.

Smith (jocosely): It's absurd to generalise from a noodle like that.

(The piece concludes amidst great applause. The group of girls before referred to speaks to each other in a low whisper.)

Another I.Y.W. (who has evidently enjoyed the selection immensely): Extremely catchy—(hypocritically)—but of course that superficial kind of music tries one very quickly.

A Third I.Y.W. (who is quite unique, and meets the requirements of persons of moderate means to whom it is more convenient to receive their income MONTHLY instead of HALF-YEARLY or YEARLY. No trouble. No medical examination. No references. Full particulars on receipt of postcard to 9, 53, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. G.P.):

The HIGHEST STANDARD of FOOD EXCELLENCE is Hovis BREAD

HOVIS Bread is a pure wheaten product absolutely free from all chemicals and adulterants. It contains all the nutrient properties of the grain, and is more nourishing than either white or whole-meal bread. The waste branny particles are excluded, being indigestible. Hovis promotes digestion and possesses a sweet, nutty, agreeable flavour. Be-fore substitutes. No other is 'just as good.' See the word "Hovis" on each loaf.

Hovis BREAD—Flour Co., Ltd., Macclesfield.

The 2nd Book of Nuts.

To the making of bread there is no end, but we are quite certain there is no other book at all like the one we are willing to send you—

Free,
on one condition only—that you read the "New Age." The contents include 24 Nut Recipes by Mrs. Gillmour, of Bel- liss. With the book we will send you a sample of "Greams o' Nuts"—a delicious Nut Food made by ourselves.


OLD AGE PENSIONS!

Our system of ANNUITIES is quite unique, and meets the requirements of persons of moderate means to whom it is more convenient to receive their income MONTHLY instead of HALF-YEARLY or YEARLY. No trouble. No medical examination. No references. Full particulars on receipt of postcard to THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD., 17, Mount Street, Mayfair, W., 17, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

Charles Leslie, Managing Director.
furniture can be placed in an exhibition, but a modelled plaster ceiling, a stained-glass window, or a visit.

generation as Joseph Armitage, H. W. Palliser, and the lost its vitality would do well to pay this exhibition a not adapted for exhibition. The Junior Art Workers' brother Silver are not represented. Of the crafts ex-

It is one of the peculiar things of modern art that most to take the first place. Their exhibits are all of first-

tioned. The last named is also represented by

The bookbindings of Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe is worthy of mention, though the colour is not exactly satisfactory. Photographs and drawings of buildings by Messrs. Milne, Fyfe, and Stanton are among other very pleasing items; special mention should be made of a very successful pair of cottages by Donald P. Miller. In the etchings part of the exhibition we find the painters fully justify their craft. The miniatures by Messrs. Dudley and Lionel Heath are excellent. Messrs. Leonard Walker, Stacey Aumonier, and Frank Carter show works in oil and water colour admirable and individual in treatment. "Night," by Dudley Heath, "Winchelsea," by Stacey Aumonier, "A Fantasy," by Frank Carter, "The Fan," by Leonard Walker, are all skillful and pleasing essays in colour, and decorate the wall to real purpose. The etchings by Luke Taylor uphold the highest standards of etching, and are among the best things in the exhibition. 'Pastoral' is a poetic theme, showing a fine sense of composition in light and shade. Laurence Davis' etchings of Italian subjects are also excellent. On the whole, perhaps, the least part of the whole exhibition, though exception should be made of "Valkyrie," an excellent bas-relief by Richard Garbe, and some beautiful statuettes in bronze by Mervyn Lawrence. Some designs for fountains and monuments are unsatisfactory from an architectural point of view. Why sculptors will persist in spoiling their best work by their amateur architecture is difficult to understand, especially in the exhibitions of a Society whose aim is a reunion of the crafts. The Guild is to be congratulated on the exhibition, which is charmingly arranged, and is not too large to bore the distracted visitor.  

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sirs,—Will you allow me to reply briefly to Mr. Wells's criticism of my controversial methods? His complaint is that I "do not so much discuss this proposed new Socialist party as seek to ascribe wanton inconsistency" to him. This is a more question of fact than of argument. I propose to re-read my article. I will only say that my article contained 226 lines of which (less than one-fifth) referred to the "wanton inconsistency" of which Mr. Wells writes. The remaining 137 lines (nearly two-thirds of the article) have no reference to Mr. Wells at all, but argue quite impersonally the case for a Socialist Party.

Mr. Wells further says that I have put together "clipped quotations" from his articles and tracts. Now, generous as I know the editors of The New Age to be, I do not think they would have permitted me to quote either the whole of Mr. Wells's article, or that of the whole of "This Misery of Boots." But, if Mr. Wells means that I let out any qualification which would have put different colours on his words, let him prove it to me. The pretence that the difference between the two passages is one of tone is one that will not hold water for a moment. It is a direct contradiction of doctrine. In his tract, Mr. Wells tells the new converts to Socialism, not merely that they must collude with Socialists, but that they "must refuse to be called Liberal or Conservative." In his article he says that they "may very properly查看全部ted from their Liberalism or Conservatism. If this is not a flat contradiction, what is? I must apologise to Mr. Wells for having misunderstood "In the Days of the Comet." When I read it, I took it to be a sociological allegory, containing, not indeed Mr. Wells's programme for the next election, but his vision of how much nobler and happier the world might be if we only managed our affairs sensibly and humanely. Mr. Wells now tells me that it is a mere fairy tale without any sociological meaning or value; and, of course, I am bound to accept his statement. I regret it, but if I was writing for the "Comedy of Officer Traffic" on my part, which yet was not, I think, unflattering to him. Lastly, Mr. Wells tells us that, though he is against Socialism as a governing politics as a party, he is in favour of Socialist legislation. This can only mean that Socialism can be established by men who are not Socialists, the very position assailed in "This Misery of Boots." Does not this justly mean in saying that Mr. Wells goes over to the "permeators" of sense, and not to the "dissociated" of "The New Age."

Perhaps some of your readers do not share the enthusiasm of your reviewer over "John Bull's Other Island, etc." The discovery that poverty is an evil is one which the average human intelligence is capable of, but the insistence on the primary importance of accumulating a great deal of money is odd in the mouth of a Socialist who works for a state of society in which great accumulations in the hands of individuals will be impossible. We have learned from our teachers, Mr. Shaw among others, that human greed is responsible for most of our present evils; here it is back again as a belligerent influence.

Andrew Undershaw is, of course, the hero of Major Bar-

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

CONTENTS FOR JULY:

Medium 8vo, 6d.

London: EVERETT & Co., 46, Essex Street, W.C.

TOLSTOY ON SHAKESPEARE.

With articles by E. H. Crosby and G. Bernard Shaw. Medium 8vo, 6d.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

Crown 8vo, illustrated covers, 6d.

London: EVERETT & CO., 46, ESSEX STREET, W.C.
A genuine high-class beverage of absolute purity, having the greatest strength and finest flavour.

WHERE TO BUY "THE NEW AGE" IN THE PROVINCES

Below are some of the Newsagents who stock "The New Age" weekly.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Aberdare, S. Wales</th>
<th>J. Morgan Pattr, 33, Canon Street.</th>
<th>Lisvady, Ireland</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bath</td>
<td>C. Cormack, 3, Hayes Pl., Holloway.</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. H. Coward, 2, Westminster Ter.</td>
<td>Liverpool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bideford, Devon</td>
<td>A. Barfet, Mill Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bootle</td>
<td>Samuel Reeves, 316, Derby Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bristol</td>
<td>H. B. Cook, 51, Redhill Hill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. W. Whittaker, Hill Ave., Victoria Pl.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>G. J. Souster, Church Rd., St. George.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. C. Crawford, 200 Gloucester Road, Bishopton</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. Skuse, 5, New Station Rd., Fishponds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>M. Chapel, St. George.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brockburn, N.B.</td>
<td>J. McCaugh, Greenykes Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. S. Smith, Newsagent.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>D. Warden, Main Street, Bangor.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. Rawstron, 96, Morley Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. Coyle, 1924, Whelby Lane, Manningham.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Arthur J. Cooper, 142, Listerhills Rd.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. Gilmour, 21A, Wakefield Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bramhall</td>
<td>J. Parkinson, Ack Lane.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnley</td>
<td>H. Holt and Sons, 23, Yorkshire St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. Salisbury, 114, Gargow Lane.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>G. G. Glyn, 2A, High Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cardiff</td>
<td>W. H. Perry, 102, Broadway.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castlewellan, co. Down</td>
<td>W. Linton, Newsagent.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Congleton</td>
<td>J. Cowley, 28, Park Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egremont, Cheshire</td>
<td>H. Hollins, Tobin Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glasgow</td>
<td>Wood and Co., 14, Wellington Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloucester</td>
<td>C. M. and M. Ayliffe, Barron Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gosport</td>
<td>Herbert Watts, North Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayley</td>
<td>S. Smith and Co., 102, Stafford St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hitchin</td>
<td>R. A. Kingdon, Station Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hull</td>
<td>C. Sutherland, 3, Gt. Passage Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keighley</td>
<td>G. Gill, 20, Cavendish Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keswick</td>
<td>Workworth Book Store, 19-24 Station Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Austin, Highfield Road, Bramley.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Johnson and Chapman, Gough Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. Grant, 26, Willerby Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Driver, 197, Newport St. Newld.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Walker, Linenhall Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>F. White, 24, Newmarket.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. Hurst, Bookstall, James St. Sta.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. Lloyd, 110, Wavertree Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>L. J. Jones, Derby Road, Huyton.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. H. Smith and Son, Dale Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Norman, 21, Hall Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. H. Morgan, Upper Park Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. Millar, 3, George Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. W. Little, 9, Bridgford Rd., Losek.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>P. C. Roberts, Hasell St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. J. Thompson, Stump Cross.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. C. Wails, 165, Unibank Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. Daveney, 80, Boulton Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Grant, 85, Bedforf Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. C. Whittaker, Post Office, Overstone Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. Walker, 56, Bednor St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. Berry and Sons, 51, Bridlington St.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Goodall Street.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Bookstall Newsagency.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;16, Bentinck Road.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Peveril St., Hyson Grn.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. Dawson, 356, Rockdale Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. Davies, 6, Prospect Place.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. V. Storey, Shelley Bookstore, Gloucester.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A. J. Evans, 12, New Hall Lane.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Palmer and Lumb, Oxford Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>M. Ashworth, 17, Unibank Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>F. Butterworth, 17, Dewart Rd., Sylke.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. C. Hill, 80, Marslands Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Harrison, 5, Oxford Rd.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Gregson, Brighton Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Ferry Bookstall.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Walker, 21, Corporation Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Ravelley, 22, High Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. H. Gregory, Newsagent.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. Darby, 21, Chatsford Vale.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>B. Storey, 2, Vicarage Terrace.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>G. H. Pickle, Onslow Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>H. Bristol, Outram Street.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>W. J. Moore, Terrace Road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. Thomas, Stationers Hall.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wm. Rosey, Felby.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

P.S.—"The New Age" can also be procured from Messrs. W. H. Smith's and Messrs. Wynn and Railway Bookstall, or from the Publishers, 1 & 2 Tooll's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.